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*Christmas 1871*  
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# CONFESSIO AMANTIS



GOWER'S CONFESSION OF A LOVER

IN THREE VOLUMES

VOL. I.



CONFESSIO AMANTIS OF

**I**ohn **C**ollier

EDITED AND COLLATED

WITH THE BEST MANUSCRIPTS BY

DR. REINHOLD PAULI

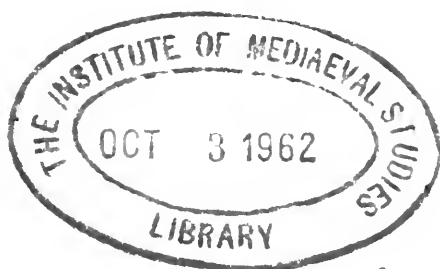


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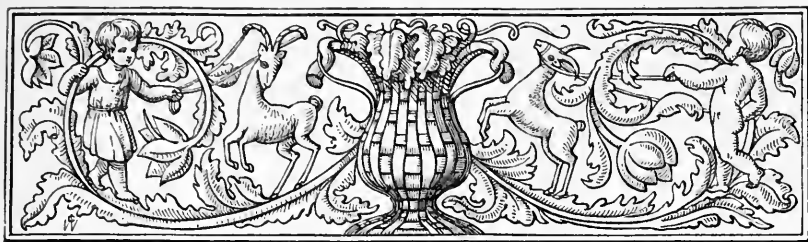
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## INTRODUCTORY ESSAY.

### I.—LIFE OF JOHN GOWER.



HE materials for a biography of John Gower the poet are scanty, and quite insufficient for a sketch of his personal history; and his writings contain very few of those allusions to himself which are so frequently met with in similar works. The date of his birth is un-

known, and within seventy years of his death his descent and the place of his birth seem to have been entirely forgotten. Caxton, who in 1483 printed the first edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, styles him, *Johan Gower squyer borne in Walys in the tyme of kyng richard the second*; Gower being the name of a family of some repute, resident in a district of South Wales called Gowerland, which occurs occasionally in the public records of the poet's day;\* but beyond Caxton's assertion, no proof that he was a native of the principality is known to exist. We have no direct evidence

\* Henry le Gower, the well known bishop of St. David's, died in 1347. Thomas Gower, *Burgensis ville de Havreford in Suthwallia*, occurs on Rot. Pat. 18 Ric. II. p. 1. memb. 22.

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that he was educated either at Oxford or Cambridge, though his great knowledge in all branches of medieval learning, especially as displayed in his *Confessio Amantis*, affords a strong presumption, that he must have been a student at one of the universities. It is one of the many inventions of Leland,\* that Gower was a lawyer; others have made him a member of the Temple and even a judge; there is however as little proof of such representations as of those respecting Chaucer having belonged to the legal profession: nor does it appear that a judge bearing the name of Gower sat on the bench during the fourteenth century.† It is certain, however, that he was the owner of much landed property, and received a learned education; and his compositions in Latin, French and English, prove that he was a highly cultivated English gentleman, and one of the earliest poets in his mother-tongue.

The next mention of the poet occurs in Leland, who heard‡ that he belonged to the ancient family of the Gowers of Stitenham in Yorkshire, the ancestors of the marquis of Stafford, which family, tradition states, came from Brittany with William the Conqueror in his expedition to England. This statement has been repeated by Bale, Pitts, and Holinshed, who contented themselves with merely copying from Leland; but the late Rev. Henry J. Todd§ has attempted to support it by documentary evidence, which, he asserts, remained un-

\* *Commentarii de Script. Brit.* p. 414. *Coluit forum et patrias leges lucri causa.*

† *Foss, Judges of England*, iv. p. 28.

‡ *Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis*, ed. Hall, p. 414. *Johannes Goverus, vir equestris ordinis, ex Stitenhamo, villa Eboracensis provinciæ, ut ego accepi, originem ducens, etc.*

§ *Illustrations of the Lives and Writings of Gower and Chaucer*, London, 1810.

noticed up to his time. Mr. Todd's evidence however has, unfortunately for his argument, very little foundation. He expresses his desire "to connect, according to a proud family tradition, the poet Gower with that illustrious house of the same name," and conjectures that a remarkable manuscript of the *Confessio Amantis*, of which the marquis of Stafford was then in possession, and which is now the property of the earl of Ellesmere, "was a present from the author to one of the Gower family soon after the completion of the work."\* It will appear hereafter, how very slightly Mr. Todd examined this manuscript.

He mentions also, as further evidence of this Family connexion, a deed in the archives of the marquis of Stafford executed by Robert de Ranclif of Stitenham, dated the Wednesday next after Easter, the 19th of April 1346, which was witnessed amongst others by a John Gower. But this charter is indorsed, as Mr. Todd himself remarks, "in the handwriting of at least a century later."† "1346. *Johannes Gower, wittnes only Sr John Gower the poet.*"

Mr. Todd has likewise published the poet's last will; but this document has not the slightest reference to Yorkshire, and a number of records exist in which property of the very same testator, situated in several southern and eastern counties, is mentioned.

Since Todd's publication other particulars have been brought to light, principally through the research of that indefatigable genealogist and antiquary, the late Sir Harris Nicolas, which go far to show, that the poet belonged altogether to a different family, and that he was born and dwelt in Kent, where he possessed considerable pro-

\* Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower, p. 109.

† Ibid. p. xviii. 91.

perty. Sir H. Nicolas observes,\* that “ the strongest evidence against the opinion, that the poet was of the Yorkshire family of Gower, exists in the entire difference of their arms.” On the poet’s tomb in Southwark and on a seal attached to a deed executed by John Gower and dated 1373, the same coat is emblazoned, thus demonstrating that the poet and this John Gower are one and the same person. These arms are Argent on a chevron, Azure, three leopards’ heads, Or. Both crests are also identical, on a chapeau a talbot passant. Whereas the Gowers of Stitenham bear Barry, Argent, and Gules, a cross patee flosse, Sable; and for their crest a wolf passant, Argent, collared and chained, Or. Sir Harris Nicolas on the authority of one of the Cottonian MSS. (Julius C. vii. fol. 152) states that there was living at the same period another John Gower, who bore a coat entirely different from the two families above mentioned. He was a party to a deed with Ralph Spigurnell and Sir John de Byshopston, dated Westminster, the 20th of August 1359, and enrolled on Rot. Pat. 33 Edw. III. p. 11. membr. 6. By this instrument the king confirms to him and others certain grants for life made by Roger Mortimer, earl of March. One of the manors granted is that of Bridgewater in Somerset, with which the descendants of the Gowers of Stitenham have only recently been connected.

In the fourteenth century a family of respectability of the name of Gower dwelt in Suffolk and probably resided occasionally in Kent, to which attention was first drawn by Weever,† who, when mentioning the epitaph of Sir Robert Gower on his tomb at Brabourne, adds: “ From this familie John Gower the poet was descended.”

Sir Robert Gower, knight, obtained on the 25th of June

\* Retrospective Review, Second Series, II. p. 111.

† Funeral Monuments, p. 270, fol. 1631.



1333 from David de Strabolgi, earl of Athol, who was killed in the Scotch wars in 1335, a grant of the manor of Kentwell with its appurtenances in Suffolk. Sir Robert died in or before the year 1349, for the said manor was granted at that time to Katherine, Countess of Athol, to hold until the heirs of the deceased became of age.\* He was buried in the church of Brabourne near Ashford in Kent, where a brass monument was formerly preserved with his effigy, holding a shield charged with the same arms as those on the poet's tomb and on the seal of the above-mentioned deed executed by John Gower in 1373. Sir Robert Gower left two daughters as his heirs, of whom Katherine, the elder, died in the year 1366, and her sister Joan, the wife of William Neve of Wyting, succeeded her in her moiety of Kentwell. Neve must have died within two years of that date, for on the 28th June 1368 Thomas Syward, pewterer and citizen of London, and Joan his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Gower, knight, granted the manor of Kentwell in Suffolk to John Gower,† who certainly was the next heir and a near relative to Joan, though we do not learn whether he was her cousin, nephew, or brother.

By a deed executed at Orford, on Thursday the 30th of September 1373, John Gower conferred the whole of his manor of Kentwell in Suffolk upon John Cobham, knight, William Weston, Roger Ashburnham, Thomas Brokhill, and Thomas Preston, rector of Tunstall. Some of the feoffees, especially Sir John Cobham, resided in Kent, and the document was likewise executed in that county. Can it be a mere coincidence, says Sir Harris Nicolas, that the poet in his will mentions his manor of

\* Nicolas, *Retrosp. Rev.* p. 107, from the original charters and inquiries.

† *Ibid.* pp. 107-8.

Multon in Suffolk, which is scarcely fifteen miles distant from Kentwell, and appoints Sir Arnold Savage, a Kentish knight, whose family was closely related to the Cobhams, and William Denne likewise of Kent, to be his executors ?\* It appears far more probable that John Gower the owner of Multon, and John Gower the owner of Kentwell, who bore the same arms, lived at the same time, held property in Suffolk, and possessed at least friends in Kent, was one and the same person.

The name of Gower does not occur very frequently either in royal or private grants, and that of John Gower is still rarer. All records therefore in which a John Gower is mentioned as having lived during the second part of the fourteenth century in *Suffolk* and *Kent*, may reasonably be referred to the poet himself, and not to the Gowers of Stitenham, from whom the present noble family of Gower is descended.

Fortunately a careful search of the Close Rolls of Edward III. and Richard II., undertaken for the purpose, has yielded some evidence unknown to previous writers, which converts the conjecture of Sir Harris Nicolas into a certainty. The first document bearing upon the subject is a charter dated the 1st of August 1382, by which Guy de Rowcliffe, clerk, grants and confirms the manor of Feltwell in the county of Norfolk and the manor of Multon in Suffolk, which had been granted to him by Thomas de Catherton, to John Gower, *esquire of Kent*, to have and to hold in fee to the said John Gower and his heirs male by due and accustomed services. The next is a deed dated the 3rd of August 1382, by which John Gower, *esquire of Kent*, releases for ever to Guy de Rowcliffe, clerk, who had granted to him and his heirs on the 1st of August the manors of Feltwell and Multon, all manner of warranty

\* Retrospective Review, p. 106.

for the said manors. This release was acknowledged in Chancery by the aforefaid John Gower in perfon on the 28th of the fame month.\*

These instruments fhew that John Gower belonged to the county of Kent, and that on the 1st Auguft 1382 he became legally poffeffed of the manors of Feltwell in Norfolk and Multon in Suffolk; mention is alfo made of the Manor of Multon in Suffolk in his will, which proves almoft to demonftration, that the John Gower referred to in thofe deeds was alfo the author of the *Confefſio Amantis*, who lies buried in St. Saviour's, Southwark, and whoſe will has happily been preferved at Lambeth Palace.

On the 6th Auguft 1382, John Gower the poet granted his manors of Feltwell and Multon to Thomas Blake-lake, parſon of the church of St. Nicholas at Feltwell and four other perſons for the ſum of £40 to be paid annually in the conventual Church at Weſtminſter. This indenture was entered in Chancery on the 24th of Octo-ber in the ſame year, and the ſame grant was repeated on the 29th of February, 1384.†

Two ſimilar documents remain to be mentioned. By one dated the 3rd of February 1381, 4 Ric. II. Ifabella, daughter of Walter de Huntingfield, remits all the right and claim ſhe has from her father to certain lands and tenements belonging to the pariſhes of Throwley and Stalesfield in the county of Kent to John Gower and John Bowland, clerk.‡ By the other dated the 10th of June

\* Rot. Claus. 6 Ric. II. p. 1. memb. 27 dorſo. Both documents are in French: Sachent toutes gentz moy Guy de Rouclif' Clerc' auoir donee grauntee et par ceſte ma chartre conferme a Johan Gower Eſquier de Kent etc. A tous iceux, qui ceſtes lettres verront ou orront, Johan Gower Eſquier de Kent ſalutz en dieux. Sachez que come Guy de Rouclyf' Clerc' etc.

† Rot. Claus. 6 Ric. II. p. 1. membr. 23 dorſo. Rot. Claus. 7 Ric. II. membr. 17 dorſo. ſee Retr. Rev. p. 117.

‡ Rot. Claus. 4 Ric. II. membr. 15 dorſo, entered in Chancery on the 28th March.

1385, 8 Ric. II. the same Isabella, daughter and heir of Walter de Huntingfield of the county of Kent, remits to John Gower *of the same county* for herself and her heirs all actions, complaints, and demands which may have arisen between them from the beginning of the world up to the present day.\* In the document dated the 3rd February 1381 Gower is not described as belonging to the county of Kent; perhaps he did not enter upon his property in that county until the year in which the great rebellion of the Commons took place; an event which he has so circumstantially noticed in his Latin poem the *Vox Clamantis*.

In 39 Edw. III. 1365, William, son of Sir William Septvans, knight, granted to John Gower and his heirs a rental of ten pounds out of the manor of Wygebergh in Essex, and released to him and his heirs by a second instrument the manor of Aldyngton in Kent with the rent of 14s. 6d. and of one cock, thirteen hens, and forty eggs out of Maplescomb.† From this it would appear that Gower also possessed property in Essex.

But the only reliable facts to be gathered from these documents are, that John Gower the poet, if not the direct descendant, was at least the heir of a knight, whose property was situated in Suffolk, and who was buried in Kent; that the poet called himself esquire of the county of Kent; that he held various manors at least in three, if not in more counties; that he was careful in entering for his own security all leases and releases to which he was a party on the rolls of Chancery, and that he was a member of an opulent family in the south of England.

An extract from the register of W<sup>m</sup> de Wykeham

\* Rot. Claus. 8 Ric. II. membr. 5 dorso, entered in Chancery on the same day, in perpetuum quietum clamasse Johanni Gower de eodem Comitatu.

† Rot. Claus. 39 Edw. III. membr. 21 dorso.

preserved in the registry of Winchester mentions the marriage of a John Gower to Agnes Groundolf at St. Mary Magdalen's, Southwark, on the 25th of January, 1397, and the facts that the poet's wife was named Agnes and that he does not mention any issue in his will suggest the inference that the person mentioned is John Gower the poet, and that he was not married until he reached old age.\*

His tastes and perhaps residence in the same vicinity may have occasioned an intimacy between him and his great contemporary and brother poet Chaucer, who like himself was connected with the county of Kent; but we do not find any evidence to show that they were fellow students either at Oxford or in the Temple: although when Chaucer, soon after the accession of Richard II., was sent on a mission to the Continent, he, in a deed dated the 21st May, 1378, appointed John Gower and Richard Forrester his attorneys during his absence.† That the two poets were friends, and considered each other fellow labourers, is satisfactorily confirmed by the compliments they pay each other in some of their works. Chaucer inserts at the end of *Troilus and Creseide* a dedication:

*“O morall Gower, this booke I direct  
To thee and to the philosophicall Strode,*

\* Willelmus permissione divina Wyntonienſis Epiſcopus, dilecto in Chriſto filio, domino Willelmo, capellano parochiali eccleſiæ S. Mariæ Magdalenæ in Suthwerk, noſtræ dioceliſ, ſalutem, gratium, et benedictionem. Ut matrimonium inter Joannem Gower et Agnetem Groundolf dictæ eccleſiæ parochianos ſine ulteriore bannorum editione, dumtamen aliud canonicum non obſiſtat, extra eccleſiam parochialem, in Oratorio ipſius Joannis Gower infra hoſpicium cum in prioratu B. Mariæ de Overee in Suthwerk prædicta ſituatum, ſolempnizare valeas licenciam tibi tenore præſentium, quatenus ad nos attinet concedimus ſpecialem. In cujus rei teſtimonium ſigillum noſtrum fecimus hiſ apponi. Dat. in manerio noſtro de alta clera viceſimo quinto die menſis Januarii A. D. 1397, et noſtræ conſecrationis 31mo.

† Nicolas, *Life of Chaucer*, pp. 37, 125.

*To vouchsafe there need is to correct  
Of your benignities and zeales good.”\**

The epithet moral is applied very properly to the general character of Gower's writings ; and it may be remarked, that Chaucer's desire that Gower should correct whatever was needed, shows that he considered him a competent judge in matters of poetry.

As if in answer to this compliment, Gower makes Venus say in some copies of the *Confessio Amantis* :

*“ And grete well Chaucer, whan ye mete,  
As my disciple and my poete.  
For in the floures of his youth,  
In sundry wise, as he well couth,  
Of dittees and of songes glade,  
The which he for my sake made,  
The lond fulfilled is over all,  
Wherof to him in speciall  
Above all other I am most holde.  
Forthy now in his daies olde  
Thou shalt him telle this message,  
That he upon his later age  
To sette an ende of all his werke  
As he, which is min owne clerke,  
Do make his testament of love,  
As thou hast do thy shrifte above,  
So that my court it may recorde.”†*

Nevertheless it has been suggested that their friendship was afterwards interrupted,‡ and the following reasons

\* Aldine edition, 1845, v. 172.

† See the present edition, Vol. III. p. 374.

‡ Tyrwhitt, *Introductory Discourse to the Canterbury Tales*, § 14. Todd, *Illustrations*, p. xxvii ; and Godwin, *Life of Chaucer*, II. p. i. *et seq.*

have been adduced in support of the conjecture. Chaucer declaims in the Prologue to the *Man of Lawes Tale*\* against such dreadful and lewd tales—"unkinde abominations"—as he calls them, as those of Canace and Appollinus of Tyre, which are undoubtedly amongst the best stories told in the *Confessio Amantis*. Tyrwhitt first suspected this to be a direct attack by Chaucer on Gower, with whom Godwin imagines he must have quarrelled. However, it has not escaped Tyrwhitt, that the *Man of Lawes Tale* and that of the *Wife of Bath* are either directly borrowed from Gower, or have been taken by both poets from one common source. It is therefore highly improbable, that Chaucer, speaking in the person of the *Man of Law*, really intended to express in such a strange manner his disrespect for a friend, who like himself had attained to an advanced age. Another supposition for the disturbance of their friendship has arisen from the complimentary verses on Chaucer, which only appear in the loyal edition addressed to king Richard II, having been omitted in a number of copies of the *Confessio Amantis*, dedicated to Henry of Lancaster. But this may be thus accounted for. The verses occur at the end of the poem, and the Lancaster copy which appeared in 1392-3, at a time when Chaucer was in trouble with the existing government, terminates altogether differently;† it is therefore not unlikely, that Gower, timid and obsequious by nature, had some reason for not mentioning his friend in the edition destined for the acceptance and perusal of Henry. The omission may show selfish feeling on the part of Gower; but it certainly does not prove that their friendship was interrupted.

In the 17th year of Richard II. 1393-4, Henry of Lancaster presented "un esquier John Gower," "perhaps"

\* Aldine edition, II. 135.

† Nicolas, *Life of Chaucer*, p. 50.

one of that prince's retainers, with a collar. The poet is represented on his tomb with a collar of SS, to which a swan, Henry's badge, is appended; but, as that badge is believed not to have been assumed by Henry until after the demise of Thomas of Woodstock, duke of Gloucester, in September 1397, the swan may have been given to Gower at a subsequent period.\* It does not seem too much to presume, that the collar was presented to the poet as a direct acknowledgment of the dedication of his work, which, as has already been mentioned, was addressed in the previous year to Henry earl of Derby.

In the year 1400, about the time when Chaucer died, Gower, who in the dedication to the *Confessio Amantis* had previously complained of sickness,† became blind from old age, and in the year following was obliged to give up writing, as appears from some Latin verses, which are found in several MSS.‡ Feeling the approach of death, he abandoned to others writing about the things of this world, and made preparations for a pious end.§

\* Nicolas, in *Retrosp. Rev.* p. 117, from a record in the Duchy of Lancaster Office.

† *Though I sickenesse have upon bonde*, vol. i. p. 4, 5.

‡ Printed in Thynne's edition of Chaucer, 1532. fo. 377., b. and, with some variation, in *Balades and other Poems of John Gower*, Roxburghe Club, 1818. It has the following Epigraph:

“Explicit carmen de pacis commendatione, quod ad laudem et memoriam serenissimi principis domini regis Henrici quarti suis humilis orator Johannes Gower composuit.”

“*Henrici quarti primus regni fuit annus,  
Quo mihi defecit visus ad æta mea,*” etc.

and in MSS. of *Vox Clamantis* :—

“*Henrici regis annus fuit ille secundus,  
Scribere dum cesso, sum quia cecus ego.*”

See *Retr. Rev.* p. 116.

§ Ibid.

“*Vana tamen mundi mundo scribenda reliqui  
Scriboque finali carmine vado mori.  
Scribat qui veniet post me discreciore alter,  
Ammodo namque manus et mea penna silent.*”



A circumstantial will was executed by him on the day of the Assumption of the holy Virgin, the 15th August 1408 in the Priory of St. Mary Overy's, the mother-church of Southwark. By it he bequeaths to the Prior, the Sub-prior, the Canons and the servants of the said convent liberal donations varying from £1 to 1 shilling each ; he makes similar gifts to the church of St. Mary Magdalen and the four parish churches in Southwark,—St. Margaret's, St. George's, St. Olave's, and St. Mary Magdalen's near Bermondsey—for lamps, garments, and prayers for his soul ; and he leaves other sums to the masters and inmates of the Hospitals of St. Thomas the Martyr in Southwark, St. Thomas Elsing'spital, Bedlam, Bishopsgate without, and St. Mary's, Westminster. He desires that his body shall be buried in the Chapel of St. John the Baptist in St. Mary Overy's, and he bequeaths as a perpetual gift for the altar in the said chapel two costly filken priest's dresses, a large new missal, and a new chalice. The Prior and Convent are also to preserve in memory of him a large book entitled *Martilogium* (Martyrologium), which had recently been written out at his own expense. He next leaves a hundred pounds to his wife Agnes, who is not mentioned in any other document. She is likewise to retain three cups, one coverlet, two saltcellers and twelve spoons of silver, and to have all his beds and chests with all the appurtenances of hall, pantry, and kitchen, a chalice and garment for the altar of their private chapel, and for the time she survives her husband the full enjoyment of all rents due to him from the lease of his two manors, Southwell in Nottingham, and Multon in Suffolk. He appoints his said wife ; Sir Arnold Savage, knight ; an esquire Robert ; William Denne, canon of the king's chapel ; and John Burton, clerk ; his executors. The will was proved by Agnes Gower at Lambeth before Archbishop Thomas Arundel on the 24th of October ;

and the administration of the property not specified therein was granted to her on the 7th of November following.\* Consequently the poet must have died between the 15th of August and 24th of October in that year.

Several subjects connected with this document must remain undecided. A search made for the poet's title to the manor of Southwell in Nottingham has been unsuccessful. No mention is made of his property in Kent, Essex, and Norfolk, and there is no clause whatever referring to a son and heir. It is asserted by Sir Harris Nicolas:† “that such an omission renders it unlikely that he had issue, but it is not conclusive. It is manifest from the probate,‡ that he had other property than that spoken of in his will, and if he had only one son, or if he had female issue only, he or they would have succeeded to it; hence it was not requisite, that he should specially provide for them by legacies.” The research of the same distinguished genealogist has connected, as the probable descendants of the poet, such persons of the name of Gower as occur in Kent and Surrey during the fifteenth century.§

Another important record concerning Gower is preserved on his tomb and monument still extant in St. Mary Overy's, now St. Saviour's Southwark, of which Blore|| has given a good engraving and the following description:

“The monument of John Gower is in the Chapel of St. John,¶ in the north aisle of the nave of St. Mary Overy's,

\* *Johannis Gower nuper defuncti*, see Testament, Todd, Illustrations, p. 87. Blore, *Sepulchral Antiquities*, and Nicolas, *Retr. Rev.* p. 103.

† *Retr. Rev.* p. 111.

‡ *Pro eo, quod idem defunctus nonnulla bona optinuit in diversis diocesisbus nostri Cantuariensis provincie.*

§ See pedigree, *Retr. Rev.* p. 114.

|| The monumental remains of noble and eminent persons comprising the *Sepulchral Antiquities of Great Britain*, 1826.

¶ The chapel of St. John has long since disappeared; the tomb stood

commonly called St. Saviour's Church, in Southwark. It is entirely of stone, and consists of a canopy of three arches with bouquet [crocketed] pediments, parted by finials, and at the back of each pediment three niches, of which there are also seven in front of the altar tomb." Berthelette, in the introduction to his edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, published in 1532, gives the following description of the representations of Charity, Mercy, and Pity, now nearly obliterated, which were painted against the wall within the three upper arches. "Beside on the wall where he lieth, there be peinted three virgins, with crownes on their heades, one of the whiche is written Charitie, and she holdeth this diuise in hir hande:—

*" En toy qui est filz de dieu le pere  
Sauve soit qui gist souz cest pierre.*

"The second is written Mercie, which holdeth in hir hande this diuise:—

*" O bon Jesu fait ta mercie  
Al alme, dont le corpe gist icy.*

"The thyrd of them is written Pitee, whiche holdeth in hir hande this diuise followynge:—

*" Pour ta Pite Jesu regarde  
Et met cest alme en sauve garde."*

On the top of the altar tomb is the effigy of the poet; his head reclining on three volumes, representing his three great works and inscribed with their respective titles. The hair falls in large curls on his shoulders, and is crowned with a chaplet of four roses, originally, as Leland\* tells us, intermixed with ivy, "in token, says Berthelette, that a little westward of the north transept, until 1830, when it was removed into the south transept.

\* *Commentarii*, p. 415. Habet ibidem statuam duplici insignem nota, nempe aureo torque et hederacea corona rosis interferta, illud militis, hoc poetæ ornamentum.

he in his life daies, flourished freshely in literature and science." It is inscribed, *ihi merci*. A long robe, closely buttoned down the front, extends from the neck to the feet, which are entirely covered. A collar of SS., from which is suspended a small swan, chained, the badge of Henry IV, hangs from his neck; his feet rest upon a lion, and above, within a panel of the side of the canopy, a shield is suspended, charged with his arms, Argent on a chevron, Azure, three leopards' heads, Or; crest, on a cap of maintenance, a talbot seiant [passant]. Under the figure of Mercy are these lines:—

*Armigeri scutum nihil a modo fert tibi tutum;  
Reddidit immolatum morti generale tributum;  
Spiritus exutum regaudeat esse solutum  
Est ubi virtutum regnum sine labe statutum.*

On the ledge of the tomb was an inscription, now entirely gone:—

*Hic jacet J. Gower, arm.  
Angl. poeta celeberrimus ac  
Huic sacro edificio benefac. insignis.  
Vixit temporibus Ed. III. et R. II.*

Adjoining the monument there hung originally a table granting 1500 days' pardon, "ab ecclesia rite concessos," for all those who devoutly prayed for his soul.\*

It is affirmed by Leland,† that Gower was one of the principal benefactors of the Priory of St. Mary Overy's, which had been burnt down in 1212, and that he contributed considerable sums towards rebuilding it in the reign of Richard II. His monument has been repaired three times; first in 1615, next in 1764, and lastly in 1830 by earl Gower, marquis of Stafford, the present duke of Sutherland.

\* Caxton's Edition of the *Confessio Amantis*, 1483, fol. 211<sup>b</sup>.

† *Commentarii*, p. 416, & *Collectanea*, 1, p. 106.

## II.—HIS WRITINGS AND CHARACTER.

A YOUNG and healthy literature is generally the offspring of some remarkable epoch in the history of the nation to which it belongs; for men's minds are fertilized and invigorated by the actions of great political events, and an impulse is given to their imagination and language, which more tranquil times would probably never have evoked. This observation especially applies to England in the fourteenth century, when the long reign of Edward III. had been marked by circumstances the most varied and extraordinary in its history. The eyes of all Europe were fixed for a time on a struggle between two empires for the crown of one of them. Great wars with France had been crowned with unparalleled success to the arms of the king and his brave son; but at last a sudden check reversed the splendid picture. The once glorious king, borne down by premature old age and decay of intellect, saw nearly all his conquests snatched from him, and the security of his island empire menaced by the enemy, while his people, who for many years had borne the burden of the war with cheerful patriotism, for which they had obtained concessions of inestimable political rights, began to clamour against the king's ill success, and to demand a direct share in the administration of public affairs. The vicious and corrupt state of the church had brought on the first serious attempt at a reformation; and a bold and honest priest had risen to preach the Gospel in the vernacular tongue "free and truly." The whole order of things as they then existed seemed on the point of collapsing, when Edward, by this time become a wretched dotard, died in the arms

of a concubine, and his grandson, a mere boy, succeeded to the throne. Ere Richard had reigned four years, the Commons, who had long viewed with indignation the possession of wealth and the exclusive enjoyment of political privileges by the higher orders of society, and who had imbibed very erroneous ideas of property, government, and religion, revolted, and for a moment threatened the country with a general conflagration. Their rising struck terror into the hearts of the more peaceable part of the community. Nor were the disasters consequent on this event unaccompanied by others of equal gravity. Crown and country being both exhausted, no fresh successes against the French were obtained, and a spirit of discontent began rapidly to pervade all classes. This young and headstrong prince made two dangerous attempts to wrest from the people what they claimed as their ancient and hard earned rights, and for a short time succeeded in ruling them with true despotism; but the century closed with his deposition, the accession of a skilful usurper and a universal reaction in church and state.

Nevertheless not only did civil and religious liberty take so firm a root as to enable it to withstand the most violent political tempests of succeeding ages, but the first blossoms of English literature, forerunners of repeated brilliant displays of genius, began to expand during this period, and it is as one of the earliest labourers in this hitherto uncultivated field, that John Gower will ever be honourably mentioned.

At the beginning of the fourteenth century, there existed in England no national language; the court, nobility, parliament, and even the courts of law spoke French, the church generally made use of Latin, and public acts were written in either language, while the descendants of the Anglo-Saxon race employed a dialect of direct Saxon

derivation, but modified and softened by time, and occasionally mixed up with words of Romance origin. These three tongues, from all of which the English language was rapidly forming itself, remained in public use throughout the century. In 1362 Parliament was first opened by a speech in English, and the courts of law subsequently adopted the same language; Chaucer had already begun to write, and Gower, whose earlier works had been composed in French and Latin, now used his mother-tongue. There is no better illustration of this singular transition to the English language than a short enumeration and description of Gower's writings.

The head of the figure sculptured on his tomb reclines on three volumes representing his three great works, written in as many languages: the *Speculum Meditantis*, the *Vox Clamantis*, and the *Confessio Amantis*. Several MSS. and Caxton's edition of the English poem contain the following short characteristic sketch of each of them drawn up probably by the poet himself, but differing, like his two editions of the *Confessio Amantis*, according to his position in relation to the political events of the day.

Quia unusquisque prout  
a Deo accepit aliis impartire  
tenetur, Johannes Gower  
super hiis que Deus sibi in-  
tellectualiter donavit, villi-  
cacionis sue rationem dum  
tempus instat secundum ali-  
quid alleviare cupiens, inter  
labores et ocia ad aliorum  
noticiam tres libros doctrine  
causa forma subsequenti  
propterea composuit.

Primus liber Gallico ser-

Quia unusquisque prout  
a Deo accepit aliis impartiri  
tenetur, Johannes Gower  
super hiis que Deus sibi  
sensualiter donavit, villica-  
cionis sue rationem dum  
tempus instat secundum ali-  
quod alleviare cupiens, inter  
labores et ocia ad aliorum  
noticiam tres libros doctrine  
causa forma subsequenti  
propterea composuit.

Primus liber Gallico ser-

mone editus in decem dividitur partes et tractans de viciis et virtutibus necnon de variis huius seculi gradibus viam, qua peccator transgressus ad sui creatoris agnitionem redire debet, recto tramite docere conatur. Titulus libelli istius *Speculum hominis* nuncupatus est.

Secundus enim liber sermone Latino versibus exametri compositus tractat super illo mirabili eventu, qui in Anglia tempore Regis Ricardi Secundi anno regni sui quarto contigit, quando serviles rustici impetuose contra nobiles et ingenuos regni insurrexerunt, innocentiam tamen dicti Domini Regis tunc junioris etatis causam inde excusabilem pronuncians culpas aliunde, et quibus et non a fortuna talia inter homines contingunt enormia, evidencius declarat. Titulusque voluminis huius, cuius ordo septem continet pagas, *Vox Clamantis* nominatur.

Tercius iste liber Anglico sermone in octo partes divisus, qui ad instanciam

mone editus in decem dividitur partes et tractans de viciis et virtutibus necnon de variis huius seculi gradibus viam, qua peccator transgressus ad sui creatoris agnitionem redire debet, recto tramite docere conatur. Titulusque libelli istius *Speculum Meditantis* nuncupatus est.

Secundus enim liber sermone Latino metricè compositus tractat de variis infortuniis tempore Regis Ricardi Secundi in Anglia contingentibus, unde non solum regni proceres et communes tormenta passi sunt, set et ipse crudelissimus Rex suis ex demeritis ab alto corruens in foveam quam fecit finaliter proiectus est. Nomenque voluminis huius *Vox Clamantis* intituitur.

Tercius iste liber qui ob reverenciam strenuissimi domini sui Domini Henrici



fereniffimi Principis dicti Domini Regis Anglie Ricardi Secundi conficitur secundum Danielis prophetiam super huius mundi regnorum mutacione a tempore Regis Nabogodonosor usque nunc tempora distinguit. Tractat etiam secundum Nectanabum et Aristotelem super hiis, quibus Rex Alexander tam in sui regimine quam aliter amorem et amantum condiciones fundamentum habet, ubi variarum cronicarum historiarumque finem necnon poetarum philosophorumque Scripture ad exemplum distinctius inferuntur. Nomenque presentis opusculi *Confessio Amantis* specialiter nuncupatur.

de Lancastria tunc Derby Comitis Anglico sermone conficitur secundum Danielis prophetiam super huius mundi regnorum mutacione a tempore Regis Nabogodonosor usque nunc tempora distinguit. Tractat etiam secundum Aristotelem super hiis, quibus Rex Alexander tam in sui regimine quam aliter eius discipline edoctus fuit. Principale tamen huius operis materia super amorem et infatuatas amantum passionibus fundamentum habet. Nomenque sibi appropriatum *Confessio Amantis* specialiter sortitus est.\*

The French poem is placed first in order, and there is sufficient reason to believe, that Gower in the earlier part of his career chiefly made use of this language. No copy of the *Speculum Meditantis* has yet been discovered; what Warton† and his copyists erroneously describe as such, is another short French poem under the title, “Un Traitee selonc les auteurs pour ensamplier les amants marietz au fin qils la foy de lour seints espousailles pourront pur fine loyalte garder et al honeur de Dieu

\* MS. Harl. 3869, fol. 366, and Caxton, fol. 210<sup>b</sup>.

† History of English Poetry, ed. 1840, ii. p. 226.

\* It has lately been discovered in French, entitled “Morceau de l'Amour.”

salvement tener." This work is occasionally met with in manuscript, and has been partially printed.\* The contents, examples from mythology, and history, correspond with the title. But there are fifty French Ballads, found only in a very valuable MS. in the possession of the duke of Sutherland, and printed in 1818 for the Roxburghe Club, which are undoubtedly the productions of the poet's younger years. They are tender in sentiment and not unrefined with regard to language and form, especially if we consider that they are the work of a foreigner. They treat of love in the manner introduced by the Provençal poets, which was afterwards generally adopted by those in the north of France. A few specimens cannot fail to give a favourable idea of Gower's skill and expression.

Balade xv.

*“ Com lesperver qe vole par creance  
Et de son las ne poet partir envoie,  
De mes amours ensi par resemblance  
Jeo sui liez si que par nulle voie  
Ne puis aler samour ne me convoie,  
Vous manetz, dame, estrait de tiele mue,  
Combien qe vo presence ades ne voie  
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.*

*“ Soubtz vo constreignte et soubtz vo governance  
Amour mad dit qe jeo me supple et ploie,  
Sicome foial doit faire a sa ligeance  
Et plus dassetz si faire le porroie,  
Pour ce, ma doulce dame, a vous motroie.  
Car a ce point jai fait ma retenue,  
Qe si le corps de moi fuist ore a Troie  
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.*

\* Balades and other Poems by John Gower; Roxburghe Club, 1818.

*“ Si come le Mois de May lesprees avance,  
Qest tout flori quant lerbe se verdoie,  
Ensi par vous revient ma contenance  
De vo bealte si penser je le doie,  
Et si merci me volt vestir de joie  
Pour la bounte que vous avetz vestue  
En tiel espoir, ma dame, unques jeo soie  
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.*

*“ A vostre ymage est tout ceo qe jeo proie,  
Quant ceste lettre a vous serra venue,  
Qa vous servir come cil qest vostre proie,  
Mon coer remanit qe point ne se remue.”*

Balade xx.

*“ Sicom la nief, quant le fort vent tempeste,  
Pur halte mier se torna ci et la,  
Ma dame, ensi mon coer manit en tempeste,  
Quant le danger de vo parole orra,  
Le nief qe votre bouche soufflera,  
Me fait sigler sur le peril de vie,  
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.*

*“ Rois Ulyxes, sicom nos dist la geste,  
Vers son paiis de Troie qui sigla,  
Not tiel paour du peril et moleste,  
Quant les Sereines en la mier passa,  
Et la danger de Circes eschapa,  
Qe le paour nest plus de ma partie,  
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.*

*“ Danger qui tolt damour tout la feste,  
Unques un mot de confort ne sona,  
Ainz plus cruel qe nest la fiere beste  
Au point quant danger me respondera.  
La chiere porte et quant le nai dirra,*

*Plusque la mort mestoie celle oie  
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.*

*“Vers vous, ma bone dame, horpris cella,  
Qe danger manit en votre compaignie,  
Cest balade en mon message irra  
Qest en danger falt qil mera supplie.”*

A few lines are preserved in the same manuscript, in which the poet asks the reader's indulgence for his French:—

*“Al Universite de tout le monde  
Johan Gower ceste balade envoie,  
Et si jeo nai de francois la faconde,  
Pardonetz moi qe jeo de ceo forfvoie.  
Jeo sui Englois si quier par tiele voie  
Estre excuse mais quoique nulls endie,  
Lamour parfit en dieu se justifie.”*

There are no indications of the dates of his French productions, but that the poet in later days still used this language appears from some French verses addressed to king Henry IV. after his accession, and preserved in the same volume.

Soon after the rebellion of the Commons in 1381, an event which made a great impression on his mind, he wrote that singular work in Latin distichs, called *Vox Clamantis*, of which we possess an excellent edition by the Rev. H. O. Coxe, printed for the Roxburghe Club, in 1850. The name, with an allusion to St. John the Baptist, seems to have been adopted from the general clamour and cry then abroad in the country. The greater bulk of the work, the date of which its editor is inclined to fix between 1382 and 1384 is rather a moral than an historical essay; but the first book describes the insurrection of Wat Tyler in an allegorical disguise; the poet having a dream on the

11th of June 1381, in which men assume the shape of animals. The second book contains a long sermon on fatalism, in which the poet shows himself no friend to Wiclif's tenets, but a zealous advocate for the reformation of the clergy. The third book points out how all orders of society must suffer for their own vices and demerits; in illustration of which he cites the example of the secular clergy. The fourth book is dedicated to the cloistered clergy and the friars, the fifth to the military, the sixth contains a violent attack on the lawyers, and the seventh subjoins the moral of the whole, represented in Nebuchadnezzar's dream, as interpreted by Daniel.

There exist several other small Latin poems, written generally in the medieval (leonine) hexameter, viz :

*Cronica Tripartita*, containing a mere outline of the latter part of Richard II.'s reign and vindicating the accession of Henry IV, printed in the same volume.

Latin verses, addressed to Henry IV. and some others, about the poet's old age and blindness, published from the duke of Sutherland's MSS.

*Carmen de variis in amore passionibus breviter compilatum.*

*Contra Demonis astuciam in causa lollardie*, in MS. Harl. 3869, fol. 362.

In the list of his writings Gower himself assigned the third and last place to his English poem, the *Confessio Amantis*. There is reason to believe that he was induced to compose in his native tongue when he was an old man, by the great success which his friend Chaucer had achieved by his English works. The exact date of the poem has not been ascertained, but there is internal evidence, in certain copies, that it existed in the year 1392-3.

As this point involves a question of grave importance with respect to the author's behaviour and position in the

political events of the day, it will be necessary to enter more fully into the subject. He unquestionably issued two editions of the work, which, however, as will be distinctly seen in the present edition, vary from each other only at the commencement and at the end; the one being dedicated to king Richard II, the other to his cousin Henry of Lancaster, earl of Derby. In the king's copy the poet describes at length, how he came rowing down the Thames at London one day, and how he met king Richard, who, having invited him to step into the royal barge, commanded him to write a book upon some new matter. In that addressed to Henry he says, that the book was finished:—

“*the yere sixtente of king Richard,*”

an important fact, which has been hitherto overlooked by all writers on the subject, including even Sir H. Nicolas,\* who states that Gower did not dedicate his work to Henry until he had ascended the throne. But this date in conjunction with the other fact, that in the *Confessio Amantis* Henry is never called king, nor duke of Hereford, nor duke of Lancaster, but simply Henry of Lancaster, and the circumstance, that in a marginal note occurring in all copies which contain the dedication to him, he is styled *Dominus Henricus de Lancastria, tunc Derby comes* (a title, which he bore in the year 1392-3), entirely prove, that the work, which he had formerly dedicated to the king, was now addressed to the earl. The one version abounds in expressions of the deepest loyalty towards his sovereign, for whose sake he intends to write *some newe thing* in English; the other mentions the year of the reign of king Richard II, is full of attachment to Henry of Lancaster:—

“*with whom my herte is of accorde,*”

and purports to appear in English for England's sake.

\* Life of Chaucer, p. 39.

It is not possible that both dedications could have been written at the same time ; for, if we consider the political situation in those days, only a very abject mind would have made simultaneously two such opposite declarations. Besides it is distinctly stated in one version, which unquestionably is the earlier, that the first idea of the work originated with the king, whereas in the other the poet takes no notice whatever of his having been induced by Richard to write an English work, but merely mentions the year in which he addressed it to earl Henry. It is well known, that Henry as early as the year 1387 had joined the opposition and had been one of the lords appellants, who forced the king to rule according to the will of parliament. Gower, who was a close observer of the political events of his days, saw how the young king, after attaining his majority, attempted in the years 1386 and 1387 in conjunction with his favourite the young duke of Ireland, to annihilate the opposition headed by the duke of Gloucester and the earls of Arundel, Warwick, Nottingham, and Derby. He perceived that the king from disposition and inclination was hurrying himself and the affairs of his realm to ultimate destruction and ruin. He therefore changed his politics early in the reign of Richard II, altered the dedication of his English work in 1392-3, received in the year next following a collar from Henry of Lancaster, and looked upon him ever afterwards as the final restorer of peace and order. From that time he appears to have been a firm adherer to the Lancastrian interest, for the same sentiment which he expressed in the dedication of 1392-3 is found in some Latin and French scraps, addressed to king Henry IV. and mentioned above, and also in an English poem of fifty-five stanzas entitled "a Balade to Kyng Henry the fourth," in which he praises him highly and recommends for his imitation

the examples of former great rulers.\* This is a very simple solution founded on facts and dates, by which the honour of the poet is entirely saved from the injurious accusation that he was "an ingrate to his lawful sovereign, and a sycophant to the usurper of his throne."†

The date, therefore, when Gower began to write the *Confessio Amantis* would fall before the year 1386, and before the young king, who had just become of age, developed those dangerous qualities which estranged from him, amongst others, the poet, who, as he states himself, composed his work in English in consequence of an invitation from his sovereign. The *Confessio Amantis* was certainly complete in the year 1392-3, and was therefore written about the time at which Chaucer was engaged upon the latter part of his immortal work, the *Canterbury Tales*.

We now come to the work itself. It consists of a prologue and eight books, written entirely, with the exception of a poem at the end of the eighth book, in verses of eight syllables, rhyming in pairs.

The prologue confirms what has just been stated with regard to the author's political opinions. Like his contemporaries, *Piers Plowman* and *Wiclif*, he imagines, that in consequence of the absence of all order and justice, the end of the world is at hand. He accuses the church, especially since the beginning of the great schism between Rome and Avignon which nurtures

" *This newe secte of lollardie,*"

as well as the state and the people in general, of being incurably infected with this universal disease. It is not accident or fortune, he says, which rules the destinies of the world, but God's governance, as revealed in the vision of

\* Chaucer's Works, ed. Thynne, 1532, fol. 375<sup>b</sup>.

† Ritson, *Bibliographia Poetica*, 1802, p. 25.



Nebuchadnezzar, and explained by the prophet Daniel, whose interpretation he next largely comments on, bringing all the historical knowledge at his command to bear upon the subject.

The poem opens by introducing the author himself, in the character of an unhappy lover in despair, smitten by Cupid's arrow. Venus appears to him and, after having heard his prayer, appoints her priest called Genius, like the myſtagogue in the Picture of Cebes, to hear the lover's confeſſion. This is the frame of the whole work, which is a ſingular mixture of claſſical notions, principally borrowed from Ovid's *Ars Amandi*, and of the purely mediæval idea, that as a good Catholic the unfortunate lover muſt ſtate his diſtreſs to a father confeſſor. This is done in the courſe of the confeſſion with great regularity and even pedantry: all the paſſions of the human heart, which generally ſtand in the way of love, being ſyſtematically arranged in the various books and ſubdiviſions of the work. After Genius has fully explained the evil affection, paſſion, or vice under conſideration, the lover confeſſes on that particular point; and frequently urges his boundleſs love for an unknown beauty, who treats him cruelly, in a tone of affectation which would appear highly ridiculous in a man of more than ſixty years of age, were it not a common characteriſtic of the poetry of the period. After this profeſſion, the confeſſor oppoſes him, and exemplifies the fatal effects of each paſſion by a variety of appoſite ſtories, gathered from many ſources, examples being then as now a favourite mode of inculcating inſtruction and reformation. At length, after a frequent and tedious recurrence of the ſame proceſs, the confeſſion is terminated by ſome final injunctions of the prieſt—the lover's petition in a ſtrophic poem addreſſed to Venus—the bitter judgment of the goddeſs,

that he should remember his old age and leave off such fooleries :—

*“ For loves lust and lockes hore  
In chambre accorden never more ”*

—his cure from the wound caused by the dart of love, and his absolution, received as if by a pious Roman Catholic.

The materials for this extensive work, and the stories inserted as examples for and against the lover's passion, are drawn from various sources. Some have been taken from the Bible, a great number from Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, which must have been a particular favourite with the author, others from the mediæval histories of the siege of Troy, of the feats of Alexander the Great—from the oldest collections of novels, known under the name of the *Gesta Romanorum*, chiefly in its form as used in England—from the *Pantheon* and the *Speculum Regum* of Godfrey of Viterbo—from the romance of Sir Lancelot, and the chronicles of Cassiodorus and Isidorus. We believe that all the stories in the work may be referred with certainty to one or other of these sources, except one tale, perhaps the latest in date, taken from the apocryphal life of Pope Boniface VIII. In the sixth book the confessor enters into a long discourse on the contents of the *Almagest*, he explains the doctrines of the age concerning the vegetable, mineral, and animal stones, and asserts his own belief in the existence of the philosopher's stone. The seventh book contains an exposition of a great portion of Aristotle's philosophy, chiefly his physics, ethics and metaphysics, not taken from the original, but very likely borrowed from the medieval Pseudo-Aristotelian compendium, known under the name of the *Secretum Secretorum*.

This great amount of knowledge and science, as studied and revered in those days, gives the work the appearance

of a cyclopædia, in which the author was anxious and vain enough to amass whatever he had learnt and extracted from his own library, the contents of which from what has been said before, the reader may easily imagine. The accumulation of such stores, both of narrative and scientific matter, left necessarily very little space for a display of the author's imagination, and for poetic invention. He did not possess the deep love for the beauties of external nature, nor the inimitable humour and diversified natural passion, which we admire in Chaucer. But wanting these essentially poetical attributes, he indulges freely in reasoning and moralizing on the happiness and misfortunes of love, which in former times he may have amply experienced. But however dry his poetic vein, it is not altogether without its charms. The vivacity and variety of his short verses evince a correct ear and a happy power, by the assistance of which he enhances the interest in a tale, and frequently terminates it with satisfaction to the reader.\*

The style in which the *Confessio Amantis* is written, bears strong marks of the author's labour ; but he did not succeed in blending together the two principal elements of his mother-tongue so skilfully and harmoniously as Chaucer, whose earliest compositions show a considerable practice in the use of what was then a modern language. As Gower wrote much in French, it is but natural, that there should be in his English a large proportion of Norman-French words ; even in the spelling, in which he adheres, if we go back to the more ancient MSS, to the form used by the French writers of his day. Yet the Saxon ingredient in his language is as large as in the works of his great contemporary, and comprises a considerable number of words, which at present are either

\* W. W. Lloyd, in Singer's *Shakespeare*, vol. iv. p. 261.

obsolete, or have altogether changed their meaning. There are very few examples of alliteration and other characteristics of pure Saxonism. Some of his words, the pronunciation of which is frequently regulated by the rhyme, or may perhaps be referred to his provincial dialect, are curious. For instance, instead of *I saw*, he invariably wrote *I sigb*; for *not*, he always wrote *nought*. In many instances, especially where words change their vowels in deference to the preceding rhyme, he sets all rules at defiance, and verbs of the strong conjugation are frequently used indiscriminately in the present or preterite tense without the slightest regard to the sense of the period. His sentences are often diffuse, and ungrammatical; and it was evidently no easy task for him to compose this long poem in English.

In spite of all these defects the *Confessio Amantis* very soon became a favourite in England. Copies were transcribed for the court, the nobility, and the general reader. The work is among the earliest productions of the English press, and retained its admirers until brighter stars made their appearance above the horizon of our national literature.

We have already seen, how Chaucer characterized the style of his brother poet. Even a contemporary chronicler seems to borrow occasionally from the *Confessio Amantis*. The Monk of Evesham, in the Life of Richard II. says of the prelates: “*Dimiserunt oves expositas luporum rictibus, set nullus erexit baculum ad abigendum,*”\* which agrees with Gower’s Prologue 2.:

*“ For if the wolf come in the way,  
Their gostly staffe is than away,  
Whereof they shuld her flock defende ;”*

\* Ed. Hearne, p. 114.

and again : “Sed domina fortuna, quæ rotam instabilem non finit semper in suo statu permanere, proiecit eum Regem quasi subito a summa usque ad yma,”\* which at least resembles Gower’s Prologue 1. :—

“ *After the torning of the whele,  
Which blinde fortune overthroweth,  
Wherof the certain no man knoweth.*”

Towards the end of the fifteenth century, Skelton dedicated a few lines to Gower, which are not without interest as descriptive of his poetry ; in the Boke of Philip Sparrow, he says :—

“ *Gowers englyshe is olde,  
And of no value is tolde ;  
His matter is worth gold,  
And worthy to be enrold,*”

and again in the Crowne of Laurell :—

“ *Gower, that first garnished our English rude,  
And maister Chaucer, that nobly enterprised,  
How that Englyshe myght freshely be ennewed.*”

At last Shakespeare, or whoever wrote or touched with true Shakespearean genius the play of Pericles, Prince of Tyre, took his subject directly from the story of Appollinus of Tyre, as told in the eighth book of the Confessio Amantis, and introduced in the place of Chorus old Gower himself, prologuizing and epiloguizing in his own lively metre. The words by which the drama is opened—

“ *To sing a song that old was sung,  
From ashes ancient Gower is come,  
Assuming man’s infirmities,  
To glad our ear and please our eyes,*”

\* Ed. Hearne, p. 149.

are a sufficient proof, that at the date of this play, (1596 or 1598,) the name and poem of Gower were familiar to many who went to see the performance of *Pericles*. Gower appears also in the second part of Shakespeare's *King Henry IV.* as one of the king's party, and in the scene with *Falstaff* is evidently treated as a person of considerable importance.

### III.—MANUSCRIPTS AND EDITIONS OF THE *CONFESSIO AMANTIS*.

THE Manuscripts of Gower's English work are very numerous; there are copies at Oxford, at Cambridge, at Dublin, in the British Museum, and in private collections. At the first-mentioned place there are no less than ten, for a short notice of which the editor is indebted to the *Rev. H. O. Coxe*, of the Bodleian Library.

MS. Laud, 609, MS. Bodl. 693, MS. Selden, B. 11. and MS. Corp. Chr. Coll. 67, contain the version addressed to Richard II. with the complimentary verses on Chaucer at the end.

MS. Fairfax, 3, MS. Hatton, 51, MS. Wadham Coll. 13, and MS. New Coll. 266, contain the Lancaster copy.

Besides these there are two hybrids: MS. Bodl. 294, which has the dedication to Richard at the commencement, and omits the verses on Chaucer; and MS. New Coll. 326, which is dedicated to Henry of Lancaster, and compliments Chaucer at the end. The first of these has the same scribe and illuminator throughout; the latter part of the second appears to have been written by a different hand. All these MSS. are of the fifteenth century.

The four copies at Cambridge have been briefly described by Todd, in his *Illustrations of Gower and Chaucer*.

For the present edition the next following MSS. have been used :

MS. Harl. 7184, in the British Museum. It is a very fine copy, written on vellum, in large folio, and double columns ; but the first and last pages are somewhat defaced. The illuminations of the initial letters, at the beginning of each book, are magnificent. The handwriting is as nearly as possible that of the end of the fourteenth century. The orthography is of the same date, and very little tinged with provincialisms. The two Saxon letters þ and ȝ never occur. The volume is imperfect. In books I, II, and V, a leaf is occasionally missing, there is a considerable chasm in book VI., and a great part of book VII and the whole of book VIII are entirely wanting. This volume, on account of its antiquity and its judicious and consistent orthography, has been adopted as the basis for the spelling in this new edition.

MS. Harl. 3869 in the British Museum. A small stout folio of the fifteenth century, on vellum and paper mixed. The initials are blue and red without much art. Folio 5 contains a rude picture, representing king Nebuchadnezzar's vision ; and on folio 18 the priest of Venus is listening to the lover's confession. This copy is very remarkable on account of its orthography, which has been carried through almost rigorously according to simple and reasonable principles. The letter þ is used uniformly, but the letter ȝ only occasionally, a simple *h* standing generally for *gh* or *ȝ*. A final *e* is always inserted, wherever the metre requires a syllable. Double consonants and the letter *y* are almost entirely dispensed with. At the conclusion of the work, on folio 357<sup>b</sup>, Gower's smaller poems in Latin, and some verses in French occur. This volume, as well as MS. Harl. 7184, are exemplars of the Lancaster version ; both have been collated throughout for the text of the present edition.

MS. Harl. 3490 in the British Museum. A fine copy of the version dedicated to king Richard II, written in the fifteenth century, on vellum, in folio and double columns. The volume is complete, and opens with S. Edmundi speculum religiosorum, which is followed by the Confessio Amantis at folio 8. With the exception of the beginning and end it offers no variety, and no important deviation in the spelling. The verses addressed to king Richard, and the compliment to Chaucer printed at the foot of the page in the present edition, have been taken from this manuscript.

MS. Stafford, now in the library of the *earl of Ellesmere*, an inspection of which has been kindly granted by the noble owner. A middle-sized folio in double columns. Todd, in his *Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower*, asserts his belief, that this copy was a present from Gower to one of his relatives belonging to the Stafford family. He saw on the first leaf three armorial shields: over the largest of which, he says, the poet's crest, a talbot, is still conspicuous. After a careful examination it is impossible to agree with this opinion; we have come to the conclusion, that the volume is of still greater value. On the right hand border is a crest, gold and red, a chapecau with a lion, which Todd calls a talbot, and under it an escutcheon quartered blue and red, the contents of which are entirely defaced. The first initial letter embraces another escutcheon, red on a blue ribbon, containing a swan, Argent. Suspended at the bottom of the border is a third shield, Sable, with three ostrich feathers, Or. *Sir Charles Young, Garter King of Arms*, is of opinion that these illuminations represent the arms and badges of king Henry IV, the swan never having been used by any other king of the Lancaster dynasty. The volume most probably belonged to that prince, and was written between



the years 1399 and 1413. The capitals at the beginning of each book are richly gilt and painted in blue, red, and white, but not of very finished workmanship. The handwriting is clear and pointed, like that of the middle of the fifteenth century, and resembles the characters found in the first printed books. This MS. which is a copy of the Lancaster version, is remarkable on account of certain considerable alterations, omissions, and additions, especially in the latter part of the fifth and in the sixth and seventh books, which are not met with in the majority of the more ancient copies, but which are found in Berthelette's editions of the poem. As our text is compiled from the older MSS. these variations have been carefully indicated, and no passage has been omitted. This manuscript moreover is not complete, the beginnings of the first, fifth, seventh and eighth book, having been cut out, probably for the sake of the illuminated pages. On the fly-leaves at the end are several memoranda in different handwritings of the sixteenth century; mostly receipts against various diseases. One of them states: "William Downes mee tenet," which suggests that the book at that time was neither in royal hands nor the property of the Gower family. The orthography approaches closely that of MS. Harl. 3869, the letters *p* and *z* being employed throughout the volume.

These MSS. may be arranged in three classes; the king's copy, the Lancaster copy, and a third, likewise addressed to Henry, but with certain alterations in the middle of the work. With the exception of these variations, the text in all the MSS. is alike.

The *Confessio Amantis* was first printed by Caxton and with the following title:—

This book is entituled *Confessio Amantis*, that is to saye in englyshe the confessyon of the louver maad and compyled by Johan Gower squyer borne in Walys in

the tyme of kyng richard the second, etc. Colophon : Enprynted at Westmestre, by me Willyam Caxton, and fynysshed the 2 day of Septembre the fyrst yere of the regne of kyng Richard the thyrd the yere of our lord a thousand cccc, Lxxxxiii. (mistake for 1483). Six leaves are appropriated to a table of contents ; the text commences on fol. 2, and is continued to fol. 211, leaves 32, 91 and 132 being repeated, and leaf 157 being omitted altogether. At the end the summary of the poet's three great works and a few of his minor Latin poems are added.

The next edition, printed by Berthelette, was entitled *Jo. Gower, de Confessione Amantis*. Imprinted at London, in Flete-strete by Thomas Berthelette, printer to the kinges grace, An. M. D. xxxii. cum privilegio. Eight preliminary leaves contain the title, a dedication to Henry VIII, an address "To the Reder" on the variations at the beginning and end of the poem, a dedication to king Richard II, the verses about Chaucer, a notice of Gower's tomb in St. Mary Overy's, and a corrected table of contents. The text extends from fol. 1 to fol. 191. Besides the alterations in the fifth, sixth, and seventh books, derived from a MS. very similar to the Stafford MS, the spelling has been considerably altered and modernised in this first edition of Berthelette. Old forms, retained by Caxton, as *hem* and *touchend*, have been removed, and *them* and *touching* substituted. The modernisation has been general at the commencement, but the editor's zeal seems to have slackened afterwards, and many ancient forms have escaped his eye. The promiscuous use of the letters *u* and *v*, *i* and *y*, for which no rule whatever can be discovered, occurs throughout, as in many books of Henry VIII's time ; and a want of correspondence in the rhyme indicates that whole verses have been omitted.

Berthelette published another edition under the following title: *Jo. Gower de confessione Amantis*. Imprinted at London in Fletestrete by Thomas Berthelette the xii daie of Marche An. M. D. LIIII. cum privilegio. Six preliminary leaves have the same contents as in his first edition. The text extends from fol. 1 to fol. 191. In this copy the compliment paid to Chaucer is inserted in the text. The spelling is now and then even more modernised than in his first edition, and punctuation, which is wanting altogether in Caxton's edition, and rarely and irregularly inserted in the edition of 1532, has been added throughout.

Blore, in his *Sepulchral Antiquities*, quoted above, and Chalmers, in his *English Poets*, mention another edition by Berthelette, dated 1544, of which, however, there is no copy in the collections of the British Museum.

The text of the *Confessio Amantis* in Chalmers' *English Poets*, is a mere literal reprint of Berthelette's edition of 1554.

Some fragments of the *Confessio Amantis* have occasionally been published. Ellis, in his *Specimens of Early English Poets*, has printed the story of Florent from the first book. Todd, in his *Illustrations of Chaucer and Gower* has collated the Tale of the Coffres in the fifth book with the Stafford MS. as illustrating the story of the caskets in the Merchant of Venice. And Payne Collier has printed in his *Shakespeare Library* the story of Appollinus of Tyre from the eighth book, according to MS. Harl. 3490.

The present text, founded on Berthelette's first edition, has been carefully collated throughout with the two first mentioned Harleian MSS. in the British Museum. And the third MS. Harl. and MS. Stafford have been used at the particular places, where they become of im-

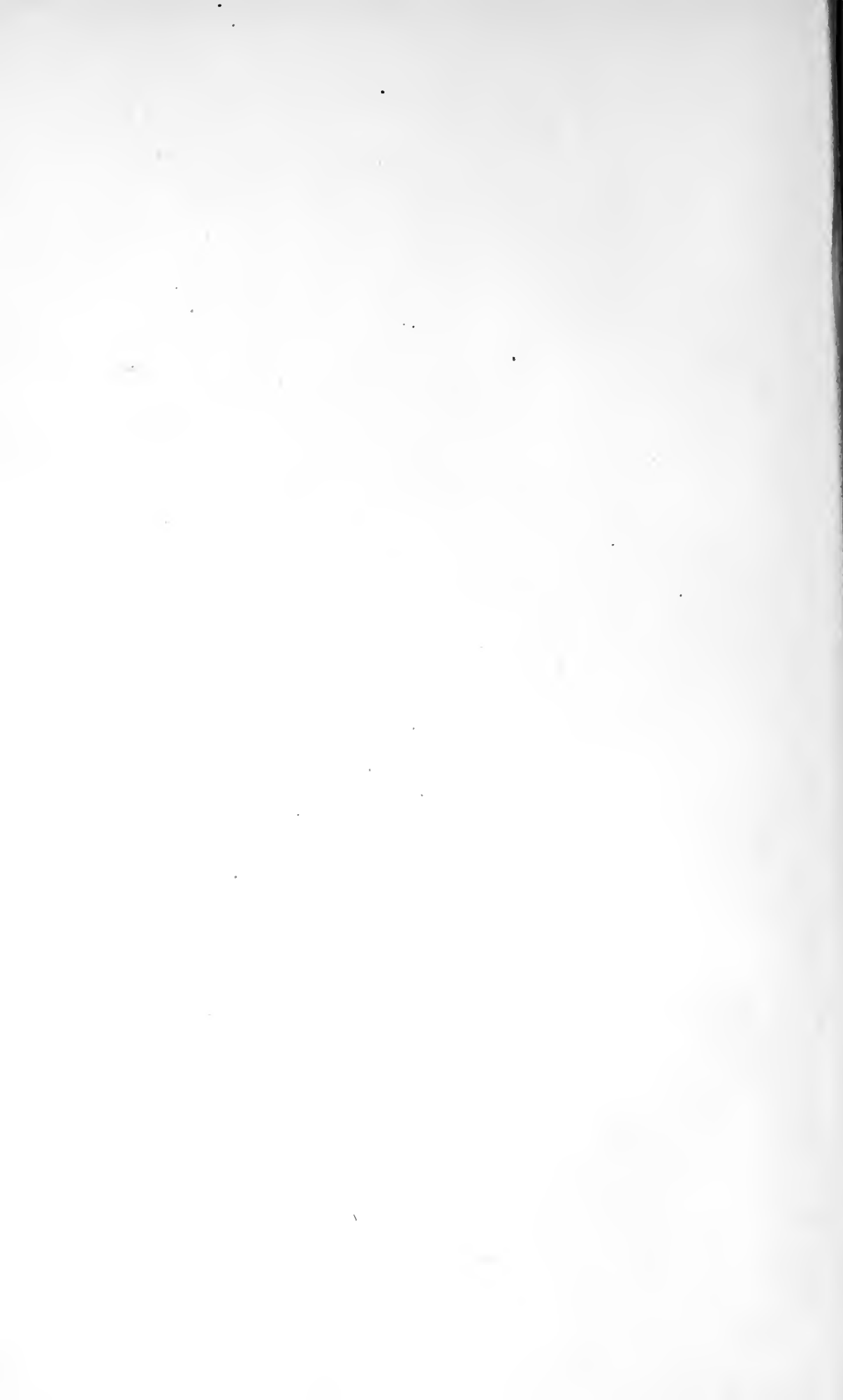
portance. The chief labour, however, consisted in restoring the orthography and in regulating the metre, both of which had been disturbed in innumerable places by Berthelette. The text of a work like the *Confessio Amantis* does not require the same scrupulous attention to every existing MS. as that of an ancient classical author. Everybody who examines the MSS. of Gower will soon be satisfied that the principal differences are merely of an orthographical nature. Some spell the word *eye* as we do now, others have *ighe*, *ize*, *yhe*. After mature consideration, the Saxon letters þ and ȝ have been rejected, together with the promiscuous use of *y* and *i*, *u* and *v*, which does not occur in the oldest MSS. It has been found necessary that some rule and symmetry should be observed, and consequently *i* and *u* are used wherever the vowels are required, and *y* has been left for certain words and proper names, in which it invariably occurs in Latin MSS. of the same age; as for instance in *ymage*, and for a distinct class of words as *ayein*, *yive*, where it stands instead of the soft *g*, the Saxon ȝ ȝ, and is confirmed by the oldest of the Harleian MSS. *U* instead of *v* has been retained only in *pouer* and *recouer*, where it evidently is not a consonant, but forms a diphthong with the preceding *o*, the word being pronounced in two syllables and not like the present *poor*. In other cases, and with regard to words of French origin, it has been thought best to use the old orthography.

The Latin verses and the marginal Latin index are undoubtedly Gower's own composition, and have therefore been carefully restored to the shape in which they appear in the first two Harleian MSS. The verses, imitations in the manner of Boethius, like Gower's other Latin poetry, abound in instances of false prosody and even of bad grammar; they are frequently intricate, and

sometimes nearly unintelligible. As they always head a new sub-division, it has been thought useful for the sake of quotation to number them through each book. The Latin prose notes, which in the old editions stand between and interrupt the text, have been placed in the margin, where they generally occur in the MSS. serving as a table of contents.

The editor desires to embrace this opportunity to thank his friends *Th. Duffus Hardy, Esq.*, keeper of H. M. Records in the Tower, the *Rev. H. O. Coxe, M.A.* of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and *W. B. Donne, Esq.*, of the London Library, for their kind and ready assistance, and *Mr. F. R. Daldy, B.A.* for the useful Glossary which he has added.

*London, May 1856.*



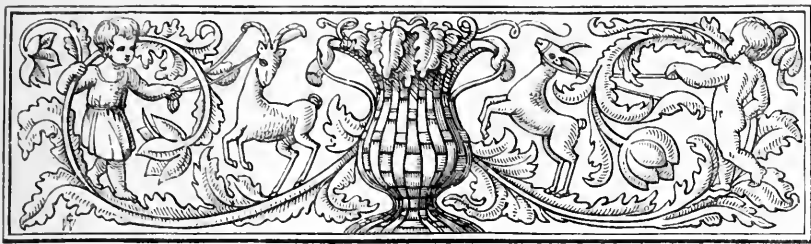


# CONFESSIO AMANTIS









## Prologus.

*Torpor̃ hebes sensus, scola parva labor minimusque  
Causant, quo minimus ipse minora canam,  
Qua tamen Eugisti lingua canit insula Bruti  
Anglica carmen te metra iuvante loquar.  
Ossibus ergo carens qui conterit ossa loquelis  
Absit et interpres stet procul oro malus.*



Of hem, that writen us to-fore,  
The bokesdwelle, and we ther-  
fore  
Ben taught of that was writen  
tho.

Forthy good is, that we also  
5 In oure time amonge us here  
Do write of newe some matere  
Enfampled of the olde wise,  
So that it might in suche a wise,  
Whan we be dede and elles where,  
10 Beleve to the worldes ere  
In time comend after this.  
But for men sain, and sothe it is,  
That who that al of wisdom writ  
14 It dulleth ofte a mannes wit

<sup>15</sup> To hem that shall it alday rede,  
 For thilke cause if that ye rede  
 I wolde go the middel wey  
 And write a boke betwene the twey  
 Somwhat of lust, fomwhat of lore,  
<sup>20</sup> That of the lasse or of the more  
 Som man may like of that I write,  
 And for that fewe men endite  
 In oure englishe, I thenke make\*  
 A boke for Englondes fake

Hic in principio li-  
 bri declarat, quali-  
 ter in anno Regis

\* MS. Harl. 3490 :

In our englishe I thenke make  
 A boke for king Richardes fake,  
<sup>25</sup> To whom belongeth my legeaunce  
 With all min hertes obeisaunce,  
 In all that ever a lege man  
 Unto his king may done or can,  
 So ferforth and me recommaunde  
<sup>30</sup> To him, which all me may commaunde,  
 Preiend unto the highe regne,  
 Which causeth every king to regne,  
 That his corone longe ftonde.

I thenke and have it underftonde,  
<sup>35</sup> As it befell upon a tide,  
 As thing, which shulde tho betide,  
 Under the town of newe Troy,  
 Which toke of Brute his firste joy,  
 In Themse, whan it was flowend,  
<sup>40</sup> As I by bote came rowend  
 So as fortune her time sette,  
 My lege lord perchaunce I mette.  
 And so befell as I came nigh  
 Out of my bote, whan he me figh,  
<sup>45</sup> He bad me come into his barge.  
 And whan I was with him at large,

Hic declaratin primis,  
 qualiter ob reveren-  
 ciam serenissimi prin-  
 cipis Domini sui Re-  
 gis Anglie Ricardi  
 secundi totus suus hu-  
 milis Johannes Gow-  
 er, licet quam infir-  
 mitate a diu multipli-  
 citer fatigatus huius  
 opusculi labores sus-  
 cipere non recusavit,  
 sed tanquam favum  
 ex variis floribus re-  
 collectum presentem  
 libellum ex variis cro-  
 nicis historicis poeta-  
 rum philosophorum-

- 25 The yere fixtenthe of king Richard,  
 What shall befall here afterward,  
 God wote, for nowe upon this side  
 Men seen the worlde on every side  
 In sondry wise so diuersed,  
 30 That it wel nigh stant all reuerfed.  
 As for to speke of time ago  
 The cause why it chaungeth so  
 It nedeth nought to specifie,  
 34 The thing so open is at eye,

Ricardi secundi  
 sextodecimo Jo-  
 hannes Gower pre-  
 sentem libellum  
 composuit et fina-  
 liter complevit,  
 quem strenuissimo  
 domino suo Domi-  
 no Henrico de Lan-  
 castria tunc Derby  
 Comiti cum omni  
 reverencia speciali-  
 ter destinavit.

- Amonges other thinges said  
 He hath this charge upon me laid  
 And bad me do my besynesse,  
 50 That to his highe worthynesse  
 Some newe thing I shulde boke,  
 That he him self it mighte loke  
 After the forme of my writing.  
 And thus upon his commaunding  
 55 Min herte is well the more glad  
 To write so as he me bad.  
 And eke my fere is well the lasse,  
 That none envie shall compasse  
 Without a resonable wite  
 60 To feigne and blame, that I write.  
 A gentil herte his tunge stilleth,  
 That it malice none distilleth  
 But preise, that is to be preised.  
 But he that hath his worde unpeised  
 65 And handleth out wrong any thing,  
 I pray unto the heven king  
 Fro fuche tungen he me shilde.  
 And netheles this world is wilde  
 Of fuche jangling and what befall,  
 70 My kinges heste shall nought falle,  
 That I in hope to deserve

que dictis, quatenus  
 infirmitas permisit,  
 studiosissime compli-  
 lavit.

- 35 That every man it may beholde.  
 And netheles by daies olde,  
 Whan that the bokes weren lever,  
 Writinge was beloved ever  
 Of hem, that weren vertuous.  
 40 For here in erthe amonges us,  
 If no man write, howe it stood,  
 The pris of hem that were good  
 Shulde, as who faith a great partie,  
 Be lost, so for to magnifie  
 45 The worthy princes that tho were  
 The bokes shewen here and there  
 Wherof the worlde ensampled is  
 And tho that diden than amis
- 

- His thank ne shall his will observe  
 And elles were I nought excused.  
 For that thing may nought be refused,  
 75 What that a king him selfe bit.  
 Forthy the simpleffe of my wit  
 I thenke if that I may availe  
 In his service to travaile,  
 Though I fikenesse have upon honde  
 80 And longe have had, yet woll I fonde,  
 So as I made my behefte,  
 To make a boke after his heste  
 And write in such a maner wise,  
 Which may be wisdome to the wise  
 85 And play to hem that list to play.  
 But in proverbe I have herde say,  
 That who that wel his werk beginneth,  
 The rather a good end he winneth.  
 And thus the prologue of my boke  
 90 After the world, that whilom toke,  
 And eke fomdele after the newe,  
 92 I woll beginne for to newe.

Through tyranny and cruelte,  
50 Right as they stonden in degre  
So was the writinge of here werke.  
Thus I which am a borel clerke  
Purpose for to write a boke  
After the worlde, that whilom toke  
55 Long time in olde daies passed.  
But for men fain it is now lassed  
In worse plight than it was tho  
I thenke for to touche also  
The world, which neweth every day,  
60 So as I can, so as I may.  
Though I fikenesse have upon honde  
And longe have had, yet wol I fonde  
To write and do my besynesse,  
That in some part so as I gesse  
65 The wise man may ben advised.  
For this prologue is so affised,  
That it to wysdome all belongeth,  
That wise man that it underfongeth  
He shal drawe into remembraunce  
70 The fortune of this worldes chaunce,  
The which no man in his persone  
May knowe but the god alone.  
Whan the prologue is so dispended,  
This boke shal afterward ben ended  
75 Of love, which doth many a wonder  
And many a wise man hath put under,  
And in this wise I thenke to treate  
Towardes hem, that now be grete,

Betwene the vertue and the vice,  
 80 Which longeth unto this office.  
 But for my wittes ben to smale  
 To tellen every man his tale,  
 This boke upon amendement  
 To stonde at his commaundement,  
 85 With whom min herte is of accorde,  
 I sende unto min owne lorde,  
 Which of Lancastre is Henry named.  
 The highe god him hath proclamed  
 Full of knighthod and alle grace,  
 90 So wol I now this werke embrace  
 With hol truste and with hol beleve,  
 God graunte I mote it well acheve.

2. *Tempus preteritum presens fortuna beatum  
 Linquit, et antiquas vertit in orbe vias.  
 Progenit veterem concors dilectio pacem,  
 Dum facies hominis nuncia mentis erat.  
 Legibus unicolor tunc temporis aura refulsit,  
 Justicie plane tuncque fuere vie.  
 Nuncque latens odium vultum depingit amoris,  
 Paceque sub ficta tempus ad arma tegit.  
 Instar et ex variis mutabile cameliontis  
 Lex gerit, et regnis sunt nova jura novis.  
 Climataque fuerant solidissima, sicque per orbem  
 Solvuntur, nec eo centra quietis habent.*

De statu regno-  
 rum ut dicunt se-  
 cundum tempora-  
 lia, videlicet tem-  
 pore regis Ricardi  
 secundi, anno reg-  
 ni sui sextodecimo.

If I shall drawe into my minde  
 The time passed, than I finde  
 The world stode in al his welthe,  
 Tho was the life of man in helthe,  
 Tho was plente, tho was richesse,  
 Tho was the fortune of prowesse,  
 Tho was knighthode in pris by name,  
 100 Wherof the wide worldes fame

Write in croniques is yet witholde.  
 Justice of lawe tho was holde,  
 The privelege of regalie  
 Was fauf, and all the baronie  
 105 Worshipped was in his estate.  
 The citees knewen no debate,  
 The people stode in obeisaunce  
 Under the reule of governaunce,  
 And pees with rightwisnesse keste,\*  
 110 With charite tho stode in reste,  
 Of mannes herte the corage  
 Was shewed than in the visage.  
 The word was liche to the conceipte  
 Withoute semblaunt of deceipte,  
 115 Tho was there unenvied love,  
 Tho was vertue set above,  
 And vice was put under fote.  
 Now stant the crope under the rote,  
 The worlde is chaunged overall,  
 120 And therof mooste in speciall  
 That love is falle into discorde.  
 And that I take to recorde  
 Of every lond for his partie  
 The comun vois, which may nought lie,  
 125 Nought upon one, but upon alle  
 It is that men now clepe and calle  
 And sain, that regnes ben devided,  
 In stede of love is hate guided,  
 The werre wol no pees purchase,  
 130 And lawe hath take her double face,

cf. vol. I p. 162

- So that justice out of the wey  
 With rightwifnesse is gone away.  
 And thus to loke on every halve  
 Men sene the fore without salve,  
 135 Whiche al the worlde hath overtake.  
 Ther is no regne of alle out take,  
 For every climat hath his dele  
 After the torninge of the whele,  
 Which blinde fortune overthroweth,  
 140 Wherof the certain no man knoweth.\*  
 The heven wot what is to done.  
 But we that dwelle under the mone  
 Stonde in this worlde upon a were,  
 And namely but the power  
 145 Of hem, that ben the worldes guides,  
 With good counseil on alle sides  
 Be kept upright in fuche a wise,  
 That hate breke nought thaffise  
 Of love, whiche is all the chefe  
 150 To kepe a regne out of mischefe.  
 For alle refon wolde this,  
 That unto him, which the heved is,  
 The membres buxom shall bowe,  
 And he shulde eke here trouth alowe  
 155 With all his hert and make hem chere.  
 For good counseil is good to here,<  
 All though a man be wise him selve,  
 Yet is the wisdome more of twelve.  
 And if they stonden both in one,  
 160 To hope it were than anone,

Apostolus. Re-  
gem honorificate.

Salomon. Omnia  
fac cum consilio.



That god his grace wolde fende  
 To make of thilke werre an ende,  
 Whiche every day now groweth newe.  
 And that is gretely for to rewe  
 165 In speciall for Cristes sake,  
 Which wolde his owne life forsake  
 Amonge the men to yeven pees.  
 But nowe men tellen netheles,  
 That love is fro the world departed,  
 170 So stant the pees uneven parted  
 With hem that liven now a daies.  
 But for to loke at all affaies  
 To him, that wolde reson seche  
 After the comun worldes speche,  
 175 It is to wonder of thilke werre,  
 In which none wote who hath the werre.  
 For every lond him self deceiveth  
 And of difese his parte receiveth,  
 And yet ne take men no kepe.  
 180 But thilke lorde, whiche al may kepe,  
 To whom no counseil may be hid  
 Upon the world, whiche is betid,  
 Amende that, wherof men pleine  
 With trewe hertes and with pleine,  
 185 And reconcile love ayeine  
 As he, whiche is king fovereine  
 Of all the worldes governaunce,  
 And of his highe purveiance  
 Afferme pees bitwene the londes  
 190 And take here cause into his hondes,

\* In 1389 there was a three years truce with Scotland & France; see *Chronicle*

So that the world may stande appefed  
 192 And his godhede also be plesed.

3. *Quas coluit Moses vetus, aut novus ipse Joannes,  
 Hesternas leges vix colit ista dies.  
 Sic prius Ecclesia bina virtute polita  
 Nunc magis inculta pallet utraque via.  
 Pacificam Petri vaginam mucro resumens  
 Horruit ad Christi verba cruoris iter.  
 Nunc tamen assiduo gladium de sanguine tinctum  
 Vibrat avaricia lege repente sacra.  
 Sic lupus est pastor, pater hostis, mors miserator,  
 Prædoque largitor, pax et in orbe timor.*

De statu cleri ut  
 dicunt secundum  
 spiritualia, vide-  
 licet tempore Ro-  
 berti Gibbonensis,  
 qui nomen Cle-  
 mentis sibi fortitus  
 est tunc Antipape.

To thenke upon the daies olde  
 The life of clerkes to beholde  
 Men sain, how that they were tho  
 Ensample and reule of alle tho,  
 Which of wisdom the vertue soughten.  
 Unto the god first they besoughten  
 As to the substaunce of here scole,  
 200 That they ne sholden nought befole  
 Her witte upon none erthly werkes,  
 Whiche were ayein thestate of clerkes,  
 And that they mighten fle the vice,  
 Which Simon hath in his office,  
 205 Wherof he taketh the golde in honde.  
 For thilke time I understonde  
 The Lumbarde made non eschaunge  
 The bisshopriches for to chaunge,  
 Ne yet a letter for to sende  
 210 For dignite ne for provende  
 Or cured or withoute cure,  
 The chirche keie in adventure

Of armes and of brigantaille  
 Stood no thing than upon bataille  
 215 To fight or for to make cheste  
 It thought hem thanne nought honeste.  
 But of simplece and pacience  
 They maden thanne no defence.  
 The courte of worldly regalie  
 220 To hem was thanne no bailie.  
 The vein honour was nought desired,  
 Which hath the proude herte fired.  
 Humilite was tho witholde  
 And pride was a vice holde.  
 225 Of holy chirche the largeffe  
 Yaf thanne and did great almesse  
 To pouer men that hadden nede.  
 They were eke chaste in word and dede,  
 Wherof the people ensample toke.  
 230 Their lust was al upon the boke  
 Or for to preche or for to preie  
 To wisse men the righte weie  
 Of such as stode of trouth unlered.  
 Lo, thus was Peters barge stered  
 235 Of hem that thilke time were.  
 And thus came first to mannes ere  
 The feith of Criste and alle good  
 Through hem, that thanne weren good  
 And sobre and chaste and large and wise.  
 240 And now men fain is other wise.  
 Simon the cause hath undertake,  
 The worldes swerde on hond is take,

And that is wonder netheles,  
Whan Criste him self hath bode pees  
245 And set it in his testament.  
How now that holy chirche is went  
Of that here lawe positife<sup>\*</sup>  
Hath set to make werre and strife  
For worldes good, which may nought last.  
250 God wote the cause to the last  
Of every right and wronge also.  
But while the lawe is reuled so  
That clerkes to the werre entende,  
I not how that they sholde amende  
255 The woful worlde in other thinges  
To make pees between the kinges  
After the lawe of charite,  
Which is the propre duete  
Belongend unto the presthode.  
260 But as it thenketh to make manhode,  
The heven is fer, the worlde is nigh,  
And veingloire is eke to sligh,  
Which covetise hath now witholde,  
That they none other thing beholde,  
265 But only that they mighten winne.  
And thus the werres they beginne,  
Wherof the holy chirche is taxed,  
That in the point as it is axed  
The disme goth to the bataile,  
270 As though Crist mighte nought availe  
To don hem right by other weie.  
Into the fwerd the chirche keie

Is torned, and the holy bede  
 Into curfinge, and every stede  
 175 Whiche sholde stonde upon the feith  
 And to this cause an ere leith  
 Aftoned is of the quarele.  
 That sholde be the worldes hele  
 Is now men sain the pestilence,  
 180 Which hath exiled pacience  
 Fro the clergie in speciall.  
 And that is shewed overall,  
 In any thing whan they be greved.  
 But if Gregoire be beleved  
 185 As it is in the bokes write,  
 He dothe us fomdele for to wite  
 The cause of thilke prelacie,  
 Where god is nought of compaignie.  
 For every werke as it is founded  
 190 Shall stonde, or elles be confounded.  
 Who that only for Cristes sake  
 Desireth cure for to take.  
 And nought for pride of thilke estate  
 To beare a name of a prelate,  
 195 He shal by reson do profite  
 In holy chirche upon the plite,  
 That he hath fet his conscience  
 But in the worldes reverence.  
 Ther ben of fuche many glade,  
 200 Whan they to thilke estate ben made  
 Nought for the merite of the charge,  
 But for they wolde hem self discharge

4 ff 2, 274 (2)

Of pouerte and become grete,  
And thus for pompe and for beyete  
305 The scribe and eke the pharisee  
Of Moises upon the see  
In the chaire on high ben set,  
Wherof the feith is ofte let,  
Whiche is betaken hem to kepe.  
310 In Cristes cause all day they slepe,  
But of the worlde is nought foryete.  
For wel is him, that now may gete  
Office in court to be honoured.  
The stronge cofre hath al deuoured  
315 Under the keie of avarice  
The tresor of the benefice,  
Wherof the pouer shulden clothe  
And ete and drinke and house bothe.  
The charite goth all unknowe,  
320 For they no greine of pite sowe,  
And slouthe kepeth the librarie,  
Which longeth to the seintuarie.  
To studie upon the worldes lore  
Sufficeth now withoute more.  
325 Delicacie his swete tothe  
Hath soffred so that it fordothe  
Of abstinence al that ther is.  
And for to loken over this,  
If Ethna brenne in the clergie,  
330 Al openly to mannes eye  
At Avinon the experience  
Therof hath yove an evidence

- Of that men seen hem so devided.  
 And yet the cause is nought decided,  
 335 But it is faide and ever shall :  
Bitwen two stoles is the fall,  
 Whan that men wenen best to fitte.\*  
 In holy chirche of suche a flitte  
 Is for to rewe unto us alle.  
 340 God graunte it mote wel befalle  
 Towardes him, which hath the trouth.  
 But ofte is seen, that mochel flouth,  
 Whan men ben drunken of the cuppe,  
 Doth mochel harme, whan fire is uppe,  
 345 But if somwho the flamme staunche  
 And so to speke upon this braunche,  
 Which proud envie hath made to springe  
 Of scisme, causeth for to bringe  
This newe secte of lollardie  
 350 And also many an heresie  
 Among the clerkes in hem felve.  
 It were better dike and delve  
 And stonde upon the right feith  
 Than knowe al that the bible faith  
 355 And erre as some clerkes do.  
 Upon the hond to were a sho  
 And set upon the foot a glove  
 Accordeth nought to the behove  
 Of resonable mannes use.  
 360 If men behelden the vertuse,  
 That Criste in erthe taught here,  
 They shulden nought in such manere

cf Vol II

cf Vol II

Among hem, that ben holden wise,  
 The papacie so desguise  
 365 Upon divers election,  
 Whiche stant after thaffection  
 Of fondry londes al aboute.  
 But whan god wol, it shal were oute,  
 For trouth mot stonde ate laste.  
 370 But yet they argumenten faste  
 Upon the pope and his estate,  
 Wherof they fallen in great debate.  
 This clerk saith ye, that other nay,  
 And thus they drive forth the day,  
 375 And eche of hem him self amendeth  
 Of worldes good, but none entendeth  
 To that, which comun profite were.  
 They sain, that god is mighty there  
 And shal ordeine, what he wille,  
 380 There make they none other skille,  
 Where is the perill of the feith.  
 But every clerke his herte leith  
 To kepe his worlde in speciall  
 And of the cause generall,  
 385 Whiche unto holy chirche longeth,  
 Is none of hem that underfongeth  
 To shapen any resistence.  
 And thus the right hath no defence,  
 But there I love, there I holde.  
 390 Lo, thus to-broke is Cristes folde,  
 Wherof the flock withoute guide  
 Devoured is on every side



In lacke of hem, that ben unware  
 Shepherdes, which here wit beware  
 395 Upon the worlde in other halve.  
 The sharpe pricke in stede of salve  
 They usen now, wherof the hele  
 They hurte of that they shulden hele.  
 And what sheep, that is full of wulle  
 400 Upon his backe, they toose and pulle,  
 While ther is any thinge to pile.  
 And though there be none other skile  
 But onely for they wolde winne  
 They leue nought, whan they beginne  
 405 Upon here acte to procede,  
 Whiche is no good shepherdes dede.  
 And upon this also men fain<sup>\*</sup>  
 That fro the leese, whiche is pleine,  
 Into the breres they forcacche  
 410 Here orf, for that they wolden lacche  
 With such dureffe and so bereve  
 That shal upon the thornes leue  
 Of wulle, whiche the brere hath tore,  
 Wherof the sheep ben al to-tore,  
 415 Of that the herdes make hem lese.  
 Lo, how they feignen chalk for chese,  
 For though they speke and teche wel,  
 They don hem self therof no dele.  
 For if the wolf come in the wey,  
 420 Their gostly staf is then away,  
 Wherof they shulde her flock defende.  
 But if the pouer sheep offende

C

4r-38

In any thing, though it be lite,  
 They ben al redy for to smite,  
 425 And thus howe ever that they tale  
 The strokes falle upon the smale,  
 And upon other that bene greate  
 Hem lacketh herte for to beate,  
 So that under the clerkes lawe  
 430 Men seen the merel al misdrawe.  
 I wol nought say in generall,  
 For there ben somme in speciall,  
 In whome that al vertue dwelleth,  
 And tho ben, as thapostel telleth,  
 435 That god of his election  
 Hath cleped to perfection  
 In the maner as Aaron was.  
 They be nothings in thilke cas  
 Of Simon, which the foldes gate  
 440 Hath lete and goth in other gate,  
 But they gone in the righte weie.  
 There bene also somme as men saie,  
 That folwen Simon ate heles  
 Whose carte goth upon wheles  
 445 Of covetise and worldes pride,  
 And holy chirche goth beside,  
 Whiche sheweth outwarde a visage  
 Of that is nought in the corage.  
 For if men loke in holy chirche  
 450 Betwene the worde and that they wirche,  
 There is a ful great difference.  
 They prechen us in audience,

Qui vocantur a deo  
 tanquam Aaron.

That noman shall his foule empeire,  
For al is but a chery feire

Vol III, p 31

455 This worldes good, so as they telle.  
Also they sain there is an helle,  
Whiche unto mannes finne is due,  
And bidden us therfore escheue  
That wicked is and do the good.\*

460 Who that her wordes understood  
It thenketh they wolden do the same.  
But yet betwene earnest and game†  
Ful oft it torneth other wise.

4 vol II, p 31; vol III, p 31

With holy tales they devise,  
465 How meritory is thilke dede  
Of charite to clothe and fede  
The pouer folke and for to parte  
The worldes good, but they departe  
Ne thenken nought fro that they have.

cf p 10.

470 Also they sain good is to save  
With penaunce and with abstinence  
Of chāstite the continence.  
But plainly for to speke of that  
I not how thilke body fat,

475 Which they with deinte metes kepe  
And lein it softe for to slepe,  
Whan it hath elles of his wille,  
With chāstite shall stonde stille.  
And netheles I can nought say

480 In aunter if that I missay  
Touchend of this, how ever it stonde,  
I here and wol nought understonde

For therof have I nought to done.  
 But he that made first the mone,  
 485 The highe god of his goodnesse,  
 If ther be cause, he it redresse.  
 But what as any man can accufe,  
 This may reson of trouthe excuse.  
 The vice of hem that ben ungood  
 490 Is no reproef unto the good.  
 For every man his owne werkes  
 Shall beare, and thus as of the clerkes  
 The good men ben to commende,  
 And all these other god amende,  
 495 For they ben to the worldes eye  
 The mirrour of ensamplarie  
 To reulen and to taken hede  
 498 Betwene the men and the godhede

4. *Vulgaris populus regali lege subactus  
 Dum jacet, ut mitis equa subibit onus.  
 Si caput extollat et lex sua frena relaxet,  
 Ut sibi velle jubet, tygridis instar habet.  
 Ignis, aqua dominans duo sunt pietate carentes,  
 Ira tamen plebis est violenta magis.*

De statu plebis ut  
 dicunt secundum  
 accidentia mutabi-  
 lis.

Now for to speke of the comune  
 It is to drede of that fortune,  
 Whiche hath befall in sondry londes.  
 But often for defaute of bondes  
 Al sodeinlich er it be wist  
 A tonne, whan his lie arist,  
 505 To-breketh and renneth al aboute,  
 Whiche elles sholde nought gone oute.  
 And eke ful ofte a litel scar  
 Upon a banke, er men be ware,

Let in the streame, which with gret paine  
 510 If ever man it shal restreigne.  
 Where lawe lacketh errour groweth,  
 He is nought wise who that ne troweth,  
 For it hath proved oft er this,  
 And thus the comun clamour is  
 515 In every lond where people dwelleth  
 And eche in his compleinte telleth,  
 How that the worlde is al miswent.  
 And therupon his argument  
 Yeveth every man in sondry wise.  
 520 But what man wolde him self avise  
 His conscience and nought misuse,  
 He may well at the first excuse  
 His god, whiche ever stant in one,  
 In him there is defaute none.  
 525 So must it stonde upon us selve,  
 Nought only upon ten ne twelve,  
 But plenerlich upon us alle,  
 For man is cause of that shal falle.

And netheles yet som men write  
 530 And fain fortune is to wite,  
 And som men holde opinion  
 That it is constellacion,  
 Which causeth al that a man dothe.  
 God wot of bothe whiche is sothe.  
 535 The worlde as of his propre kinde  
 Was ever untrew and as the blinde  
 Improperlich he demeth fame,  
 He blameth that is nought to blame

Nota contra hoc,  
 quod aliqui sortem  
 fortune, aliqui influ-  
 enciam planetarum  
 ponunt, per quod ut  
 dicitur rerum eventus  
 necessario contingit,  
 sed potius dicendum  
 est, quod ea que nos  
 prospera et adversa in  
 hoc mundo vocamus  
 secundum merita et  
 demerita hominum,  
 digno dei iudicio pro-  
 veniunt.

- And preifeth that is nought to preife.  
 540 Thus whan he shall the thinges peife,  
 Ther is deceipte in his balaunce  
 And al is that the variaunce  
 Of us, that shulde us better avife.  
 For after that we fall and rise  
 545 The worlde ariste and falleth with al,  
 So that the man is over al  
 His owne cause of wele and wo.\*  
 That we fortune clepe so  
 Out of the man him selfe it groweth,  
 550 And who that other wise troweth  
 Beholde the people of Israel.  
 For ever while they deden wel  
 Fortune was hem debonaire,  
 And whan they deden the contraire  
 555 Fortune was contrariende.  
 So that it proveth wel at ende,  
 Why that the worlde is wonderful  
 And may no while stonde ful,  
 Though that it seme wel besein,  
 560 For every worldes thinge is vein  
 And ever goth the whele aboute  
 And ever stant a man in doute,  
 Fortune stant no while stille.  
 So hath ther no man al his wille,  
 565 Als far as ever a man may knowe  
 There lasteth no thing but a throwe.  
 The world stant ever upon debate,  
 So may be fiker none estate,

Boetius.

O, quam dulcedo  
 humane vite multa  
 amaritudine asper-  
 sa est.

Now here now there now to now fro  
 570 Now up now down the world goth so  
 And ever hath done and ever shal,  
 Wherof I finde in special  
 A tale writen in the bible,  
 Which must nedes be credible,  
 575 And that as in conclusion  
 Saith, that upon division  
Stant, why no worldes thing may laste,  
 Til it be drive to the laste,  
 And fro the firste regne of all  
 580 Unto this day how so befall  
 Of that the regnes be mevable,  
 The man him self hath be coupable,  
 Whiche of his propre governaunce  
 Fortuneth al the worldes chaunce.

*Prosper et adversus obliquo tramite versus  
 Immundus mundus decipit omne genus.  
 Mundus in eventu versatur ut alea casu,  
 Quam celer in ludis jactat avara manus.  
 Sicut ymago viri variantur tempora mundi,  
 Statque nihil firmum preter amare deum.*

5.

585 \* The high almighty purveiaunce,  
 In whose eterne remembraunce  
 From first was every thing present,  
 He hath his prophecie sent  
 In suche a wise, as thou shalt here,  
 590 To Daniel of this matere,  
 How that this world shal torne and wende  
 Till it be falle unto his ende,  
 Wherof the tale tell I shal  
 594 In which it is betokened al.

Hic in prologo tractat de statua illa, quam rex Nabugodonosor viderat in sompnis, cuius caput aureum, pectus argenteum, venter eneus, tibie ferree, pedum vero quedam pars ferrea, quedam fictilis videbatur, sub qua membrorum diversitate secundum Danielis expositionem huius mundi variacio figurabatur.

- 595 As Nabugodonoſor ſlepte  
 A ſweven him toke, the whiche he kepte  
 Til on the morwe he was ariſe,  
 For he therof was fore agriſe.  
 Til Daniel his dreame he tolde  
 600 And praid him faire, that he wolde  
 Arede what it token may  
 And ſaide : a bedde where I lay  
 Me thought I ſigh upon a ſtage,  
 Where ſtood a wonder ſtraunge ymage.  
 605 His hed with al the necke alſo  
 They were of fine gold, bothe two  
 His breſt, his ſhoulders and his armes  
 Were al of ſilver, but tharmes,  
 The wombe and al down to the kne  
 610 Of bras they were upon to ſe,  
 His legges were al made of ſteel,  
 So were his feet alſo ſomdele,  
 And ſomdele part to hem was take  
 Of erthe, which men pottes make.  
 615 The feble meind was with the ſtrong,  
 So might it nought wel ſtonde long.

Hic narrat ulterius  
 de quodam lapide  
 grandi, qui ut in  
 dicto ſompno vide-  
 batur ab excelſo  
 monte ſuper ſta-  
 tuam corruens ip-  
 ſam quaſi in nichilum  
 penitus contrivit.

And tho me thought, that I ſigh  
 A great ſtone from an hill on high  
 Fell down of ſodein aventure  
 Upon the feet of this figure,  
 With which ſtone al to-broke was  
 Gold, ſilver, erthe, ſteel and bras,  
 That al was into pouder brought  
 And ſo forth torned into nought.



625 This was the sweven which he had,  
That Daniel anone arad  
And saide him: that figure straunge  
Betokeneth how the world shal chaunge  
And waxe lasse worth and lasse,

630 Til it to nought all over passe.  
The necke and hed, that weren golde,  
He saide how that betoken sholde  
A worthy worlde, a noble, a riche  
To which none after shal be liche.

635 Of silver that was over forthe  
Shal ben a worlde of lasse worthe.

And after that the wombe of bras  
Token of a wers worlde it was.

The steel which he figh afterward  
640 A world betokeneth more hard.

But yet the werste of every dele  
Is last, that whan of erth and steel  
He figh the feet departed so,  
For that betokeneth mochel wo.

645 Whan that the world devided is,  
It mot algate fare amis,  
For erth, which meined is with steel,  
To-gider may nought laste wele,  
But if that one that other waste,

650 So mot it nedes fail in haste.  
The stone, whiche fro the hilly stage  
He figh down falle on that ymage  
And hath it into poudre broke,

654 That sweven hath Daniel unloke

Hic loquitur de  
interpretacione  
sompnii, et primo  
dicit de significa-  
cione capitis aurei.

De pectore argenteo.

De ventre eneo.

De tibeis ferreis.

De significacione  
pedum, qui ex dua-  
bus materiis discor-  
dantibus ad invi-  
cem divisi extite-  
runt.

De lapidis statuam  
confringentis sig-  
nificacione.

- 655 And said, that it is goddes might  
 Which whan men wene most upright  
 To stonde shal hem over caste.  
 And that is of this world the laste,  
 And than a newe shal beginne,  
 660 From whiche a man shal never twinne  
 Or al to paine or al to pees,  
 That world shal laste endeles.

Hic consequenter  
 scribit, qualiter hu-  
 ius seculi regna va-  
 riis mutacionibus,  
 prout in dicta statua  
 figurabatur, secun-  
 dum temporum  
 distinctiones sensi-  
 biliter haecenus di-  
 minuuntur.

Lo, thus expoundeth Daniel  
 The kinges sweven faire and wel  
 In Babiloine the citee,  
 Wher that the wisest of Caldee  
 Ne couthen wite what it mente,  
 But he tolde al the hole entente,  
 669 As in partie it is befall.

De seculo aureo,  
 quod in capite sta-  
 tue designatum est  
 a tempore ipsius  
 Nabugodonosor  
 regis Caldee usque  
 in regnum Cyri re-  
 gis Persarum.

- Of golde the first regne of alle  
 Was in that kinges time tho,  
 And laste many daies so.  
 There whiles that the monarchie  
 Of al the worlde in that partie  
 675 To Babiloine was subgite  
 And helde him still in suche a plight,  
 Til that the world began diverse.  
 And that was, whan the kinge of Perse,  
 Which Cyrus hight, ayein the pees  
 680 Forth with his sone Cambises  
 Of Babiloine all that empire,  
 Right as they wolde hem self desire,  
 Put under in subjection  
 And toke it in possession,

685 And flain was Baltazar the king,  
Which loft his regne and all his thing.

De feculo argenteo, quod in pectore designatum est a tempore ipsius regis Cyri usque in regnum Alexandri regis Macedonie.

And thus whan they it hadde wonne,  
The worlde of silver was begonne  
And that of gold was passed oute,  
690 And in this wise it goth aboute  
Into the regne of Darius,  
And than it fell to Perse thus.  
There Alifaundre put hem under,  
Which wroght of armes many a wonder,  
695 So that the monarchie leste  
With Grecs and here estate up leste,  
And Persiens gone under fote,  
So suffre they, that nedes mote.

De feculo eneo, quod in ventre designatum est a tempore ipsius Alexandri usque in regnum Julii Romanorum imperatoris.

And tho the world began of bras,  
700 And that of silver ended was,  
But for the time thus it laste,  
Til it befelle, that at laste  
This king, whan that his day was come,  
With strength of deth was overcome.

705 And nethes yet or he dide  
He shope his regne to deuide  
To knightes, which him hadde served,  
And after that they have deserved  
Yaf the conquestes, that he wanne,  
710 Wherof great werre tho beganne  
Among hem, that the regnes had,  
Through proud envie which hem lad,  
Til it befelle ayein hem thus.

714 The noble Cesar Julius,

715 Which tho was kinge of Rome-londe,  
 With great bataile and with strong honde  
 All Grece, Perse and eke Caldee  
 Wan and put under, so that he  
 Nought al only of thorient  
 720 But al the marche of thoccident  
 Governeth under his empire  
 As he that was hole lord and fire  
 And held through his chivalrie  
 Of al this worlde the monarchie  
 725 And was the first of that honour,  
 Which taketh name of emperour.

De seculo ferreo,  
 quod in tibiis de-  
 signatum est a tem-  
 pore Julii usque in  
 regnum Caroli  
 magni regis Fran-  
 corum.

Where Rome thanne wolde affaile,  
 There mighte no thing contreveaile,  
 But every contre must obeie.  
 730 Tho goth the regne of bras aweie  
 And comen is the worlde of steel  
 And stode above upon the whele.  
 As steel is hardest in his kinde  
 Above al other that men finde  
 735 Of metals, such was Rome tho  
 The mightiest and laste so  
 Long time amonges the Romaines,  
 Til they become so vilains,  
 That the fals emperour Leo  
 740 With Constantin his sone also  
 The patrimonie and the richeffe,  
 Which to Silvester in pure almesse  
 The firste Constantinus lefte,  
 Fro holy chirche they berefte.

745 But Adrian, which pope was  
 And figh the mifchef of this cas,  
 Goth into Fraunce for to pleine  
 And praieth the great Charlemaine  
 For Cristes fake and foule hele,  
 750 That he wol take the quarele  
 Of holy chirche in his defence.  
 And Charles for the reverence  
 Of god the caufe hath undertake  
 And with his hoft the waie take  
 755 Over the mountes of Lumbardie.  
 Of Rome and al the tirannie  
 With bloody fwerd he overcome  
 And the citee with ftrengethe nome  
 In fuche a wife and there he wroughte,  
 760 That holy chirche ayein he broughte  
 Into fraunchife and doth reftore  
 The popes lufte and yaf him more,  
 And thus whan he his god hath ferved,  
 He toke as he hath well deferved  
 765 The diademe and was coroned  
 Of Rome, and thus was abandoned  
 Thempire, whiche came never ayeine  
 Into the hande of no Romaine.  
 But a long time it ftode fo ftille  
 770 Under the Frenshe kinges wille,  
 Til that fortune her whele fo lad,  
 That afterward Lumbardes it had  
 Nought by the fwerd, but by fuffraunce  
 774 Of him, that tho was king of Fraunce

*magnum in magnum*

5

*See p. 3*

775 Whiche Karle Calvus cleped was,  
 And he resigneth in this cas  
 Thempire of Rome unto Lowis  
 His coufin, which a Lumbarde is,  
 And so it laste into the yere  
 780 Of Alberte and of Berenger.

De seculo novissimis  
 jam temporibus ad  
 similitudinem pedum  
 in discordiam lapso et  
 diviso, quod post de-  
 cessum ipsius Caroli,  
 cum imperium Ro-  
 manorum in manus  
 Longobardorum per-  
 venerat, tempore Al-  
 berti et Berengarii  
 incepit. Nam ob  
 eorum divisionem  
 contingit, ut Alemani  
 imperatoriam adepti  
 sint majestatem, in  
 cuius solium quen-  
 dam principem Theu-  
 tonicum Othonem  
 nomine sublimari pri-  
 mitus constituerunt.  
 Et ab illo regno inci-  
 piente divisio per uni-  
 versum orbem in pos-  
 teros concrevit, unde  
 nos ad alterutrum di-  
 visi huius seculi con-  
 summacionem ultimi  
 jam expectamus.

But than upon diffension  
 They felle and in division  
 Among hem self that were grete,  
 So that they losse the beyete  
 Of worship and of worldes pees.  
 But in proverbe netheles  
 Men sain: ful selden is that welthe  
 Can suffre his owne estate in helthe,  
 And that was in the Lumbardes sene,  
 Suche comun strife was hem betwene  
 Through covetise and through envie,  
 That every man drough his partie,  
 Which mighte leden any route  
 Withinne bourgh and eke withoute.  
 The comun right hath no felawe,  
 So that the governaunce of lawe  
 Was lost and for necessite  
 Of that they stode in suche degre  
 Al only through division  
 800 Hem nedeth in conclusion  
 Of straunge londes helpe beside,  
 And thus for they hem self divide  
 And stonden out of reule uneven,  
 Of Alemaine princes seven

- 805 They chose in this condicion,  
That upon here election  
Thempire of Rome sholde stonde.  
And thus they left it out of honde  
For lacke of grace and it forfoke,  
810 That Alemains upon hem toke.  
And to confermen here estate  
Of that they founden in debate  
They token the possession  
After the composition  
815 Among hem self and ther upon  
They made an emperour anon,  
Whos name as the cronique telleth  
Was Othes, and so forth it dwelleth.  
Fro thilke daie yet unto this  
820 Thempire of Rome hath ben and is  
To thalemains, and in this wise  
As ye to-fore have herd devise  
How Daniel the sweven expoundeth  
Of that ymage, on whom he foundeth  
825 The world, which after sholde falle,  
Come is the last token of alle.  
Upon the feet of erthe and steel  
So stant the world now every dele  
Departed, which began right tho,  
830 Whan Rome was devided so.  
And that is for to rewe fore,  
For alwey fithe more and more  
The worlde empeireth every day,  
834 Wherof the sothe shewe may.

835 At Rome first if we beginne,  
 The walle and al the citee withinne  
 Stant in ruine and in decas,  
 The feld is where the palais was,  
 The town is waft, and over that  
 840 If we behold thilke estate,  
 Whiche whilome was of the Romains  
 Of knighthod and of citizeins  
 To peise now with that beforne,  
 The chaf is take for the corne,  
 845 And for to speke of Romes might  
 Unnethes stant ther ought upright  
 Of worship or of worldes good,  
 As it before time stood.  
 And why the worship is away  
 850 If that a man the sothe say,  
 The cause hath ben devision,  
 Which moder of confusion  
 Is, where she cometh overall  
 Nought only of the temporall  
 855 But of the spirital also.  
 The dede proveth it is so  
 And hath do many daies er this  
 Through venim, which that medled is  
 In holy chirche of erthely thing.  
 860 For Crist him self maketh knowleching,  
 That no man may to-gider serve  
 God and the world, but if he swerve  
 Froward that one and stonde unstable,  
 And Cristes word may nought be fable.



865 The thing so open is at theye,  
 It nedeth nought to specifie  
 Or speke ought more in this matere.  
 But in this wise a man may lere  
 How that the worlde is gone aboute,  
 870 The whiche wel nigh is wered out  
 After the forme of that figure,  
 Which Daniel in his scripture  
 Expoundeth as to-fore is tolde,  
 Of bras, of silver and of golde  
 875 The worlde is passed and agone,  
 And now upon his olde tone  
 It stant of brutel erthe and steel,  
 The whiche accorden never a dele,  
 So mot it nedes swerve aside  
 880 As thing the which men seen divide.  
 Thapostel writ unto us alle  
 And saith, that upon us is falle  
 Thend of the world, so may we knowe  
 This ymage is nigh overthrowe,  
 885 By which this world was signified,  
 That whilom was so magnified  
 And now is olde and feble and vile  
 Full of mischefe and of peril  
 And stant divided eke also  
 890 Lich to the feet, that were so  
 As I tolde of the statue above.  
 And thus men seen, through lacke of love  
 Where as the lond divided is,  
 894 It mot algate fare amis.

Hic dicit secun-  
 dum apostolum,  
 quod nos sumus, in  
 quos fines seculi  
 devenerunt.

1 Cor 10

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895 And now to loke on every fide  
 A man may fe the world divide,  
 The werres ben fo generall  
 Amonge the Cristen overall,  
 That every man now fecheth wreche,  
 900 And yet these clerkes alday preche  
 And fain, good dede may none be  
 Whiche stant nought upon charite.  
 I not how charite may stonde  
 Where dedly werre is taken on honde,  
 905 But al this wo is cause of man  
 The which that wit and reson can,  
 And that in token and in witnesse  
 That ilke ymage bare liknesse  
 Of man and of none other beste.  
 910 For first unto the mannes heste  
 Was every creature ordeigned,  
 But afterward it was restreigned,  
 Whan that he fel they fellen eke,  
 Whan he wax like they woxen like,  
 915 For as the man hath passion,  
 Of fikenesse in comparison,  
 So suffren other creatures.  
 Lo, first the hevenly figures.

Hic scribit, quod  
 ex divisionis pas-  
 sione singula creati  
 detrimentum cor-  
 ruptibile paciun-  
 tur.

The sonne and mone eclipsen both  
 And ben with mannes sinne wroth,  
 The purest air for sinne alofte  
 Hath ben and is corrupt ful ofte,  
 Right now the highe windes blowe  
 And anon after they ben lowe,



- 955 The man, as telleth the clergie,  
Is as a worlde in his partie,  
And whan this litel world mistorneth  
The grete worlde al overtorneth.  
The lond, the see, the firmament
- 960 They axen alle jugement  
Ayein the man and make him werre,  
Ther while him selfe stant out of herre,  
The remenaunt wol nought accorde,  
And in this wise as I recorde
- 965 The man is cause of alle wo,  
Why this worlde is divided so.

Hic dicit secundum  
Evangelium, quod  
omne regnum in se  
divisum desolabi-  
tur.

Division the gospel faith  
One house upon an other laith,  
Til that the regne al overthrowe.

- 970 And thus may every man wel knowe  
Division aboven alle  
Is thing, which maketh the world to falle  
And ever hath do, sith it began,  
It may firste prove upon a man.

Quod ex sue com-  
plexionis materia  
divisus homo mor-  
talis existit.

- The which for his complexion  
Is made upon division  
Of cold of hot of moist of drie,  
He mot by verry kinde die.  
For the contraire of his estate
- 980 Stant evermore in such debate,  
Til that a part be overcome  
There may no final pees be nome.  
But otherwise if a man were  
Made al to-gider of one matere

985 Withouten interrupcion,  
 There shulde no corrupcion  
 Engendre upon that unite,  
 But for there is diversite  
 Within him selfe, he may nought laste,  
 990 That he ne deieth at the laste.  
 But in a man yet over this  
 Full great division there is,  
 Through which that he is ever in strife  
 While that him lasteth any life.

995 The body and the soule also  
 Among hem ben divided so,  
 That what thing that the body hateth  
 The soule loveth and debateth.  
 But netheles ful ofte is sene

1000 Of werre whiche is hem betwene  
 The feble hath wonne the victoire,  
 And who so draweth into memoire  
 What hath befall of olde and newe  
 He may that werre fore rewe,  
 1005 Which first began in paradis.\*

For there was proved what it is  
 And what disese there it wrought,  
 For thilke werre tho forth brought  
 The vice of alle dedly finne

1010 Through which division came inne  
 Among the men in erthe here,  
 And was the cause and the matere,

Why god the grete flodes sende  
 1014 Of all the world and made an ende

Quod homo ex corporis et anime conditione divisus, sicut salvacionis, ita dampnacionis aptitudinem ingreditur.

Qualiter Adam a statu innocencie divisus a paradiso voluptatis in terram laboris peccatorum projectus est.

Qualiter populi per universon orbem a cultura dei divisi, Noe cum sua sequela dumtaxat exceptis, diluvio interierunt.

1015 But Noe with his felaship,  
Which only weren sauf by ship.  
\* And over that through sinne it come,  
That Nembroth such emprise nome,

Qualiter in edifica-  
cione Turris Babel,  
quam in dei con-  
temptum Nem-  
brotherexit, lingua  
prius hebraica in  
varias linguas cœ-  
lica vindicta divi-  
debatur.

Whan he the toure Babel on hight  
Let make, as he that wolde fight  
Ayein the highe goddes might,  
Wherof devided anon right  
Was the language in fuche entent  
There wiste non what other ment,  
1025 So that they mighten nought procede.  
And thus it stant of every dede  
Where sinne taketh the case on honde  
It may upright nought longe stonde,  
For sinne of his condicion  
1030 Is moder of division.

Qualiter mundus,  
qui in statu divisio-  
nis quasi cotidianus  
presenti tempore  
vexatur flagellis, a  
lapide superveni-  
ente, id est a divina  
potencia usque ad  
resolucionem om-  
nis carnis subito  
conteretur.

And token whan the world shall faile,  
For so faith Crist withoute faile,  
That nigh upon the worldes ende  
Pees and accorde away shall wende  
And alle charite shall cease  
Among the men and hate encrease.  
And whan these tokens ben befall  
All sodeinly the stone shall fall,  
As Daniel it hath beknowe,  
1040 Which all this world shal overthrowe  
And every man shall than arise  
To joie or elles to juise,  
Where that he shall for ever dwell  
Or straight to heven or straight to hell.

1045 In heven is pees and al accorde,  
 But helle is full of such discorde  
 That there may be no love day.  
 Forthy good is while a man may  
 Echone to sette pees with other  
 1050 And loven as his owne brother,  
 So may he winne worldes welthe  
 And afterwarde his foule helthe.

But wolde god that now were one  
 An other fuche as Arione,\*  
 1055 Whiche had an harpe of such temprure  
 And therto of so good mesure  
 He song, that he the bestes wilde  
 Made of his note tame and milde,  
 The hinde in pees with the leon,  
 1060 The wolfe in pees with the molton,  
 The hare in pees stood with the hounde,  
 And every man upon this grounde  
 Whiche Arion that time herde  
 As well the lorde as the shepherde  
 1065 He brought hem all in good accorde,  
 So that the comun with the lorde  
 And lord with the comun also  
 He sette in love bothe two  
 And put away malencolie.  
 1070 That was a lustie melodie  
 Whan every man with other low.  
 And if ther were fuche one now  
 Whiche couth harpe as he tho ded  
 1074 He might availe in many a stede

Hic narrat exemplum  
 de concordia et uni-  
 tate inter homines  
 provocanda. Et dicit,  
 qualiter quidam Ari-  
 on nuper citharista  
 ex sui cantus cithare-  
 que consona melodia  
 tante virtutis extite-  
 rat, ut ipse non so-  
 lum virum cum viro,  
 sed etiam leonem cum  
 cerva; lupum cum ag-  
 no, canem cum lepore  
 ipsum audientes un-  
 animiter absque ulla  
 discordia ad in vicem  
 pacificavit.

\* name is possibly from Herodotus I, 23 & 24. But Orpheus is more likely intended. \* possibly Amphion, & are coupled  
 together in Horace, Ars Poetica 391-396, & Ovid, Ars Amatoria III, 321-326. Orpheus is also in Ovid, Metamorphoses VI, 1-2 &  
 for less likely sources. Amphion in Ovid, Ars Amatoria III, 1; Statius, Thebaid I, 5, 10; Ovid, Metamorphoses VI, 1-2 &  
 Euripides in Ovid, Ars Amatoria, the Amphion of III, 2160 being totally different

1075 To make pees where nowe is hate.  
 For whan men thenken to debate  
 I not what other thinge is good,  
 But wher that wisdom waxeth wood  
 And refon torneth into rage,  
 1080 So that mesure upon outrage  
 Hath set this worlde, it is to drede,  
 For that bringeth in the comun drede  
 Whiche stant at every mannes dore.  
 But whan the sharpnesse of the spore  
 1085 The horse side smit to fore  
 It greveth ofte. And now no more  
 As for to speke of this matere,  
 1088 Which none but only god may stere.

*Explicit Prologus.*





## CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

### Incipit Liber Primus.

*Naturatus amor nature legibus orbem  
Subdit et unanimes concitat esse feras.  
Huius enim mundi princeps amor esse videtur,  
Cuius eget dives pauper et omnis opes.  
Sunt in agone pares amor et fortunaque, cecas  
Plebis ad insidias vertit uterque rotas.  
Est amor egra salus, vexata quies, pius error,  
Bellica pax, vulnus dulce, suave malum.*

I.



MAY nought strecche up to  
the heven  
Min hondne setten al in even  
This world, whiche ever is  
in balaunce, [saunce  
It stant nought in my suffi-

5 So great thinges to compasse.  
But I mote lette it over passe  
And treaten upon other thinges,  
Forthy the stile of my writinges  
Fro this day forth I thenke chaunge  
10 And speake of thinge is nought so strange,

Postquam in prologo tractatum hactenus existit, qualiter hodiernae condicionis dilectionem superavit, intendit auctor ad presens suum libellum, cuius nomen Confessio Amantis nuncupatur, componere de illo amore, a quo non solum humanum genus, sed et cuncta animantia naturaliter subjiuntur. Et quia nonnulli amantes ultra quam expedit desiderii passionibus crebro stimulantur, materia libri per totum

super hiis specialiter  
diffunditur.

Whiche every kinde hath upon honde  
 And wherupon the world mote stonde  
 And hath done fithen it began  
 And shall while there is any man,  
 15 And that is love, of whiche I mene  
 To treate, as after shall be sene,  
 In whiche there can no man him reule,  
 For loves lawe is out of reule  
 That of to moche or of to lite  
 20 Wellnigh is every man to wite.  
 And netheles there is no man  
 In al this world so wise, that can  
 Of love temper the mesure.  
 But as it falleth in aventure  
 25 For wit ne strengthe may nought helpe  
 And he which elles wolde him yelp  
 Is rathest throwen under foote,  
 Ther can no wight therof do bote.  
 For yet was never such covine  
 30 That couth ordeine a medicine  
 To thing, which god in lawe of kinde  
 Hath set, for there may no man finde  
 The righte salve for suche a sore.  
 It hath and shall be evermore  
 35 That love is maister, where he will,  
 There can no life make other skill,  
 For where as ever him list to set  
 There is no might, which him may let,  
 But what shall fallen ate laste.  
 40 The sothe can no wisdom cast,

But as it falleth upon chaunce,  
 For if there ever was balaunce  
 Whiche of fortune stant governed,  
 I may well leve as I am lerned

45 That love hath that balaunce on honde  
 Whiche wol no reson underfonde.  
 For love is blinde and may nought se,  
 Forthy may no certeinte  
 Be sette upon his jugement.

50 But as the whele aboute went  
 He yeveth his graces undeserved  
 And fro that man whiche hath him served  
 Ful ofte he taketh away his fees,  
 As he that plaieth at the dies  
 55 And therupon what shal befall  
 He not, til that the chaunce fall  
 Where he shal lese or he shal winne.  
 And thus full ofte men beginne  
 That if they wisten what it ment

60 They wol chaunge all here entent.

And for to prove it is so  
 I am my selfe one of tho  
 Whiche to this scole am underfonge.  
 For it is sithe go nought longe

65 As for to speake of this matere  
 I may you telle, if ye woll here  
 A wonder hap, which me befelle  
 That was to me bothe harde and felle,  
 Touchend of love and his fortune,  
 70 The which me liketh to commune

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See p. 8

See p. 105

Hic quasi in persona aliorum, quos amor alligat, fingens se auctor esse amantem, varias eorum passiones variis huius libri distinctionibus per singula scribere proponit.

And plainly for to tellen it oute,  
 To hem that ben lovers aboute  
 Fro point to pointe I wol declare  
 And writen of my woful care,  
 75 My woful day, my woful chaunce,  
 That men mow take remembraunce  
 Of that they shall here after rede.  
 For in good feith this wolde I rede,  
 That every man ensample take  
 80 Of wisedom, which is him betake,  
 And that he wote of good apprise  
 To teche it forth, for suche emprise  
 Is for to preise, and therfore I  
 Wol write and shewe all openly,  
 85 How love and I to-gider mette,  
 Wherof the worlde ensample fette  
 May after this, whan I am go,  
 Of thilke unfely jolif wo,<<sup>†</sup>  
 Whose reule stant out of the wey  
 90 Now glad and now gladnesse away,  
 And yet it may nought be withstonde  
 For ought that men may understonde.

2. *Non ego Sampsonis vires, non Herculis arma  
 Vinco, sum sed ut hii victus amore pari.  
 Ut discant alii docet experientia facti,  
 Rebus in ambiguis que sit habenda via.  
 Devius ordo ducis temptata pericla sequentem  
 Instruit a tergo me simul ille cadat.  
 Me quibus ergo Venus casibus laqueavit amantem,  
 Orbis in exemplum scribere tendo palam.*

Hic declarat materiam  
 dicens, qualiter  
 Cupido quodam

Upon the point that is befall  
 Of love, in which that I am falle,

95 I thenke telle my matere.

Nowe herken who that woll it here  
Of my fortune how that it ferde  
This enderday, as I forth ferde  
To walke, as I you telle may.

100 And that was in the moneth of May,  
Whan every brid hath chose his make  
And thenketh his merthes for to make  
Of love, that he hath acheved.

But so was I no thing releved,

105 For I was further fro my love  
Than erthe is fro the heven above,  
And for to speke of any spede  
So wiste I me none other rede,  
But as it were a man forfare

110 Unto the wood I gan to fare,  
Nought for to finge with the briddes,  
For whan I was the wood amiddes  
I fonde a fwote grene pleine  
And there I gan my wo compleigne

115 Wisshinge and wepinge all min one.

For other mirthes made I none.

So hard me was that ilke throwe,

That ofte fithes overthrowe

To grounde I was withoute brethe

120 And ever I wished after dethe,

Whan I out of my peine awoke,

And caste up many a pitous loke

Unto the heven and saide thus :

124 O thou Cupide, O thou Venus

ignito jaculo sui  
cordis memoriam  
gravi ulcere perforavit, quod Venus  
percipiens ipsum,  
ut dicit, quasi in  
mortis articulo  
spasmatum ad  
confitendum se  
Genio sacerdoti  
super amoris causa  
sic semivivum specialiter commendavit.

<sup>125</sup> Thou god of love and thou goddesse,  
 Where is pite? where is mekenesse?  
 Now doth me plainly live or die,  
 For certes fuche a maladie  
 As I now have and longe have had  
<sup>130</sup> It mighte make a wise man mad,  
 If that it shulde longe endure.  
 O Venus, quene of loves cure,  
 Thou life, thou lust, thou mannes hele,  
 Beholde my cause and my quarele  
<sup>135</sup> And yef me some part of thy grace,  
 So that I may finde in this place,  
 If thou be gracious or none.  
 And with that worde I figh anone  
 The kinge of love and quene bothe.  
<sup>140</sup> But he that king with eyen wrothe  
 His chere aweiward fro me caste  
 And forthe he passed ate laste.  
 But netheles er he forth wente  
 A firy dart me thought he hente  
<sup>145</sup> And threwe it through min herte rote.  
 In him fonde I none other bote,  
 For lenger list him nought to dwelle.  
 But she whiche is the source and welle  
 Of wele or wo, that shal betide  
<sup>150</sup> To hem that loven at that tide,  
 Abode but for to tellen here  
 She cast on me no goodly chere,  
 Thus netheles to me she saide:  
 What art thou, sone? and I abraide

- 155 Right as a man doth out of flepe,  
And therof toke ſhe right good kepe  
And bad me nothing be adradde.  
But for al that I was nought gladde,  
For I ne figh no cauſe why.
- 160 And eft ſhe asketh, what was I?  
I faide : a caitif that lith here,  
What wolde ye my lady dere?  
Shall I be hole or elles die?  
She faide : telle thy maladie,
- 165 What is thy fore of which thou pleigneſt,  
Ne hide it nought, for if thou feigneſt  
I can do the no medicine.  
Madame, I am a man of thine  
That in thy court have longe ſerved
- 170 And axe that I have deſerved  
Some wele after my longe wo.  
And ſhe began to loure tho  
And faide : there be many of you  
Faitours, and ſo may be that thou
- 175 Art right fuche one and by faintiſe  
Saiſt, that thou haſt me do ſervice.  
And netheles ſhe wiſte wele  
My word ſtood on an other whele  
Withouten any faiterie.
- 180 But algate of my maladie  
She bad me tell and ſay her trouthe.  
Madame, if ye wolde have routhe,  
Quod I, than wolde I telle you.
- 184 Say forth, quod ſhe, and telle me how,

- 185 Shewe me thy sikenesse every dele.  
 Madame, that can I do wele,  
 Be so my life therto wol laste.  
 With that her loke on me she caste  
 And faide : in aunter if thou live  
 190 My wille is first, that thou be shrive  
 And netheles how that it is  
 I wot my selfe, but for all this  
 Unto my prest which cometh anone  
 I wol thou telle it one and one  
 195 Both al thy thought and al thy werke.  
 O Genius min owne clerke,  
 Come forth and here this mannes shrifte,  
 Quod Venus tho, and I uplifte  
 Min hede with that and gan beholde  
 200 The selfe prest, whiche as she wolde  
 Was redy there and set him doune  
 To here my confession.

3.      *Confessus Genio si sit medicina salutis*  
           *Experiar morbis, quos tulit ipsa Venus.*  
           *Lesa quidem ferro medicantur membra saluti,*  
           *Raro tamen medicum vulnus amoris habet.*

Hic dicit, qualiter  
 Genio pro confes-  
 fore sedenti provo-  
 lutus amans ad  
 confitendum se  
 flexis genibus in-  
 curvatur, suppli-  
 cans tamen, ut ad  
 sui sensus informa-  
 cionem confessor  
 ille in dicendis op-  
 ponere sibi benignus  
 dignaretur.

- This worthy prest, this holy man  
 To me spekend thus began  
 And faide : Benedicite  
 My sone, of the felicite  
 Of love and eke of all the wo  
 Thou shalt be shrive of bothe two,  
 What thou er this for loves sake  
 210 Hast felt let nothing be forfake,



Tel plainly as it is befallē.

And with that worde I gan down falle

On knees and with devocion

And with full great contricion

215 I faide thanne : Dominus,

Min holy fader Genius,

So as thou hafte experience

Of love, for whose reverence

Thou shalt me shriven at this time,

220 I pray the let me nought mistime

My shrifte, for I am destourbed

In all min herte and so contourbed,

That I ne may my wittes gete.

So shal I moche thing foryete,

225 But if thou wolt my shrifte oppose

Fro point to pointē, than I suppose

There shall nothing be left behinde.

But now my wittes be so blinde,

That I ne can my selfe teche.

230 Tho he beganne anon to preche

And with his wordes debonaire

He said to me softe and faire :

My sone, I am assigned here

Thy shrifte to oppose and here

235 By Venus the goddesse above,

Whose prest I am touchend of love.

But netheles for certain skill

I mote algate and nedes will

Nought only make my spekinges

240 Of love, but of other thinges,

*See p. 49*

Sermo Genii sacer-  
dotis super confes-  
sione ad amantem.

That touchen to the cause of vice.  
 For that belongeth to thoffice  
 Of prest, whose ordre that I bere,  
 So that I wol nothing forbere,  
 245 That I the vices one and one  
 Ne shall the shewen everichone,  
 Wherof thou might take evidence  
 To reule with thy conscience.  
 But of conclusion finall  
 250 Conclude I wolde in speciall  
 For love whose servaunt I am  
 And why the cause is that I cam.  
 So thenke I to do bothe two,  
 First that min ordre longeth to  
 255 The vices for to telle a rewe,  
 But nexte above all other shewe  
 Of love I wol the propretes  
 How that they stonde by degrees  
 After the disposicion  
 260 Of Venus, whose condicion  
 I must folwe as I am holde,  
 For I with love am al witholde,  
 So that the lasse I am to wite,  
 Though I ne conne but a lite  
 265 Of other things that bene wise,  
 I am nought taught in suche a wise.  
 For it is nought my comun use  
 To speke of vices and vertuse,  
 But all of love and of his lore,  
 270 For Venus bokes of no more

Me techen nouthur text ne gloſe.  
 But for als moche as I ſuppoſe  
 It ſit a preſt to be wel thewed  
 And ſhame it is if he be lewed,  
 175 Of my preſthode after the forme  
 I wol thy ſhrifte ſo enforme,  
 That at the laſte thou ſhalt here  
 The vices, and to thy matere  
 Of love I ſhal hem ſo remeve,  
 180 That thou ſhalt knowe what they meve.  
 For what a man ſhall axe or ſaine  
 Touchend of ſhrifte, it mot be pleine,  
 It nedeth nought to make it queinte,  
 For trouth his wordes wol nought peinte.  
 185 That I wol axe of the forthy,  
 My ſone, it ſhal be ſo plainly,  
 That thou ſhalt knowe and underſtonde  
 The pointes of ſhrift how that they ſtonde.

*Viſus et auditus fragiles ſunt oſtia mentis,  
 Que vicioſa manus claudere nulla poteſt.  
 Eſt ibi larga via, graditur qua cordis ad antrum  
 Hoſtis et ingrediens foſſa talenta rapit.  
 Hec mihi confeffor Genius primordia profert,  
 Dum ſit in extremis vita remorſa malis.  
 Nunc tamen ut poterit ſemiviva loquela fateri,  
 Verba per os timide conſcia mentis agam.*

4.

Betwene the life and dethe I herde  
 190 This preſtes tale er I anſwerde,  
 And than I praid him for to ſay  
 His will and I it wolde obey  
 After the forme of his appriſe.  
 194 Tho ſpake he to me in ſuch a wiſe

Hic incipit con-  
 feſſio amantis, cui  
 de duobus precipue  
 quinque ſenſuum,  
 hoc eſt de viſu et  
 auditu confeffor  
 preceteris opponit.

- 295 And bad me, that I sholde thrive  
 As touchende of my wittes five\*  
 And shape, that they were amended  
 Of that I hadde hem mispended.  
 For tho be properly the gates,  
 300 Through which as to the hert algates  
 Cometh all thing unto the feire,  
 Which may the mannes foule empeire.  
 And now this matter is brought in,  
 My sone, I thenke first beginne  
 305 To wit, how that thin eye hath stonde,  
 The whiche is as I understonde  
 The most principall of alle,  
 Through whom that peril may befall.  
 And for to speke in loves kinde  
 310 Full many suche a man may finde,  
 Whiche ever caste aboute here eye  
 To loke, if that they might aspie  
 Ful oft thing, which hem ne toucheth,  
 But only that here herte foucheth  
 315 In hindringe of an other wight.  
 And thus ful many a worthy knight  
 And many a lusty lady bothe  
 Have be full ofte sithes wrothe,  
 So that an eye is as a thefe  
 320 To love and doth ful great meschefe,  
 And also for his owne part  
 Ful ofte thilke firy dart  
 Of love, which that ever brenneth,  
 Through him into the herte renneth.

325 And thus a mannes eye ferst  
 Him selfe greveth altherwerst,  
 And many a time that he knoweth  
 Unto his owne harme it groweth.  
 My sone, herken now forthy

330 A tale, to be ware therby  
 Thin eye for to kepe and warde,  
 So that it passe nought his warde.

Ovide telleth in his boke\*

Ensamplē touchend of misloke

335 And faith, how whilom ther was one  
 A worthy lord, whiche Acteon  
 Was hote, and he was coufin nigh  
 To him, that Thebes first on high  
 Upsette, which king Cadme hight.

340 This Acteon, as he wel might,  
 Above all other cast his chere  
 And used it from yere to yere  
 With houndes and with grete hornes  
 Among the wodes and the thornes  
 345 To make his hunting and his chace,  
 Where him best thought in every place  
 To finden game in his way,  
 There rode he for to hunte and play.  
 So him befelle upon a tide

350 On his hunting as he cam ride  
 In a foreste alone he was,  
 He figh upon the grene gras  
 The faire frefshe floures springe,  
 354 He herd among the leves singe

Hic narrat confessor  
 exemplum de visu ab  
 illicitis preservando,  
 dicens, qualiter Ac-  
 teon Cadmi regis  
 Thebarum nepos,  
 dum in quadam fo-  
 resta venacionis causa  
 spaciatur, accidit, ut  
 ipse quendam fontem  
 nemorosa arborum  
 pulchritudine cir-  
 cumventum superve-  
 niens vidit ibi Dia-  
 nam cum suis nim-  
 phis nudam in flumine  
 balneantem, quam di-  
 ligentius intuens ocu-  
 los suos a muliebri  
 nuditate nullatenus  
 avertere volebat, un-  
 de indignata Diana  
 ipsum in cervi figu-  
 ram transformavit.  
 Quem canes proprii  
 apprehendentes mor-  
 tiferis dentibus peni-  
 tus dilaniarunt.

- 355 The throstel with the nightingale.  
 Thus er he wist into a dale  
 He came, wher was a litel pleine  
 All rounde aboute wel befeine  
 With busshes grene and cedres high,  
 360 And there within he caste his eye.  
 Amid the plaine he saw a welle  
 So faire there might no man telle,  
 In which Diana naked stood  
 To bathe and play her in the flood  
 365 With many a nimphe, which her ferveth.  
 But he his eye away ne swerveth  
 Fro her, which was naked all.  
 And she was wonder wroth withall  
 And him, as she which was goddesse,  
 370 Forshope anone and the likenesse  
 She made him take of an herte,  
 Which was tofore his houndes sterte,  
 That ronne besilich aboute  
 With many an horne and many a route,  
 375 That maden mochel noise and crie,  
 And ate laste unhappilie  
 This hert his owne houndes flough  
 And him for vengeaunce all to-drough.

Confessor. Lo now, my sone, what it is

- 380 A man to caste his eye amis,  
 Which Acteon hath dere abought,\*  
 Beware forthy and do it nought.  
 For ofte who that hede toke  
 Better is to winke than to loke.

385 And for to proven it is fo  
Ovide the poete alfo  
A tale, whiche to this matere  
Accordeth, faith, as thou shalt here.

In Methamor it telleth thus,

How that a lord, whiche Phorceus  
Was hote, hadde doughters thre.

But upon their nativite  
Such was the constellacion,  
That out of mannes nacion

395 Fro kinde they be so miswent,  
That to the likenesse of the serpent  
They were bothe, and so that one  
Of hem was cleped Stellibone,  
That other fuster Suriale,

400 The thrid as telleth in the tale  
Medusa hight, and netheles  
Of comun name Gorgones,  
In every contre there about  
As monstres, whiche that men doute,

405 Men clepen hem, and but one eye  
Among hem thre in purpartie  
They had, of which they mighte se,  
Now hathe it this, nowe hath it she.  
After that cause and nede it ladde

410 By throwes eche of hem it hadde.

A wonder thing yet more amis  
There was, wherof I telle al this,  
What man on hem his chere caste

414 And hem behelde, he was als faste

Hic ponit aliud exemplum de eodem, ubi dicit, quod quidam princeps nomine Phorcus tres genuit filias Gorgones a vulgo nuncupatas, que uno partu exorte deformitatem monstrorum serpentinam obtinuerunt, quibus, cum in etatem pervernerant, talis destinata fuerat natura, quod quicumque in eas aspiceret in lapidem subito mutabatur, et sic quamplures incaute respicientes visis illis perierunt, sed Perseus miles clipeo Palladis gladioque Mercurii munitus eas extra montem Atlantis cohabitantes animo audaci absque sui periculo interfecit.

Nicta " " " 77-791 (1911) - very good, lower and some of the specimens from the 2nd  
except. Promission 1800, or Apollonia 1842. The proper name of the Gorge is "Gorge", and the name of the  
but it was then water, the Gorge is, and not the eye, the water between them is a Gorge. Between the Gorge  
caves are deep bed, but not the water above the Gorge is a Gorge. Between the Gorge is a Gorge. Between the Gorge  
and above the Gorge is a Gorge. Still above the Gorge is a Gorge. Between the Gorge is a Gorge. Between the Gorge is a Gorge.

- 415 Out of a man into a stone  
 Forshape, and thus ful many one  
 Deceived were, of that they wolde  
 Misloke, where that they ne shulde.  
 But Perseus that worthy knight,  
 420 Whom Pallas of her grete might  
 Halpe and toke him a shield therto,  
 And eke the god Mercury also  
 Lent him a swerde, he as it fell  
 Beyond Athlans the highe hill  
 425 These monstres fought and there he fonde  
 Diverse men of thilke londe  
 Through fight of hem mistorned were  
 Stondend as stones here and there.  
 But he, which wisdome and prowesse  
 430 Hath of the god and the goddesse,  
 The shielde of Pallas gan embrace,  
 With which he covereth sauf his face,  
 Mercuries swerde and out he drough  
 And so he bare him, that he slough  
 435 These dredfull monstres alle thre.

Confessor.      Lo now, my sone, avise the,  
 That thou thy fight nought misuse,  
 Cast nought thin eye upon Meduse,  
 That thou be torned into stone.  
 440 For so wise man was never none  
 But if he woll his eye kepe  
 And take of foul delite no kepe,  
 That he with luste nis ofte nome  
 Through strengthe of love and overcome.



445 Of mislokinge how it hath ferde,  
As I have told, now hast thou herde.

My gode sone, take good hede  
And over this yet I the rede,  
That thou beware of thin hering,

450 Which to the herte the tiding  
Of many a vanite hath brought  
To tarie with a manes thought.  
And netheles good is to here  
Such thing, wherof a man may lere,

455 That to vertue is accordaunt,  
And toward all the remenaunt  
Good is to torne his ere fro,  
For elles but a man do so  
Him may ful ofte misbefalle.

460 I rede enfample amonges alle,  
Wherof to kepe wel an ere  
It oughte put a man in fere.

\* A serpent, which that aspidis  
Is cleped, of his kinde hath this,

465 That he the stone nobleſt of alle  
The which that men carbuncle calle  
Bereth in his heed above on highte.  
For which whan that a man by flighte  
The ſtone to winne and him to daunte  
470 With his carecte him wolde enchaunte,  
Anone as he perceiveth that,  
He lith down his one ere al plat  
Unto the ground and halt it faſte  
474 And eke that other ere als faſte

Hic narrat confessor exemplum, ut non ab auris exaudicione factua animus deceptus involvatur. Et dicit, qualiter ille serpens, qui aspis vocatur, quendam preciosissimum lapidem nomine carbunculum in sue frontis medio gestans, contra verba incantantis aurem unam terre affigendo premit et aliam sue caude stimulo firmissime obturat.

475

Aliud exemplum super eodem, qualiter rex Ulixes cum a bello Trojano versus Greciam navigio remigaret et prope illa monstra maxima, Sirenes nuncupata, angelica voce canoras ipsum ventorum aduersitate navigare oporteret, omnium nautarum suorum aures obturari coegit. Et sic salutari providencia prefultus absque periculo saluus cum sua classe Ulixes pertransiuit.

An other thing who that recordeth  
Lich unto this enfample accordeth,  
Whiche in the tale of Troye I finde.

# Sirenes of a wonder kinde

Ben monstres, as the bokes tellen,  
And in the grete see they dwellen,  
Of body bothe and of visage

Like unto women of yonge age

Up fro the navel on high they be,  
And down benethe, as men may fe,  
They bere of fisshes the figure.

And over this of such nature

They ben, that with so swete a steven  
Like to the melodie of heven

495

500

- 505 Whan they the grete lustes here  
 They conne nought here shippes stere,  
 So befilich upon the note  
 They herken and in such wise affote,  
 That they here righte cours and weie  
 510 Foryete and to their ere obeie  
 And failen, till it so befalle  
 That they into the perill falle,  
 Where as the shippes ben to-drawe  
 And they ben with the monstres flawe.  
 515 But fro this peril netheles  
 With his wisdom king Ulixes  
 Escapeth and it over passeth,  
 For he to-fore the hond compasseth,  
 That no man of his compaignie  
 520 Hath power unto that folie  
 His ere for no lust to caste.  
 For he hem stopped alle faste,  
 That non of hem may here hem finge.  
 So whan they comen forth failinge,  
 525 There was such governaunce on honde,  
 That they the monstres have withstonde  
 And slain of hem a great partie.  
 Thus was he sauf with his navie  
 This wise king through governaunce.  
 530 Herof, my sone, in remembraunce  
 Thou might ensample taken here,  
 As I have tolde, and what thou here  
 Be wel ware and yef no credence,  
 534 But if thou se more evidence.

Confessor.

535 For if thou woldest take kepe  
 And wisely coutheſt warde and kepe  
 Thine eye and ere, as I have ſpoke,  
 Than haddeſt thou the gates ſtoke  
 Fro ſuch folly, as cometh to winne  
 540 Thin hertes wit, whiche is withinne,  
 Wherof that now thy love excedeth  
 Meſure and many a peine bredeth.  
 But if thou coutheſt ſette in reule  
 Tho two, the thre were eth to reule.  
 545 Forthy as of thy wittes five  
 I wol as nowe no more ſhrive,  
 But only of theſe ilke two,  
 Tel me therfore if it be ſo,  
 Haſt thou thine eye nought miſthrowe?

Amans.      My fader ye, I am beknowe,  
 I have hem caſt upon Meduſe  
 Therof I may me nought excuſe.  
 Min hert is growen into ſtone,  
 So that my lady there upon  
 555 Hath ſuche a printe of love grave,  
 That I can nought my ſelfe ſave.

Opponit Confeſſor.      What ſaiſt thou ſone, as of thin ere?

Reſpondet Amans.      My fader, I am guilty of there,  
 For whanne I my lady here,  
 560 My wit with that hath loſt his ſtere.  
 I do nought as Ulixes dede,  
 But falle anon upon the ſtede,  
 Where as I ſe my lady ſtonde.  
 And there I do you underſtonde

<sup>s65</sup> I am to-pulled in my thought,  
So that of reson leueth nought,  
Wherof that I me may defende.

My gode fone, god the amende.

Confessor.

For as me thenketh by thy speche

570 Thy wittes ben right far to feche.

As of thin ere and of thin eye

I wol no more fpecifie,

But I woll axen over this

Of other thing how that it is.

*Celsior est aquilaque leone forcior ille,*

5.

*Quem tumor elati cordis ad alta movet.*

*Sunt species quinque, quibus esse superbia dūctrix*

*Clamat et in multis mundus adheret eis.*

*Larvando faciem ficto pallore subornat*

*Fraudibus ypocrisis mellea verba suis.*

*Sicque pios animos quam sepe ruit muliebres*

*Ex humili verbo sublatitante dolo.*

575 My fone, as I the fhall enforme,

There ben yet of another forme

Of dedly vices feven applied,

Wherof the herte is ofte plied

To thing, which after ſhal him greue.

580 The first of hem thou shalt beleve

Is pride, whiche is principall

And hath with him in speciall

Miniftres five ful diverfe,

Of which as I the ſhal reherſe

585 The first is said ypocrisie.

If thou art of his compaignie

Tel forth, my sone, and thrive the clene.

I wote nought, fader, what ye mene,

Hic loquitur, quod septem sunt peccata mortalia, quorum caput superbia varias species habet, et earum prima ypocrisis dicitur, cuius proprietatem secundum viciū simpliciter confessor amanti declarat.

Amans.

50ke Port & with ... Fred ... live ...  
1229); Ketchikan ... 1879 to live ...  
Aronson (live 23-8-266) & Vingboon (live 3042), ...  
Humble, live 504

But this I wolde you beseche,  
 590 That ye me by somweie teche,  
 What is to ben an ypocrite.  
 And than if I be for to wite,  
 I wol beknowen, as it is.

Confessor. My sone, an ypocrite is this,  
 595 A man which feigneth conscience  
 As though it were al innocence  
 Without, and is nought so withinne,  
 And doth, so for he wolde winne  
 Of his desire the vein estate.

600 And whan he cometh anone thereat,  
 He sheweth thanne what he was,  
 The corne is torned into gras,  
 That was a rose is than a thorne,  
 And he that was a lamb beforne  
 605 Is than a wolfe, and thus malice  
 Under the colour of justice  
 Is had, and as the people telleth,

Ypocritis religiosa. These ordres witen where he dwelleth  
 As he that of her counseil is,

610 And thilke world, which they er this  
 Forfoken, he draweth in ayeine,  
 He clotheth richeffe as men faine  
 Under the simplest of pouerte  
 And doth to seme of great deserte  
 615 Thing, whiche is litel worth withinne,  
 He saith in open fy! to sinne,  
 And in secre there is no vice  
 Of which that he nis a norice.

And ever his chere is fobre and softe,  
 620 And where he goth he bleffeth ofte.  
 Wherof the blinde world he drecheth,  
 But yet all only he ne ftrecheth  
 His reule upon religion,  
 But next to that condicion  
 625 In fuche as clepe hem holy cherche  
 It sheweth eke, howe he can werche  
 Amonge tho wide furred hodes  
 To geten hem the worldes goodes.  
 And they have felf ben thilke fame,  
 630 That fetten moft the world in blame,  
 But yet in contraire of here lore  
 There is nothing they loven more,  
 So that feignend of light they werke  
 The dedes, whiche are inward derke,  
 635 And thus this double ypocrisie  
 With his devoute apparancie  
 A vifer fet upon his face,  
 Wherof toward this worldes grace  
 He femeth to be right wel thewed,  
 640 And yet his herte is all beshrewed,  
 But netheles he ftant beleved  
 And hath his purpos ofte acheved  
 Of worfhip and of worldes welthe,  
 And taketh it as who faith by ftelthe  
 645 Through coverture of his fallas.  
 And right fo in femblable cas  
 This vice hath eke his officers  
 Among thefe other feculers

Ypocrifis ecclefiaſtica.

Ypocrifis ſecularis.

Of grete men, for of the smale  
 650 As for to accompt he set no tale,  
 But they that passen the comune  
 With suche hem liketh to comune,  
 And where he saith, he wol socoure  
 The people, there he wol deuoure.  
 655 For now a day is many one  
 Which speketh of Peter and of John  
 And thenketh Judas in his herte,  
 There shall no worldes good asterte  
 His honde, and yet he yeveth almesse  
 660 And fasteth ofte and hereth messe  
 With *mea culpa*, whiche he saith,  
 Upon his brest ful ofte he leith  
 His hond and cast upward his eye,  
 As though he Cristes face seie,  
 665 So that it semeth ate sight,  
 As he alone al other might  
 Rescue with his holy bede.  
 But yet his herte in other stede  
 Among his bedes most devoute  
 670 Goth in the worldes cause aboute,  
 How that he might his warison  
 Encrese, and in comparison

Hic tractat confes-  
 sor cum amante su-  
 per illa ypocrisia,  
 que sub amoris fa-  
 cie fraudulenter la-  
 titando mulieres  
 ipsius ficticiis cre-  
 dulas sepiissime de-  
 cipit innocentes.

There ben lovers of suche a sorte,  
 That feignen hem an humble porte,  
 And al is but ypocrisie,  
 Which with deceipte and flaterie  
 Hath many a worthy wife beguiled.  
 For whan he hath his tunge affiled\*



With softe speche and with lesinge,  
680 For with his fals pitous lokinge  
He wolde make a woman wene  
To gon upon the faire grene,  
Whan that she falleth in the mire.  
For if he may have his desire,  
685 How so falle of the remenaunt,  
He halt no worde of covenant,  
But er the time that he spede  
There is no fleighte at thilke nede,  
Which any loves faitour may,  
690 That he ne put it in assay  
As him belongeth for to done.  
The colour of the reiny mone  
With medicine upon his face  
He set and than he axeth grace,  
695 As he, which hath fikenesse feigned,  
Whan his visage is so disteigned,  
With eye up cast on her he fiketh  
And many a continuaunce he piketh  
To bringen her into beleve  
700 Of thing, which that he wold acheve,  
Wherof he bereth the pale hewe,  
And for he wolde seme trewe  
He maketh him fike, whan he is heil.  
But whan he bereth lowest fail,  
705 Than is he swiftest to beguile  
The woman, which that ilke while  
Set upon him feith or credence.

My sone, if thou thy conscience

Opponit confessor.

Entamed haft in fuch a wife,  
 710 In fhрифte thou the might avife  
 And telle it me, if it be fo.

Respondet amans.      Min holy fader, certes no.

As for to feigne fuch fikenefse  
 It nedeth nought, for this witnesse  
 715 I take of god, that my corage  
 Hath ben more fike than my vifage.  
 And eke this may I well avowe,  
 So lowe couthe I never bowe  
 To feigne humilite withoute,  
 720 That me ne lifte better loute  
 With all the thoughtes of min herte.  
 For that thing fhall me never aфerte,  
 I fpeke as to my lady dere  
 To make her any feigned chere,  
 725 God wot well there I lie nought,  
 My chere hath ben fuch as my thought.  
 For in good feith, this leveth wele,  
 My wil was better a thoufand dele  
 Than any chere that I couthe.  
 730 But fire, if I have in my youthe  
 Done other wife in other place,  
 I put me therof in your grace.  
 For this excufen I ne fhall,  
 That I have elles over all  
 735 To love and to his compaignie  
 Be plein without ypocrisie.  
 But there is one, the whiche I ferve,  
 All though I may no thank deferve,

To whom yet never unto this day

740 I faide onlich or ye or nay,  
But if it so were in my thought  
As touchend other fay I nought,  
That I nam somdele for to wite  
Of that ye clepe an ypocrite.

745 My sone, it sit wel every wight  
To kepe his worde in trouth upright  
Towardes love in alle wise.  
For who that wold him wel avise  
What hath befall in this matere,  
750 He shulde nought with feigned chere  
Deceive love in no degre.  
To love is every herte fre,  
But in deceit if that thou feignest  
And therupon thy luste atteignest,  
755 That thou hast wonne with thy wile,  
Though it the like for a while,  
Thou shalt it afterward repente.  
And for to prove min entente  
I finde ensample in a cronique  
760 Of hem, that love so beswike.

\* It fell by olde daies thus,  
Whil themperour Tiberius  
The monarchie of Rome ladde,  
There was a worthy Romain hadde  
765 A wife, and she Pauline hight,  
Which was to every mannes fight  
Of al the cite the fairest  
And as men faiden eke the best.

Confessor.

Quod ypocrisia sit  
in amore periculosa,  
narrat exemplum,  
qualiter sub regno  
Tiberii imperatoris  
quidam miles nomine  
Mundus, qui Roma-  
norum dux milicie  
tunc prefuit, domi-  
nam Paulinam pul-  
cherrimam castitatis-  
que famosissimam  
mediantibus duobus  
falsis presbiteris in

*Story of Paulina, from Tacitus, Hist. lib. XVIII, 3, 4, and by Hieronymus II, 4, also given by Vincent of Beauvais Spec. Histor. vii, 4, probably from the same source. Godfrey of Viterbo, Pantheon XI, also has it in verse. It is referred to (as Hieronymus) by Boccaccio, Decamer. III, 2, 5 & III, 3, 1.*

templo Yfis deum se  
 fingens sub fiste sanc-  
 titatis ypocrisi noc-  
 turno tempore vicia-  
 vit, unde idem dux in  
 exilium, presbiteri in  
 mortem ob sui cri-  
 minis enormitatem  
 dampnati extiterant  
 ymagoque dee Yfis a  
 templo evulsa uni-  
 verso conclamante  
 populo in flumen Ti-  
 beriadis proiecta mer-  
 gebatur.

- It is and hath ben ever yit  
 That so strong is no mannes wit,  
 Which through beaute ne may be drawe  
 To love and stonde under the lawe  
 Of thilke bore free kinde,  
 Which maketh the hertes eyen blinde,  
 Where no reson may be communed.  
 And in this wise stode fortunéd  
 This tale, of whiche I wol mene  
 This wife, whiche in her lustes grene  
 Was faire and fressh and tender of age.  
 780 She may nought lette the corage  
 Of him, that wol on her affote.  
 There was a duke, and he was hote  
 Mundus, which had in his baillie  
 To lede the chivalrie  
 785 Of Rome and was a worthy knight.  
 But yet he was nought of such might  
 The strength of love to withstonde,  
 That he ne was so brought to honde,  
 That malgre where he wol or no  
 790 This yonge wife he loveth so,  
 That he hath put all his assay  
 To winne thing, which he ne may  
 Get of her graunt in no manere  
 By yeste of gold, ne by praier.  
 795 And whan he figh, that by no mede  
 Toward her love he mighte spede,  
 By sleighte feignend than he wrought  
 And therupon he him bethought,

How that there was in the cite  
800 A temple of fuche auctorite,  
To which with great devocion  
The noble women of the towne  
Most comunlich a pelerinage  
Gone for to pray thilke ymage,  
805 Which the goddesse of childing is  
And cleped was by name Yfis.  
And in her temple thanne were  
To reule and to miniftre there  
After the lawe, which was tho,  
810 Above all other preftes two.  
This duke, which thought his love get,  
Upon a day hem two to mete  
Hath bede, and they come at his heste,  
Where that they had a riche fefte.  
815 And after mete in prive place  
This lord, which wold his thank purchace,  
To eche of hem yaf thanne a yift  
And fpake fo by waie of fhrift,  
He drough hem into his covine  
820 To helpe and fhape, how he Pauline  
After his luft deceive might.  
And they her trouthes bothe plight,  
That they by night her fhulden winne  
Into the temple, and he therinne  
825 Shall have of her all his entent.  
And thus accorded forth they went.  
Now lift, through which ypocrisie  
Ordeigned was the trecherie,

Wherof this lady was deceived.  
 830 These prestes hadden wel conceived,  
 That she was of great holinesse.  
 And with a counterfeit simpleesse,  
 Which hid was in a fals corage,  
 Feignend an heavenly message  
 835 They cam and saide unto her thus :  
 Pauline, the god Anubus  
 Hath sent us bothe prestes here  
 And faith, he wol to the appere  
 By nightes time him selfe alone,  
 840 For love he hath to thy persone.  
 And therupon he hath us bede,  
 That we in Yfis temple a stede  
 Honestly for the purveie,  
 Where thou by night as we the saie  
 845 Of him shalt take a vision.  
 For upon thy condicion,  
 The whiche is chaste and full of feith,  
 Suche price, as he us tolde, he leith,  
 That he wol stonde of thin accorde,  
 850 And for to beare herof recorde  
 He sende us hider bothe two.  
 Glad was her innocence tho  
 Of suche wordes as she herd,  
 With humble chere and thus answerd  
 855 And saide, that the goddes will  
 She was all redy to fulfill,  
 That by her husbondes leve  
 She wolde in Yfis temple at eve

Upon her goddes grace abide  
860 To seruen him the nightes tide.  
The prestes tho gon home ayeine,  
And she goth to her fovereine  
Of goddes will. And as it was  
She tolde him all the plaine cas,  
865 Wherof he was deceived eke  
And bad, that she her shulde meke  
All hole unto the goddes heste.  
And thus she, which was all honeste  
To godward, after her entent  
870 At night unto the temple went,  
Where that the false prestes were.  
And they receiven her there  
With suche a token of holinesse,  
As though they seen a goddesse,  
875 And all within in prive place  
A softe bedde of large space  
They hadde made and encortined,  
Where she was afterward engined.  
But she, whiche all honour supposeth,  
880 The false prestes than opposeth  
And axeth by what observaunce  
She might most to the plesaunce  
Of god that nightes reule kepe.  
And they her bidden for to slepe  
885 Liggend upon the bedde a loft,  
For, so they said, al still and soft  
God Anubus her wolde awake.  
The counseil in this wise take

The prestes fro this lady gone.  
 890 And she that wiste of guile none  
 In the maner as it was said  
 To slepe upon the bedde is leid,  
 In hope that she sholde acheve  
 Thing, which stode than upon beleve  
 895 Fulfilled of all holinesse.  
 But she hath failed as I gesse,  
 For in a closet faste by  
 The duke was hid so prively,  
 That she him mighte nought perceive.  
 900 And he that thoughte to deceive  
 Hath suche array upon him nome,  
 That whan he wold unto her come  
 It shulde semen at her eye,  
 As though she verriliche seie  
 905 God Anubus, and in suche wise  
 This ypocrite of his queintise  
 Awaiteth ever til she slept.  
 And than out of his place he crept  
 So stille, that she nothing herde,  
 910 And to the bed stalkend he ferde  
 And sodeinly, er she it wiste,  
 Beclipt in armes he her kiste,  
 Wherof in womannishe drede  
 She woke and niste what to rede.  
 915 But he with softe wordes milde  
 Comforteth her and saith, with childe  
 He wolde her make in suche a kinde,  
 That al the world shall have in minde



The worshippe of that ilke sone,  
920 For he shall with the goddes wone  
And ben him selfe a god also.  
With suche wordes and with mo,  
The which he feigneth in his speche,  
This ladies wit was al to feche  
925 As she, which alle trouthe weneth.  
But he, that all untrouthe meneth,  
With blinde tales so her ladde,  
That all his will of her he hadde.  
And whan him thought it was inough,  
930 Ayein the day he him withdrough  
So prively, that she ne wiste  
Where he be come, but as him list  
Out of the temple he goth his way.  
And she began to bid and pray,  
935 Upon the bare ground knelende,  
And after that made her offrende  
And to the prestes yestes great  
She yaf, and homeward by the strete  
The duke her mette and saide thus :  
940 The mighty god, whiche Anubus  
Is hote, he save the Pauline,  
For thou art of his discipline  
So holy, that no mannes might  
May do, that he hath do to night  
945 Of thing, which thou hast ever eschued.  
But I his grace have so purfued,  
That I was made his lieutenaunt.  
Forthy by way of covenant

Fro this day forth I am all thine,  
 950 And if the like to be mine  
 That stant upon thin owne wille.  
 She herde his tale and bare it stille  
 And home she went as it befell  
 Into her chambre and there she fell  
 955 Upon her bed to wepe and crie  
 And saide : O derke ypocrisie,  
 Through whose dissimulation  
 Of false ymagination  
 I am thus wickedly deceived,  
 960 But that I have it apperceived  
 I thonke unto the goddes alle.  
 For though it ones be befall  
 I shall never eft while that I live,  
 And thilke avow to god I yive.  
 965 And thus wepende she compleigneth  
 Her faire face and all disteigneth  
 With wofull teres of her eye,  
 So that upon this agonie  
 Her husbonde is inne come  
 970 And sigh how she was overcome  
 With sorwe and axeth her what her eileth.  
 And she with that her self beweileth  
 Well more than she hadde afore  
 And said : alas, wifehode is lore  
 975 In me, which whilom was honest,  
 I am none other than a beste  
 Nowe I defouled am of two.  
 And as she mighte speake tho

Asfamed with a pitous onde,  
980 She tolde unto her husebonde  
The soth of all the hole tale,  
And in her speche dead and pale  
She swouneth well nigh to the laste.  
And he her in his armes faste  
985 Upheld and ofte swore his oth,  
That he with her is nothing wroth,  
For wel he wot she may there nought.  
But netheles within his thought  
His hert stode in a fory plite  
990 And said, he wolde of that despite  
Be venged how so ever it falle,  
And fend unto his frendes alle.  
And whan they were come in fere,  
He tolde hem upon this matere  
995 And axeth hem what was to done.  
And they avised were sone  
And said, it thought hem for the beste  
To sette first his wife in reste  
And after pleine to the king  
1000 Upon the matter of this thing.  
Tho was his wofull wife comforted  
By alle waies and disported,  
Til that she was somdele amended.  
And thus a day or two dispended  
1005 The thridde day she goth to pleine  
With many a worthy citezeine  
And he with many a citezeine.  
Whan themperour it herde saine

And knew the falsehed of the vice,  
 1010 He said he wolde do justice.  
 And first he let the prestes take,  
 And for they shulde it nought forsake  
 He put hem into question.  
 But they of the suggestion  
 1015 Ne couthe nought a word refuse,  
 But for they wold hem self excuse  
 The blame upon the duke they laide.  
 But there ayein the counseil saide,  
 That they be nought excused so,  
 1020 For he is one and they be two  
 And two have more wit than one,  
 So thilke excusement was none.  
 And over that was said hem eke,  
 That whan men wolden vertue seke  
 1025 Men shulden it in the prestes finde,  
 Their ordre is of so high a kinde,  
 That they be divisers of the wey.  
 Forthy if any man forswey  
 Through hem, they be nought excusable,  
 1030 And thus by lawe resonable  
 Among the wise juges there  
 The prestes bothe dampned were,  
 So that the prive trechery  
 Hid under false ypocrisie  
 1035 Was thanne all openlich shewed,  
 That many a man hem hath beshrewed.  
 And whan the prestes weren dede,  
 The temple of thilk horrible dede

They thoughten purge and thilke ymage  
1040 Whose cause was the pelrinage  
They drowen out and also faste  
Fer into Tiber they it caste,  
Where the river it hath defied.  
And thus the temple purified  
1045 They have of thilke horrible finne,  
Which was that time do therinne.  
Of this point such was the divise.  
But of the duke was otherwise,  
For he with love was bestad,  
1050 His dome was nought so harde lad.  
For love put reson away  
And can nought se the righte wey.  
And by this cause he was respited,  
So that the deth him was acquitted,  
1055 But for all that he was exiled  
For he his love had so beguiled,  
That he shall never come ayeine.  
For he that is to trouth unpleine  
He may nought failen of vengeaunce  
1060 And eke to take remembraunce  
Of that ypocrisie hath wrought.  
On other half men shulde nought  
To lightly leve all that they here,  
But thanne shulde a wifeman stere  
1065 The ship, whan suche windes blowe,  
For first though they beginne lowe,  
At ende they be nought mevable,  
But all to-broken mast and cable,

So that the ship with sodain blast  
 1070 Whan men leste wene is overcast.

As now full ofte a man may se,  
And of old time how it hath be  
I finde a great experience,  
Wherof to take an evidence

1075 Good is and to beware also  
Of the perill er him be woo.

Hic ulterius ponit exemplum de illa etiam ypocrisis, que inter virum et virum decipiens periculosissima consistit, et narrat, qualiter Greci in obsidione civitatis Troie, cum ipsam vi apprehendere nullatenus potuerunt, fallaci animo cum Troianis pacem ut dicunt pro perpetuo statuebant et super hoc quendam equum mire grossionis de ere fabricatum ad sacrificandum in templo Minerve configentes sub tali sanctitatis ypocrisis dictam civitatem intrarunt et ipsam cum inhabitantibus gladio et igne comminantes pro perpetuo penitus devastarunt.

\* Of hem that ben so derk withinne  
At Troie also if we beginne,  
Ypocrisie it hath betraied.

For whan the Grekes had all affaied  
And founde that by no bataile  
Ne by no siege it might availe  
The town to winne through prowesse,  
This vice feigned of simpleffe  
Through sleight of Calcas and of Crise  
It wan by such a maner wise.

An horſe of braſs they let do forge  
Of ſuche entaile, of ſuche a forge,  
That in this world was never man  
That ſuch an other werk began.

The crafty werkeman Epius  
It made, and for to telle thu

The Grekes that thoughten to beguile  
The king of Troie in thilke while

1095 With Antenor and with Enee,  
That were bothe of the citee  
And of the counfeil the wifest,  
The richeft and the mightiest,

In prive place fo they trete  
1100 With fair behefte and yeftes grete  
Of gold, that they hem have engined  
To-gider and whan they be covined,  
They feignen for to make pees,  
And under that yet nethelefs  
1105 They shopen the destruction  
Bothe of the king and of the town.  
And thus the false pees was take  
Of hem of Grece and undertake,  
And therupon they founde a way,  
1110 Where strengthe might nought away,  
That sleighte shulde helpe thanne.  
And of an inche a large spanne  
By colour of the pees they made  
And tolden how they were glade  
1115 Of that they stoden in accorde,  
And for it shall ben of recorde  
Unto the king the Gregois saiden  
By way of love and thus they praiden,  
As they that wolden his thank deserve,  
1120 A sacrifice unto Minerve  
The pees to kepe in good entent  
They must offre, or that they went.  
The king counseiled in the cas  
By Antenor and Eneas  
1125 Therto hath yoven his assent.  
So was the pleine trouthe blent  
Through counterfeit ypocrisie.  
Of that they shulden sacrifice

- The Grekes under the holinesse  
 1130 Anone with alle befinesse  
 Here hors of brafs let faire dight,  
 Which was to sene a wonder fight.  
 For it was trapped of him selve  
 And had of smale wheles twelve,  
 1135 Upon the whiche men inowe  
 With craft toward the town it drowe  
 And goth glistrend ayein the sonne.  
 Tho was there joie inough begonne,  
 For Troie in great devocion  
 1140 Came also with proceffion  
 Ayein this noble sacrifice  
 With great honour, and in this wise  
 Unto the gates they it broughte,  
 But of here entre whan they foughte  
 1145 The gates weren all to smale.  
 And therupon was many a tale.  
 But for the worship of Minerve,  
 To whom they comen for to serve,  
 They of the town which understood  
 1150 That all this thing was done for good  
 For pees, wherof that they ben glade,  
 The gates that Neptunus made  
 A thousand winter ther to-fore  
 They have anone to-broke and tore,  
 1155 The stronge walles down they bete,  
 So that into the large strete  
 This horse with great solempnite  
 Was brought withinne the cite,



And offred with great reverence,  
1160 Which was to Troie an evidence  
Of love and pees for evermo.  
The Gregois token leve tho  
With all the hole felasship,  
And forth they wenten into ship  
1165 And crossen fail and made hem yare  
Anone as though they wolden fare.  
But whan the blacke winter night  
Withoute mone or sterre light  
Bederked hath the water stronde,  
1170 Al prively they gone to londe  
Full armed out of the navie.  
Simon, whiche made was here espie  
Withinne Troie, as was conspired,  
Whan time was a tokne hath fired,  
1175 And they with that here waie holden  
And comen in right as they wolden,  
There as the gate was to-broke.  
The purpose was full take and spoke  
Er any man may take kepe,  
1180 Whil that the citee was aslepe  
They flowen al that was withinne  
And token what they mighten winne  
Of such good as was suffisaunt  
And brenden up the remenaunt.  
1185 And thus come out the trecherie,  
Which under false ypocrisie  
Was hid, and they that wende pees  
Tho mighten finde no releefe

Of thilke fwerd, whiche al devoureth.

1190 Full ofte and thus the fwete foureth,  
Whan it is knowe to the taste,  
He spilleth many a worde in waste  
That shal with such a people trete,  
For whan he weneth most beyete

1195 Than is he shape most to lese.  
And right so if a woman chese  
Upon the wordes that she hereth,  
Som man whan he most true appereth  
Than is he furthest fro the trouthe.

1200 But yet full ofte, and that is routhe,  
They spedden, that ben most untrue  
And loven every day a newe,  
Wherof the life is after lothe  
And love hath cause to be wrothe.

1205 But what man that his lust desireth  
Of love and therupon conspireth  
With wordes feigned to deceive,  
He shall nought faile to receive  
His peine as it is ofte sene.

Confessor.      Forthy my sone, as I the mene,  
It fit the well to taken hede,  
That thou escheue of thy manhede  
Ypocrisie and his semblaunt,  
That thou ne be nought deceivaunt  
1215 To make a woman to beleve  
Thing, whiche is nought in thy beleve.  
For in suche feint ypocrisie  
Of love is all the trecherie,

Through which love is deceived ofte.

1220 For feigned semblaunt is so softe,

Unnethes love may be ware.

Forthy my sone, as I well dare,

I charge the to flee that vice,

That many a woman hath made nice,

1225 But loke thou dele nought with all.

Iwis my fader, no more I shall.

Amans.

Now sone kepe, that thou hast sworn.

Confessor.

For this that thou hast herd before

Is said the first point of pride.

1230 And next upon that other side

To thrive and speken over this

Touchend of pride yet there is

The point seconde I the behote,

Which inobedience is hote.

*Fletere quam frangi melius reputatur, et olle*

*Fictilis ad cacabum pugna valere nequit.*

*Quem neque lex hominum, neque lex divina valebit*

*Fletere, multociens corde reflectit amor.*

*Quem non flectit amor, non est flectendus ab ullo,*

*Sed rigor illius plus elephante riget.\**

*Dedignatur amor poterit quos scire rebelles,*

*Et rudibus sortem prestat habere rudem.*

*Sed qui sponte sui subicit se cordis amori,*

*Frangit in adversis omnia fata pius.*

6.

1235 This vice of inobedience

Ayein the reule of conscience

All that is humble he disalloweth,

That he toward his god ne boweth

After the lawes of his heste.

1240 Nought as a man, but as a beste

Hic loquitur de secunda specie superbie, que inobediencia dicitur. Et primo illius vicii naturam simpliciter declarat et tractat subsequenter super illa inobediencia, que in

curia Cupidinis  
exosa amoris cau-  
sam ex sua imbe-  
cillitate sepius  
retardat, in cuius  
materia confessor  
amanti specialius  
opponit.

Whiche goth upon his lustes wilde  
So goth this proude vice unmilde,  
That he disdeigneth alle lawe.  
He not what is to be felawe  
1245 And serue he may nought for pride.  
So is he ledde on every side  
And is that selve, of whom men speke,  
Which woll nought bowe, er that he breke.  
I not if love him might plie,  
1250 For elles for to iustifie  
His herte, I not what might availe.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, of suche entaile  
If that thin herte be disposed,  
Telle out and let it nought be glosed.  
1255 For if that thou unbuxome be  
To love, I not in what degre  
Thou shalt thy good worde acheve.

Amans. My fader, ye shal well beleve,  
The yonge whelpe, which is affaited,  
1260 Hath nought his maister better awaited  
To couche, whan he saith go lowe,  
Than I anone, as I may knowe  
My lady will me bowe more.  
But other while I grucche fore  
1265 Of some thinges, that she doth,  
Wherof that I woll telle soth.  
For of two pointes I am bethought,  
That though I wolde I might nought  
Obeie unto my ladies heft,  
1270 But I dare make this beheft

Sauf only of that ilke two,

I am unbuxome of no mo.

What ben tho two, tell on, quod he.

Opponit confessor.

My fader, this is one, that she

Respondet amans.

1275 Commaundeth me my mouthe to close,

And that I shulde her nought oppose

In love, of whiche I ofte preche,

And plenerlich of fuche a speche

Forbere and suffre her in pees.

1280 But that ne might I netheles

For all this worlde obey iwis.

For whan I am there as she is,

Though she my tales nought allowe,

Ayein her will yet mote I bowe

1285 To seche, if that I might have grace.

But that thing may I nought embrace

For ought that I can speke or do.

And yet full ofte I speke so,

That she is wroth and faith: be stille.

1290 If I that heste shall fulfille

And therto ben obedient,

Than is my cause fully shent,

For specheles may no man spede.

So wote I nought what is to rede.

1295 But certes I may nought obeie,

That I ne mote algate faie

Some what of that I wolde mene,

For ever it is a liche grene

The great love which I have,

1300 Wherof I can nought bothe fave

My speche and this obedience.  
 And thus full ofte my filence  
 I breke, and is the first point  
 Wherof that I am out of point  
 1305 In this, and yet it is no pride.  
     Now than upon that other fide  
 To tell my disobeifaunce,  
 Full fore it stant to my grevaunce  
 And may nought sinke into my wit.  
 1310 Full ofte time she me bit  
 To leven her and chese a newe  
 And faith, if I the sothe knewe  
 How fer I stonde from her grace,  
 I shulde love in other place.  
 1315 But therof wol I disobeie  
 For also wel she mighte saie :  
 Go take the mone there it fit,  
 As bringe that into my wit.  
 For there was never rooted tree  
 1320 That stood so faste in his degree,  
 That I ne stonde more faste  
 Upon her love and may nought caste  
 Min herte away, all though I wolde.  
 For god wote though I never sholde  
 1325 Sene her with eye after this daie,  
 Yet stant it so, that I ne maie  
 Her love out of my brest remue.  
 This is a wonder retenue,  
 That malgre where she woll or none  
 1330 Min herte is evermo in one,

So that I can none other chese,  
 But whether that I winne or lese  
 I must her loven till I deie  
 And thus I breke as by that weie  
 1335 Her hestes and her commaundinges.  
 But trulich in none other thinges.  
 Forthy my fader, what is more  
 Touchende of this ilke lore  
 I you beseche after the forme,  
 1340 That ye pleynly me wolde enforme,  
 So that I may min herte reule  
 In loves cause after the reule.

*Murmur in adversis ita concipit ille superbus,  
 Pena quod ex bina sorte purget eum.  
 O bina fortune cum spes in amore resistit,  
 Non sine mentali murmure plangit amans.*

7.

Toward this vice of which we trete  
 There ben yet tweie of thilke estrete,  
 1345 Her name is murmur and compleinte.  
 Ther can no man her chere peinte.  
 To sette a glad semblaunt therinne,  
 For though fortune make hem winne,  
 Yet grucchen they, and if they lese  
 1350 There is no waie for to chese,  
 Wherof they mighten stonde appesed.  
 So ben they comunly disesed,  
 There may no welth ne pouerte  
 Attempren hem to the deserte  
 1355 Of buxomnesse by no wise.  
 For ofte time they despise

Hic loquitur de  
 murmure et plan-  
 tu, qui super omnes  
 alios inobediencie  
 secreciores ut mi-  
 nistri illi deservi-  
 unt.

The good fortune as the badde,  
 As they no mannes refon hadde  
 Through pride, wherof they be blinde.  
 1360 And right of fuch a maner kinde  
 Ther be lovers, that though they have  
 Of love all that they wolde crave,  
 Yet woll they grucche by fome weie,  
 That they wol nought to love obeie  
 1365 Upon the trouth, as they do sholde.  
 And if hem lacketh that they wolde,  
 Anon they falle in fuch a peine,  
 That ever unbuxomly they pleine  
 Upon fortune and curfe and crie,  
 1370 That they wol nought her hertes plie  
 To fuffre, till it better falle.  
 Forthy if thou amonges alle  
 Haft used this condicion,  
 My fone, in thy confeffion  
 1375 Now tell me plainly what thou art.  
 Amans.      My fader, I beknowe a part  
 So as ye tolden here above  
 Of murmur and compleint of love,  
 That for I fe no fpede comende  
 1380 Ayein fortune compleignende  
 I am as who faith evermo  
 And eke full ofte time alfo.  
 Whan fo as that I fe or here  
 Of hevy word or hevy chere  
 1385 Of my lady, I grucche anone,  
 But wordes dare I fpeke none,



1390

1395

Confessor.

1400

1405

天

1410

Q

1419

Hic contra amoris inobedientes ad commendacionem obediencie confessor super eodem exemplum ponit, ubi dicit, quod cum quidam regis Sicilie filia in sue juventutis floribus pulcherrima ex eius noverce incantacionibus in vetulam turpissimam transformata extitit, Florencius tunc imperatoris Claudii nepos, miles in armis strenuissimus amorosisque legibus

[illegible]

intendens ipsam ex  
sua obediencia in pul-  
chritudinem pristi-  
nam mirabiliter re-  
formavit.

- He rode the marches all aboute.  
And fell a time as he was oute  
Fortune, which may every threde  
1420 To-breke and knitte of mannes spede,  
Shope, as this knight rode in a pas,  
That he by strengthe taken was,  
And to a castell they him ladde,  
Where that he fewe frendes hadde.  
1425 For so it fell that ilke stounde,  
That he hath with a dedly wounde  
Fightend his owne hondes flain  
Branchus, whiche to the Capitain  
Was sone and heire, wherof ben wrothe  
1430 The fader and the moder bothe.  
That knight Branchus was of his honde  
The worthiest of all his londe,  
And fain they wolden do vengeance  
Upon Florent, but remembraunce  
1435 That they toke of his worthinesse,  
Of knighthode and of gentilesse,  
And how he stood of coufinage  
To themperour, made hem assuage,  
And dorste nought slaine him for fere.  
1440 In great desputeson they were  
Among hem selfe, that was the best.  
There was a lady, the fliest  
Of alle that men knewen tho,  
So olde she might unnethes go,  
1445 And was graunt dame to the dede.  
And she with that began to rede

And faide hem ſhe wol bring him inne,  
That ſhe ſhal him to deth winne  
All only of his owne graunt  
1450 Through ſtrength of verray covenant  
Withoute blame of any wight.  
Anone ſhe ſende for this knight  
And of her ſone ſhe alleide  
The deth and thus to him ſhe faide :  
1455 Florent, how ſo ever thou be to wite  
Of Branchus deth, men ſhal reſpite  
As now to take vengeance,  
Be ſo thou ſtonde in judgement  
Upon certain condicion,  
1460 That thou unto a queſtion  
Which I ſhall axe ſhalt anſwere.  
And over this thou ſhalt eke ſwere,  
That if thou of the ſothe faile,  
There ſhal non other thinge availe,  
1465 That thou ne ſhalt thy deth receive,  
And for men ſhal the nought deceive  
That thou therof might ben aviſed,  
Thou ſhalt have day and time aſſiſed  
And leve ſauſly for to wende,  
1470 Be ſo that at thy daies ende  
Thou come ayein with thin aviſe.  
This knight, which worthy was and wiſe,  
This lady praieth, that he may wit  
And have it under ſeales writ,  
1475 What queſtion it ſholde be  
For which he ſhall in that degre

Stonde of his life in jeopartie.  
 With that she feigneth compaignie  
 And faith: Florent, on love it hongeth  
 1480 All that to min axinge longeth,  
 What all women most desire  
 This woll I axe, and in thempire  
 Where thou hast moste knowleching  
 Take counfeil of this axinge.  
 1485 Florent this thing hath undertake,  
 The day was set and time take,  
 Under his seale he wrote his othe  
 In such a wife, and forth he gothe  
 Home to his emes courte ayein,  
 1490 To whom his aventure plein  
 He tolde, of that is him befall.  
 And upon that they weren alle  
 The wifest of the londe assent,  
 But netheles of one assent  
 1495 They might nought accorde plat,  
 One faide this, an other that  
 After the disposition  
 Of natural complexion  
 To some woman it is plesaunce,  
 1500 That to another is grevaunce.  
 But suche a thinge in speciall  
 Whiche to hem alle in generall  
 Is most plesaunt and most desired  
 Above all other and most conspired,  
 1505 Suche o thing conne they nought finde  
 By constellation ne kinde.

And thus Florent withoute cure  
Mot ftonde upon his aventure  
And is al fhape unto the lere,  
1510 And as in defaulte of his anfwere  
This knight hath lever for to deie  
Than breke his trouth and for to lie  
In place where he was fwore,  
And fhapeth him gone ayein therfore.  
1515 Whan time cam he toke his leve  
That lenger wolde he nought beleve  
And praieth his eme he be nought wroth,  
For that is a point of his oth,  
He faith, that no man fhall him wreke,  
1520 Though afterward men here speke  
That he peraventure deie.  
And thus he went forth his weie  
Alone as a knight adventurous  
And in his thought was curious  
1525 To wit, what was beft to do.  
And as he rode alone fo  
And cam nigh there he wolde be,  
In a foreft there under a tree  
He figh where fat a creature,  
1530 A lothly womannisfh figure,  
That for to speke of fleshe and bone  
So foule yet figh he never none.  
This knight behelde her redily,  
And as he wolde have paffed by  
1535 She cleped him and bad abide.  
And he his hors heved afide,

- Tho torned and to her he rode  
 And there he hoved and abode  
 To wit what she wolde mene.  
 1540 And she began him to bemene  
 And said: Florent, by thy name<sup>s</sup>  
 Thou hast on honde such a game  
 That but thou be the better avised  
 Thy deth is shapen and devised,  
 1545 That al the world ne may the save,  
 But if that thou my counfeil have.  
 Florent whan he this tale herde,  
 Unto this olde wight answerde  
 And of her counfeil he her praide.  
 1550 And she ayein to him thus faide:  
 Florent, if I for the so shape,  
 That thou through me thy deth escape  
 And take worship of thy dede,  
 What shall I have to my mede?  
 1555 What thing, quod he, that thou wolde axe.  
 I bid never a better taxe,  
 Quod she, but first, or thou be sped,  
 Thou shalt me leve suche a wed,  
 That I woll have thy trouth on honde,  
 1560 That thou shalt be min husebonde.  
 Nay, faith Florent, that may nought be.  
 Ride thanne forth thy way, quod she,  
 And if thou go withoute rede,  
 Thou shalt be fekerlich dede.  
 1565 Florent behight her good inough  
 Of londe, of rent, of parke, of plough,

But all that compteth she at nought.  
 Tho fell this knight in mochel thought,  
 Now goth he forth, now cometh ayein,  
 1570 He wot nought what is best to fain  
 And thought as he rode to and fro,  
 That chese he mote one of the two  
 Or for to take her to his wife  
 Or elles for to lese his life.

1575 And than he caste his avauntage,  
 That she was of so great an age  
 That she may live but a while,  
 And thought to put her in an ile,  
 Where that no man her shulde knowe

1580 Til she with deth were overthrowe.  
 And thus this yonge lusty knight  
 Unto this olde lothly wight  
 Tho said : if that none other chaunce  
 May make my deliveraunce

1585 But only thilke fame speche  
 Which as thou saist thou shalt me teche,  
 Have here min honde, I shal the wedde.\*  
 And thus his trouth he leith to wedde.  
 With that she frounceth up the browe :

1590 This covenaut woll I allowe,  
 She saith, if any other thing  
 But that thou haste of my teching  
 Fro deth thy body may respite,  
 I woll the of thy trouth acquite

1595 And elles by none other waie.

Now herken me what I shall saie :

\* Have heer my trothe, good the knyght, I graunte. Cleene, wife of Cade, 1517.

Whan thou art come into the place,  
 Where now they maken great manace  
 And upon thy coming abide,  
 1600 They wol anone the same tide  
 Oppose the of thine answere.  
 I wot thou wolt no thing forbere  
 Of that thou wenest be thy beste,  
 And if thou might so finde reste  
 1605 Wel is, for than is ther no more.  
 And elles this shall be my lore,  
 That thou shalt saie : upon this molde  
 That alle women levest wolde  
 Be soverein of mannes love,  
 1610 For what woman is so above  
 She hath as who faith all her wille,  
 And elles may she nought fulfille  
 What thinge her were levest have.  
 With this answere thou shalt save  
 1615 Thy self and other wise nought.  
 And whan thou hast thy ende wrought,  
 Come here ayein, thou shalt me finde,  
 And let nothinge out of thy minde.  
 He goth him forth with hevy chere,  
 1620 As he that not in what manere  
 He may this worldes joie atteigne.  
 For if he deie he hath a peine,  
 And if he live he mote him binde  
 To suche one, which of alle kinde  
 1625 Of women is the unfemlieste.  
 Thus wot he nought what is the beste.



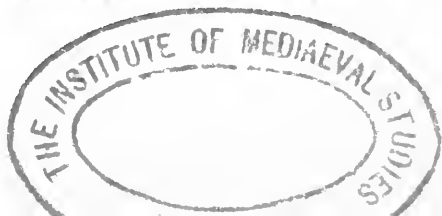
cf. no 234, 268; Vol II, pp 24, 27, 6  
334; Vol III, pp 13, 41, 126, 37

- But be him lief or be him loth\*  
 Unto the castel forth he goth  
 His full answere for to yive  
 1630 Or for to deie or for to live.  
 Forth with his counfeil came the lorde,  
 The thinges stoden of recorde,  
 He send up for the lady sone,  
 And forth she cam that olde mone.  
 1635 In presence of the remenaunt  
 The strengthe of all the covenaut  
 Tho was reherfed openly,  
 And to Florent she bad forthy,  
 That he shall tellen his avise  
 1640 As he that wot what is the prise.  
 Florent faith all that ever he couth,  
 But such word cam ther none to mouth,  
 That he for yefte or for beheste  
 Might any wise his deth areste.  
 1645 And thus he tarieth longe and late,  
 Til that this lady bad algate  
 That he shall for the dome finall  
 Yef his answere in speciall  
 Of that she had him first opposed.  
 1650 And than he hath truly supposed,  
 That he him may of nothing yelpe,  
 But if so by tho wordes helpe,  
 Which as the woman hath him taught,  
 Wherof he hath an hope caught  
 1655 That he shall be excused so.  
 And tolde out plein his wille tho.

- And whan that this matrone herde  
 The maner how this knight answerde,  
 She said : ha trefon, wo the be,  
 1660 That hast thus tolde the privete,  
 Whiche alle women most desire,  
 I wolde that thou were a fire.  
 But netheles in fuche a plite  
 Florent of his answere is quite.  
 1665 And tho began his sorwe newe,  
 For he mot gone or ben untrewe  
 To her, which his trouthe hadde.  
 But he, which al shame dradde,  
 Goth forth in stede of his penaunce  
 1670 And taketh the fortune of his chaunce  
 As he, that was with trouthe affaited.  
 This olde wight him hath awaited  
 In place where as he her lefte.  
 Florent his wofull hed up lifte  
 1675 And sigh this vecke where that she sat,  
 Which was the lothliest what,  
 That ever man cast on his eye.  
 Her nase bas, her browes high,  
 Her eyen smal and depe set,  
 1680 Her chekes ben with teres wet  
 And revelin as an empty skin  
 Hangend down unto the chin,  
 Her lippes shrunken ben for age,  
 There was no grace in her visage,  
 1685 Her front was narwe, her lockes hore,  
 She loketh forth as doth a more,

Her necke is short, her shulders courbe,  
That might a mannes lust distourbe  
Her body great and no thing small,  
1690 And shortly to describe her all  
She hath no lith without a lack,  
But liche unto the wolfe sack  
She profreth her unto this knight  
And bad him, as he hath behight  
1695 So as she hath by his warrant,  
That he her holde covenant.  
And by the bridell she him sefeth,  
But god wot how that she him pleseth,  
Of such wordes as she speketh  
1700 Him thenketh wel nigh his herte breketh  
For forwe, that he may nought fle,  
But if he wolde untrewed be.  
Loke, how a feke man for his hele  
Taketh baldemoin with canele  
1705 And with the mirre taketh the sucre,  
Right upon such a maner lucre  
Stant Florent, as in this diete  
He drinketh the bitter with the swete,  
He medleth forwe with liking  
1710 And liveth so as who faith dying.  
His youthe shall be cast away  
Upon suche one, which as the way  
Is olde and lothly overall.  
But nede he mot that nede shall  
1715 He wolde algate his trouthe holde  
As every knight therto is holde

What hap so him is ever befallē,  
 Though she be the foulest of alle,  
 Yet to thonour of womanhed  
 1720 Him thought he shulde taken heed,  
 So that for pure gentileffe,  
 As he her couthe best adresse  
 In ragges, as she was to-tore,  
 He set her on his hors to-fore  
 1725 And forth he taketh his way softe.  
 No wonder though he siketh ofte.  
 But as an oule fleeth by nighte  
 Out of all other briddes fighte,  
 Right so this knight on daies brode  
 1730 In close him held and shope his rode  
 On nightes time, till the tide  
 That he come there he wolde abide  
 And prively withoute noise  
 He bringeth this foule great coise  
 1735 To his castell in suche a wise,  
 That no man might her shape avise,  
 Til she into the chambre came,  
 Where he his prive counseil name  
 Of suche men as he most truste  
 1740 And told hem, that he nedes muste  
 This beste wedde to his wife,  
 For elles had he lost his life.  
 The prive women were assent,  
 That sholden ben of his assent.  
 1745 Her ragges they anone of drawe  
 And as it was that time lawe



She hadde bath, she hadde rest  
And was arraied to the best.  
But with no craft of combes brode  
1750 They might her hore lockes shode,  
And she ne wolde nought be shore  
For no counseil, and they therfore  
With fuche attire as tho was used  
Ordeinen, that it was excused,  
1755 And had so craftilich aboute,  
That no man mighte seen hem oute.  
But whan she was fullich arraied  
And her attire was all assaied,  
Tho was she fouler unto se.  
1760 But yet it may non other be  
They were wedded in the night,  
So wo begone was never knight  
As he was than of mariage.  
And she began to pleie and rage  
1765 As who saith, I am well inough,  
But he therof nothing ne lough.  
For she toke thanne chere on honde  
And clepeth him her husebonde  
And saith: My lord, go we to bedde,  
1770 For I to that entente wedde,  
That thou shalt be my worldes blisse.  
And profreth him with that to kisse,  
As she a lusty lady were.  
His body mighte well be there,  
1775 But as of thought and memoire  
His hert was in purgatoire.

But yet for strengthe of matrimonie  
He might make non effonie,  
That he ne mote algates plie  
1780 To gon to bed of compaignie.  
And whan they were a bedde naked  
Withoute flepe he was awaked,  
He torneth on that other side  
For that he wolde his eyen hide  
1785 Fro loking of that foule wight.  
The chamber was all full of light,  
The courtines were of fendall thinne,  
This newe bride, which lay withinne,  
Though it be nought with his accorde  
1790 In armes she beclept her lorde  
And praid, as he was torned fro  
He wolde him torne ayeinward tho.  
For now, she saith, we be both one.  
But he lay stille as any stone,\*  
1795 And ever in one she spake and praide  
And bad him thenke on that he saide,  
Whan that he toke her by the honde.  
He herd and understood the bonde,  
How he was set to his penaunce.  
1800 And as it were a man in traunce  
He torneth him all sodeinly  
And sigh a lady lay him by  
Of eightene winter age,  
Which was the fairest of visage,  
1805 That ever in all this world he sigh.  
And as he wolde have take her nigh,

- She put her hond and by his leve  
 Befought him, that he wolde leve,  
 And faith, that for to winne or lese  
 1810 He mot one of two thinges chese,  
 Where he woll have her such on night  
 Or elles upon daies light,  
 For he shall nought have bothe two.\*  
 And he began to forwe tho
- 1815 In many a wise and caste his thought,  
 But for al that yet couth he nought  
 Devise him self, which was the best.  
 And she that wolde his hertes rest  
 Praieth, that he shulde chese algate,  
 1820 Til at the laste longe and late  
 He saide: O, ye my lives hele,  
 Say what ye lifte in my quarele.  
 I not what answere I shall yive,  
 But ever while that I may live
- 1825 I woll, that ye be my maistresse,  
 For I can nought my selfe geffe,  
 Which is the best unto my chois,  
 Thus graunt I you min hole vois,  
 Chese for us bothe, I you praie,  
 1830 And what as ever that ye faie,  
 Right as ye wolle so woll I.  
 My lord, she saide, grauntmercy,  
 For of this word that ye now sain  
 That ye have made me foverein
- 1835 My destine is overpassed,  
 That never here after shall be lassed

in the ballad. So in the Italian tale of 'The Hoodie', the hoodie, or staff-crow, leads the young girl of a farmer to three daughters & ask, her  
 midst the father, that I should be a hoodie by day and a man by night, or be a hoodie by night and a man by day? She says: 'I would not  
 on work a man by day and a hoodie by night.' The answer is more usual: e.g. in Grimm, a man by day & a hoodie by night; in 13 Schmidt's  
 10, a girl by day & a man by night; in Karaditsch 'Volkswörterbuch der Serben' 3 & 10, a hoodie by day & a man by night; in A. & S. Schöner-  
 23, a man by day & a hoodie by night; in Müller's 'Leitfaden' 27, Karaditsch 6, Apollonius II, 189, a man by day & a hoodie by night. In 'Kin-  
 has is a man by day, a hoodie by night, 43 fairs are given by day & a man by night. There are similar Norse tales of 'Guth & Gaur' (East of the Sea  
 a hoodie) & others in the English & French cycle (see Keightley, 'Notes of Greek Mythology' 1890). The name of 'Hoodie' is also in 'Sage', 26 (200  
 in the Pines of the North of Shropshire, II, 1, 'working green' of 'Galeotte of Angiers', by the fairies' sister, a  
 of three lovely poor maidens, but kills the two eldest to death. Melchior's father is bound to him, so by night he has to be his prisoner & a  
 handsome youth, but she must keep his secret till he can be quite free (the Poyole idea not followed up). The birth of a child appears  
 oft, as she then tells the King & queen, who come & discover him; Galeotte has the skin torn off & resigns to his son - who is always known as K.  
 tales are in Parolatanus, 'Petre', 'Faire Rascaille' & 'Novelle 56', in 'Surpente', 'Confessio', 'Novelle 436', 'Parolatanus II, 5', 'Novelle  
 Prince Mercurius', Count Hamilton's 'Pierrot & Ferdinand', 'Cronica', 'Hain the Wolf-dog' & 'el Bazar' & 'Ferdinand's Pierrot' & 'the Hoodie'.

My beaute, which that I now have,  
Til I be take into my grave.

Both night and day as I am now

1840 I shall all way be such to you,  
The kinges daughter of Cecile  
I am, and fell but fith a while,  
As I was with my fader late,  
That my stepmoder for an hate,

1845 Which toward me she hath begonne,  
Forshope me, till I hadde wonne  
The love and the fovereinte  
Of what knight, that in his degre  
All other passeth of good name.

1850 And as men sain ye ben the same  
The dede proveth it is so,  
Thus am I youres evermo.

Tho was plesfaunce and joie inough,  
Echone with other pleid and lough,

1855 They live longe and well they ferde,  
And clerkes, that this chaunce herde,  
They writen it in evidence  
To teche, how that obedience  
May well fortune a man to love

1860 And set him in his luste above  
As it befell unto this knight.

Confessor. Forthy, my sone, if thou do right,  
Thou shalt unto thy love obeie  
And solwe her will by alle weie.

Amans. Min holy fader, so I will.  
For ye have told me such a skill



Of this ensample now to-fore,  
 That I shall evermo therfore  
 Here afterward min observaunce  
 1870 To love and to his obeissaunce  
 The better kepe, and over this  
 Of pride if there ought elles is,  
 Wherof that I me shrive shall,  
 What thing it is in speciall,  
 1875 My fader, axeth I you pray.  
 Now list, my sone, and I shall say.  
 For yet there is surquedrie,  
 Which stant with pride of compaignie,  
 Wherof that thou shalt here anone  
 1880 To knowe if thou have guilt or none,  
 Upon the forme as thou shalt here  
 Now understond well the matere.

Confessor.

*Omnia scire putat, sed se presumptio nescit,  
 Nec sibi consimile quem putat esse parem.  
 Qui magis astutus reputat se vincere bellum,  
 In laqueos Veneris forcius ipse cadit.  
 Sepe Cupido virum, sibi qui presumit, amantem  
 Fallit, et in vacuas spes redit ipsa vias.*

8.

Surquedrie is thilke vice  
 Of pride, which the third office  
 1885 Hath in his court and wol nought knowe  
 The trouthe till it overthrowe.  
 Upon his fortune and his grace  
 Cometh *had I wist* full ofte a place,  
 For he doth all his thing by gesse  
 1890 And voideth alle sikernesse,  
 None other counseil good him semeth  
 But such as he him selfe demeth.

Hic loquitur de  
 tertia specie super-  
 bie, que presump-  
cio dicitur, cuius  
 naturam primo se-  
 cundum viciū  
 confessor simplici-  
 ter declarat.

For in such wise as he compasseth  
 His wit alone all other passeth  
 1895 And is with pride so through fought,  
 That he all other set at nought  
 And weneth of him selven so,  
 That such as he there be no mo  
 So fair, so semely ne so wise,  
 1900 And thus he wolde beare a prise  
 Above all other, and nought forthy  
 He saith nought ones graunt mercy  
 To god, which alle grace sendeth,  
 So that his wittes he despendeth  
 1905 Upon him selfe, as though there were  
 No god, which might availe there.  
 But all upon his owne wit  
 He stant, till he fall in the pit  
 So fer, that he may nought arise.

Hic tractat confessor cum amante super illa saltem presumptione, ex cuius superbia quam plures fatui amantes, cum maioris certitudinis in amore spem sibi promittunt, inexpectati citius destituuntur.

And right thus in the same wise  
 The vice upon the cause of love  
 So proudly set the hert above  
 And doth him plainly for to wene,  
 That he to loven any quene  
 Hath worthinesse and suffisaunce.  
 And so withoute purveiaunce  
 Full ofte he heweth up so highe,  
 That chippes fallen in his eye,  
 And eke full ofte he weneth this,  
 1920 There as he nought beloved is  
 To be beloved altherbeste.  
 Now, sone, telle what so the leste

Of this, that I have told the here.

Ha fader, be nought in a were.

Amans.

1925 I trowe there be no man leſſe

Of any maner worthineſſe,

That halt him leſſe worthy than I

To be beloved, and nought forthy

I ſay in excuſing of me

1930 To alle men, that love is fre.

And certes that may no man werne.

For love is of him ſelfe ſo derne,

It luteth in a mannes herte.

But that ne ſhall me nought aſterte

1935 To wene for to be worthy

To loven, but in her mercy.

But ſir, of that ye wolde mene,

That I ſhulde other wiſe wene

To be beloved than I was,

1940 I am beknowe as in this caſ.

My gode ſone, telle me how.

Confellor.

Now liſt, and I woll telle you,

Amans.

My gode fader, how it is.

Full ofte it hath beſalle er this

1945 Through hope, that was nought certein,

My wening hath be ſet in vein

To truſt in thing, that helpe me nought

But onlich of min owne thought.

For as it ſemeth, that a bell

1950 Like to the wordes that men tell

Anſwereth right ſo no more ne leſſe

To you, my fader, I confeſſe.

Such will my wit hath over fet,  
 That what so hope me behet  
 1955 Full many a time I wene it soth,  
 But finally no spede it doth.  
 Thus may I tellen, as I can,  
 Wening beguileth many a man.  
 So hath it me, right wel I wot,  
 1960 For if a man wol in a bote  
 Whiche is withoute botme rowe,  
 He must nedes overthrowe.  
 Right so wening hath fard by me.  
 For whan I wende next have be,  
 1965 As I by my wening caste,  
 Than was I furthest ate laste,  
 And as a fool my bowe unbende  
 Whan all was failed that I wende.  
 Forthy, my fader, as of this  
 1970 That my wening hath gone amis  
 Touchend to surquedrie,  
 Yef me my penaunce or I die.  
 But if ye wolde in any forme  
 Of this mater a tale enforme,  
 1975 Which were ayein this vice fet,  
 I shulde fare well the bet.

Hic ponit confessor  
 exemplum contra istos,  
 qui suis viribus  
 presumptentes debiliores,  
 efficiuntur. Et narrat,  
 qualiter ille Capaneus miles in  
 armis probatissimus de sua  
 presumens audacia invocacionem

My sone, in alle maner wise  
 Surquedrie is to despise,  
 Wherof I finde write thus.  
 The proude knight Capaneus  
 He was of suche surquedrie,  
 That he through his chivalrie

Upon him self so mochel triste,  
 That to the goddes him ne lifte  
 1985 In no quarele to beseche,  
 But faide, it was an idel speche,  
 Which cause was of pure drede  
 For lacke of hert and for no nede.\*  
 And upon such presumption  
 1990 He held this proude opinion,  
 Till ate laste upon a day  
 Aboute Thebes, where he lay,  
 Whan it of siege was belaine,  
 This knight, as the croniques faine,  
 1995 In alle mannes fighte there,  
 Whan he was proudest in his gere  
 And thought how nothing might him dere,  
 Full armed with his shield and spere  
 As he the cite wolde affaile,  
 2000 God toke him selfe the bataile  
 Ayein his pride, and fro the sky  
 A firy thonder fodeinly  
 He sende and him to poudre smote.  
 And thus the pride, which was hote,  
 2005 Whan he most in his strengthe wende,  
 Was brent and lost withouten ende.  
 So that it proveth well therfore  
 The strength of man is sone lore,  
 But if that he it well governe.  
 2010 And over this a man may lerne,  
 That eke full ofte time it greveth  
 What that a man him self beleveth,

ad superos tempore  
 necessitatis ex vecor-  
 dia tamen et non aliter  
 primitus provenisse  
 asseruit, unde in obli-  
 dione civitatis The-  
 barum, cum ipse quo-  
 dam die coram suis  
 hostibus ad debellan-  
 dum se obtulit, ignis  
 de celo subito super-  
 veniens ipsum arma-  
 tum totaliter in cine-  
 res combussit.

Capone's speech, 'Thus in the day of the siege, as a story, Thebes II. 1167, 1168, 1169, 1170, 1171, 1172, 1173, 1174, 1175, 1176, 1177, 1178, 1179, 1180, 1181, 1182, 1183, 1184, 1185, 1186, 1187, 1188, 1189, 1190, 1191, 1192, 1193, 1194, 1195, 1196, 1197, 1198, 1199, 1200, 1201, 1202, 1203, 1204, 1205, 1206, 1207, 1208, 1209, 1210, 1211, 1212, 1213, 1214, 1215, 1216, 1217, 1218, 1219, 1220, 1221, 1222, 1223, 1224, 1225, 1226, 1227, 1228, 1229, 1230, 1231, 1232, 1233, 1234, 1235, 1236, 1237, 1238, 1239, 1240, 1241, 1242, 1243, 1244, 1245, 1246, 1247, 1248, 1249, 1250, 1251, 1252, 1253, 1254, 1255, 1256, 1257, 1258, 1259, 1260, 1261, 1262, 1263, 1264, 1265, 1266, 1267, 1268, 1269, 1270, 1271, 1272, 1273, 1274, 1275, 1276, 1277, 1278, 1279, 1280, 1281, 1282, 1283, 1284, 1285, 1286, 1287, 1288, 1289, 1290, 1291, 1292, 1293, 1294, 1295, 1296, 1297, 1298, 1299, 1300, 1301, 1302, 1303, 1304, 1305, 1306, 1307, 1308, 1309, 1310, 1311, 1312, 1313, 1314, 1315, 1316, 1317, 1318, 1319, 1320, 1321, 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1488, 1489, 1490, 1491, 1492, 1493, 1494, 1495, 1496, 1497, 1498, 1499, 1500, 1501, 1502, 1503, 1504, 1505, 1506, 1507, 1508, 1509, 1510, 1511, 1512, 1513, 1514, 1515, 1516, 1517, 1518, 1519, 1520, 1521, 1522, 1523, 1524, 1525, 1526, 1527, 1528, 1529, 1530, 1531, 1532, 1533, 1534, 1535, 1536, 1537, 1538, 1539, 1540, 1541, 1542, 1543, 1544, 1545, 1546, 1547, 1548, 1549, 1550, 1551, 1552, 1553, 1554, 1555, 1556, 1557, 1558, 1559, 1560, 1561, 1562, 1563, 1564, 1565, 1566, 1567, 1568, 1569, 1570, 1571, 1572, 1573, 1574, 1575, 1576, 1577, 1578, 1579, 1580, 1581, 1582, 1583, 1584, 1585, 1586, 1587, 1588, 1589, 1590, 1591, 1592, 1593, 1594, 1595, 1596, 1597, 1598, 1599, 1600, 1601, 1602, 1603, 1604, 1605, 1606, 1607, 1608, 1609, 1610, 1611, 1612, 1613, 1614, 1615, 1616, 1617, 1618, 1619, 1620, 1621, 1622, 1623, 1624, 1625, 1626, 1627, 1628, 1629, 1630, 1631, 1632, 1633, 1634, 1635, 1636, 1637, 1638, 1639, 1640, 1641, 1642, 1643, 1644, 1645, 1646, 1647, 1648, 1649, 1650, 1651, 1652, 1653, 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1986, 1987, 1988, 1989, 1990, 1991, 1992, 1993, 1994, 1995, 1996, 1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 2679, 2680, 2681, 2682, 2683, 2684, 2685, 2686, 2687, 2688, 2689, 2690, 2691, 2692, 2693, 2694, 2695, 2696, 2697, 2698, 2699, 2700, 2701, 2702, 2703, 2704, 2705, 2706, 2707, 2708, 2709, 2710, 2711, 2712, 2713, 2714, 2715, 2716, 2717, 2718, 2719, 2720, 2721, 2722, 2723, 2724, 2725, 2726, 2727, 2728, 2729, 2730, 2731, 2732, 2733, 2734, 2735, 2736, 2737, 2738, 2739, 2740, 2741, 2742, 2743, 2744, 2745, 2746, 2747, 2748, 2749, 2750, 2751, 2752, 2753, 2754, 2755, 2756, 2757, 2758, 2759, 2760, 2761, 2762, 2763, 2764, 2765, 2766, 2767, 2768, 2769, 2770, 2771, 2772, 2773, 2774, 2775, 2776, 2777, 2778, 2779, 2780, 2781, 2782, 2783, 2784, 2785, 2786, 2787, 2788, 2789, 2790, 2791, 2792, 2793, 2794, 2795, 2796, 2797, 2798, 2799, 2800, 2801, 2802, 2803, 2804, 2805, 2806, 2807, 2808, 2809, 2810, 2811, 2812, 2813, 2814, 2815, 2816, 2817, 2818, 2819, 2820, 2821, 2822, 2823, 2824, 2825, 2826, 2827, 2828, 2829, 2830, 2831, 2832, 2833, 2834, 2835, 2836, 2837, 2838, 2839, 2840, 2841, 2842, 2843, 2844, 2845, 2846, 2847, 2848, 2849, 2850, 2851, 2852, 2853, 2854, 2855, 2856, 2857, 2858, 2859, 2860, 2861, 2862, 2863, 2864, 2865, 2866, 2867, 2868, 2869, 2870, 2871, 2872, 2873, 2874, 2875, 2876, 2877, 2878, 2879, 2880, 2881, 2882, 2883, 2884, 2885, 2886, 2887, 2888, 2889, 2890, 2891, 2892, 2893, 2894, 2895, 2896, 2897, 2898, 2899, 2900, 2901, 2902, 2903, 2904, 2905, 2906, 2907, 2908, 2909, 2910, 2911, 2912, 2913, 2914, 2915, 2916, 2917, 2918, 2919, 2920, 2921, 2922, 2923, 2924, 2925, 2926, 2927, 2928, 2929, 2930, 2931, 2932, 2933, 2934, 2935, 2936, 2937, 2938, 2939, 2940, 2941, 2942, 2943, 2944, 2945, 2946, 2947, 2948, 2949, 2950, 2951, 2952, 2953, 2954, 2955, 2956, 2957, 2958, 2959, 2960, 2961, 2962, 2963, 2964, 2965, 2966, 2967, 2968, 2969, 2970, 2971, 2972, 2973, 2974, 2975, 2976, 2977, 2978, 2979, 2980, 2981, 2982, 2983, 2984, 2985, 2986, 2987, 2988, 2989, 2990, 2991, 2992, 2993, 2994, 2995, 2996, 2997, 2998, 2999, 3000, 3001, 3002, 3003, 3004, 3005, 3006, 3007, 3008, 3009, 3010, 3011, 3012, 3013, 3014, 3015, 3016, 3017, 3018, 3019, 3020, 3021, 3022, 3023, 3024, 3025, 3026, 3027, 3028, 3029, 3030, 3031, 3032, 3033, 3034, 3035, 3036, 3037, 3038, 3039, 3040, 3041, 3042, 3043, 3044, 3045, 3046, 3047, 3048, 3049, 3050, 3051, 3052, 3053, 3054, 3055, 3056, 3057, 3058, 3059, 3060, 3061, 3062, 3063, 3064, 3065, 3066, 3067, 3068, 3069, 3070, 3071, 3072, 3073, 3074, 3075, 3076, 3077, 3078, 3079, 3080, 3081, 3082, 3083, 3084, 3085, 3086, 3087, 3088, 3089, 3090, 3091, 3092, 3093, 3094, 3095, 3096, 3097, 3098, 3099, 3100, 3101, 3102,

As though it shulde him well befeme,  
That he all other men can deme

2015 And hath foryete his owne vice.

A tale of hem that be so nice  
And feigne hem self to be so wise

I shall the telle in suche a wise,  
Wherof thou shalt ensample take,

2020 That thou no such thing undertake.

Hic loquitur confessor  
contra illos, quide sua  
sciencia presumptentes  
aliorum condiciones  
dijudicantes indiscre-  
te redarguunt, et  
narrat exemplum de  
quodam principe regis  
Hungarie germano,  
qui cum fratrem suum  
pauperibus in publico  
vidit humiliatum, ipsum  
redarguendo in contrarium  
edocere presumebat,  
sed rex omni sapiencia  
prepollens ipsum sic  
incaute presumptentem  
ad humilitatis memoriam  
terribili providencia  
micus castigavit.

\* I finde upon surquedrie,  
How that whilom of Hungarie  
By olde daies was a king  
Wise and honest in alle thing.

And so befell upon a daie  
And that was in the month of may,  
As thilke time it was usaunce,  
This king with noble purveiaunce  
Hath for him selfe his chare arraied,  
Wherin he wolde ride amaied

Out of the cite for to pleie  
With lordes and with great nobleie  
Of lusty folk that were yonge,  
Where some pleide and some songe

2035 And some gone and some ride  
And some prick her horse aside  
And bridlen hem now in now oute.  
The kinge his eye cast aboute,  
Til he was ate laste ware

2040 And figh comend ayein his chare  
Two pilgrimes of so great age,  
That lich unto a drie ymage,

That weren pale and fade hewed,  
And as a bushe, whiche is besnewed,  
2045 Here berdes weren hore and white.  
There was of kinde but a lite,  
That they ne semen fully dede.  
They comen to the king and bede  
Some of his good pur charite.  
2050 And he with great humilite  
Out of his chare to grounde lepte  
And hem in both his armes kepte  
And kist hem bothe foot and honde  
Before the lordes of his londe  
2055 And yaf hem of his good therto.  
And whan he hath this dede do  
He goth into his chare ayeine.  
Tho was murmur, tho was disdeine,  
Tho was compleinte on every side,  
2060 They faiden of their owne pride  
Echone till other : what is this ?  
Our king hath do this thing amis  
So to abesse his roialte,  
That every man it mighte se,  
2065 And humbled him in such a wise  
To hem that were of none emprise.  
Thus was it spoken to and fro  
Of hem, that were with him tho  
All prively behinde his backe.  
2070 But to him selfe no man spake.  
The kinges brother in presence  
Was thilke time and great offence

He toke therof and was the fame  
 Above all other, which moſte blame  
 2075 Upon his lege lord hath laid  
 And hath unto the lordes ſaid,  
 Anone as he may time finde,  
 There ſhall nothing be left behinde,  
 That he wol ſpeke unto the king.  
 2080 Now liſt what fell upon this thing.  
 The weder was merie and fair inough,  
 Echone with other pleid and lough  
 And fellen into tales newe,  
 How that the freſhe floures grewe,  
 2085 And how the grene leues ſpronge,  
 And how that love amonge the yonge  
 Began the hertes thanne awake,  
 And every brid hath choſe his make.  
 And thus the maies day to thende  
 2090 They lede and home ayein they wende.  
 The king was nought ſo ſone come,  
 That whan he had his chambre nome,  
 His brother ne was redy there  
 And brought a tale unto his ere  
 2095 Of that he didde ſuch a ſhame  
 In hindring of his owne name,  
 Whan he him ſelfe wolde dreche,  
 That to ſo vile a pouer wrecche  
 Him deigneth ſhewe ſuch ſimpleſſe  
 2100 Ayein the ſtate of his nobleſſe.  
 And ſaith, he ſhall it no more uſe  
 And that he mot him ſelfe excuſe



Toward his lordes everichone.  
The king stood still as any stone  
2105 And to his tale an ere he laide  
And thought more than he saide.  
But netheles to that he herde  
Well curteisly the king answerde  
And tolde, it shulde ben amended.  
2110 And thus whan that here tale is ended,  
All redy was the bord and cloth,  
The king unto his souter goth  
Among the lordes to the halle.  
And whan they hadde souped alle,  
2115 They token leve and forth they go.  
The king bethought him felfe tho,  
How he his brother may chasteie,  
That he through his surquedrie  
Toke upon honde to dispreise  
2120 Humilite, which is to preise,  
And therupon yaf such counseil  
Toward his king, that was nought heil,  
Wherof to be the better lered  
He thenketh to make him afered.  
2125 It fell so, that in thilke dawe  
There was ordeigned by the lawe  
A trompe with a sterne breth,  
Which was cleped the trompe of deth.  
And in the court, where the king was,  
2130 A certain man this trompe of brasse  
Hath in keping and therof serveth,  
That whan a lord his deth deserveth,

He shall this dredfull trompe blowe  
 To-fore his gate and make it knowe,  
 2135 How that the jugement is yive  
 Of deth, which shall nought be foryive.  
 The king whan it was night anone  
 This man assent and bad him gone  
 To trompen at his brothers gate.  
 2140 And he, which mot so done algate,  
 Goth forth and doth the kinges hest.  
 This lord, which herde of this tempest,  
 That he to-fore his gate blewe,  
 Tho wist he by the lawe and knewe,  
 2145 That he was sekerlich dede.  
 And as of helpe he wist no rede,  
 But fende for his frendes all  
 And tolde hem how it is befall.  
 And they him axe cause why,  
 2150 But he the sothe nought forthy  
 Ne wist, and there was forwe tho.  
 For it stood thilke time so,  
 This trompe was of such sentence,  
 That there ayein no resistance  
 2155 They couthe ordeine by no weie,  
 That he ne mot algate deie,  
 But if so that he may purchase  
 To get his lege lordes grace.  
 Here wittes therupon they caste  
 2160 And ben appointed ate laste.  
 This lorde a worthy lady had  
 Unto his wife, whiche also drad

Her lordes deth, and children five  
Betwene hem two they had alive,  
2165 That weren yonge and tender of age  
And of stature and of visage  
Right faire and lusty on to fe.  
Tho casten they, that he and she  
Forth with their children on the morwe,  
2170 As they that were full of forwe,  
All naked but of smock and sherte  
To tendre with the kinges herte  
His grace shulden go to seche  
And pardon of the deth beseche.  
2175 Thus passen they that wofull night,  
And erly whan they figh it light  
They gone hem forth in suche a wise,  
As thou to-fore hast herd devise,  
All naked but here shertes on  
2180 They wepte and made mochel mone.  
Here hair hangend about here eres.  
With sobbing and with sory teres  
This lord goth than an humble pas,  
That whilom proud and noble was,  
2185 Wherof the cite fore a flight  
Of hem that sawen thilke fight.  
And nethelss all openly  
With such weping and with such cry  
Forth with his children and his wife  
2190 He goth to praie for his life.  
Unto the court whan they be come  
And men therin have hede nome,



Of deth, which standeth under the lawe  
Of man, and man it may withdrawe,  
2225 So that it may perchaunce faile.  
Now shalt thou nought forthy merveile,  
That I down from my chare alight,  
Whan I beheld to-fore my fight  
In hem that were of so great age  
2230 Min owne deth through here ymage,  
Which god hath set by lawe of kinde,  
Wherof I may no bote finde.  
For well I wot, fuche as they be  
Right fuche am I in my degre  
2235 Of fleshe and blood and so shall deie.  
And thus though I that lawe obeie  
Of which that kinges ben put under,  
It ought ben well the lasse wonder  
Than thou, which art withoute nede  
2240 For lawe of londe in fuche a drede,  
Which for to accompte is but a jape  
As thing, which thou might overscape.  
Forthy, my brother, after this  
I rede, that sithen it so is,  
2245 That thou canst drede a man so fore,  
Drede god with all thin herte more.  
For all shall deie and all shall passe  
As well a leon as an affe,  
As well a begger as a lorde,  
2250 Towardes dethe in one accorde  
They shullen stonde, and in this wise  
The kinge with his wordes wise

His brother taught and all foryive.

Confessor. Forthy, my sone, if thou wolt live

1255 In vertue, thou must vice escheue  
And with lowe herte humbleesse sue,  
So that thou be nought furquedous.

Amans. My fader, I am amorous,  
Wherof I wolde you beseche

1260 That ye me some ensample teche,  
Which might in loves cause stonde.

Confessor. My sone, thou shalt understonde  
In love and other thinges alle,  
If that furquedrie falle,

1265 It may to him nought well betide,  
Which useth thilke vice of pride  
Which torneth wisdom to wening  
And sothfastnesse into lesing  
Through foll imagination.

1270 And for thin enformation,  
That thou this vice as I the rede  
Escheue shalte, a tale I rede,  
Which fell whilom by daies olde,  
So as the clerke Ovide tolde.\*

Hic in speciali tractat  
confessor cum a-  
mante contra illos,  
qui de propria formo-  
sitate presumptis  
amorem mulieris de-  
dignantur. Et narrat  
exemplum, qualiter  
cuiusdam principis fi-  
lius nomine Narcizus  
estivo tempore, cum  
ipse venacionis causa  
quendam cervum so-  
lus cum suis canibus

There was whilom a lordes sone,  
Which of his pride a nice wone  
Hath caught, that worthy to his liche  
To sechen all the worldes riche  
There was no woman for to love.  
So high he set him selfe above  
Of stature and of beaute bothe,  
That him thought alle women lothe.

So was there no comparifon  
As towarde his condition.

2285 This yonge lord Narcizus hight.

No ftrength of love bowe might

His herte, whiche is unaffiled.

But ate lafte he was beguiled.

For of the goddes purveiaunce

2290 It felle him on a day perchaunce,

That he in all his proude fare

Unto the foreft gan to fare

Amonge other, that there were,

To hunten and difporte him there.

2295 And whan he cam into the place,

Where that he wolde make his chace,

The houndes weren in a throwe

Uncoupled and the hornes blowe,

The great herte anone was founde

2300 With fwifte feet fet on the grounde.

And he with fpoore in horfe fide

Him hafteth fafte for to ride,

Till alle men be left behinde.

And as he rode under a linde

2305 Befide a roche, as I the telle,

He figh where fpronge a lufte welle.

The day was wonder hote withalle,

And fuche a thurft was on him falle,

That he muft outhere deie or drinke.

2310 And downe he light and by the brinke

He tide his hors unto a braunche

And laid him lowe for to ft aunche

exagitaret, in gravem  
fitim incurrens necef-  
fitate compulfus ad bi-  
bendum de quodam  
fonte pronus inclina-  
vit, ubi ipfe faciem  
fuam pulcherrimam  
in aqua percipiens  
putabat fe per hoc il-  
lam nimpham, quam  
poete Ekko vocant,  
in flumine coram fuis  
oculis potius confpex-  
iffe, de cuius amore  
confestim laqueatus,  
ut ipfam ad fe de  
fonte extraheret, plu-  
ribus blandiciis adu-  
labatur, fed cum illud  
perficere nullatenus  
potuit, pre nimio lan-  
guore deficiens contra  
lapides ibidem adja-  
centes caput exverbe-  
rans cerebrum effudit.  
Et fic de propria pul-  
chritudine qui fuerat  
prefumptuofus de  
propria pulchritudine  
fatuatus interiit.

- His thurst. And as he cast his loke  
 Into the welle and hede toke,  
 2315 He sigh the like of his visage  
 And wende there were an ymage  
 Of fuche a nimphe, as tho was say,  
 Wherof that love his herte assay  
 Began, as it was after sene  
 2320 Of his sotie and made him wene  
 It were a woman, that he sigh.  
 The more he cam the welle nigh,  
 The nere cam she to him ayein.  
 So wist he never what to sain,  
 2325 For whan he wepte he sigh her wepe,  
 And whan he cried he toke good kepe,  
 The same worde she cried also,  
 And thus began the newe wo,  
 That whilom was to him so straunge.  
 2330 Tho made him love an harde eschaunge  
 To set his herte and to beginne  
 Thing, whiche he might never winne.  
 And ever amonge he gan to loute  
 And praith, that she to him come oute.  
 2335 And other while he goth a fer  
 And other while he draweth ner  
 And ever he founde her in one place.  
 He wepeth, he crieth, he axeth grace,  
 There as he mighte gete none.  
 2340 So that ayein a roche of ston,  
 As he that knewe none other rede,  
 He smote him self til he was dede,



\* Wherof the nimphes of the welles  
 And other that there weren elles  
 1345 Unto the wodes belongende  
 The body, which was dede ligende,  
 For pure pite that they have  
 Under grave they begrave.  
 And than out of his sepulture  
 1350 There spronge anone peraventure  
 Of floures suche a wonder fight,  
 That men ensample take might  
 Upon the dedes whiche he dede.  
 And tho was sene in thilke stede,  
 1355 For in the winter fresh and faire  
 The floures ben, whiche is contraire  
 To kinde, and so was the folie  
 Which felle of his surquedrie.

Thus he, which love had in disdeigne,      Confessor.  
 1360 Worst of all other was beseine,  
 And as he set his prise most hie,  
 He was left worthy in loves eye  
 And most bejaped in his wit,  
 Wherof the remembraunce is yit,  
 1365 So that thou might ensample take  
 And eke all other for his sake.

My fader, as touchend of me      Amans.  
 This vice I thenke for to fle,  
 Whiche of his wening overthroweth  
 1370 And namelich of thing, which groweth  
 In loves cause or well or wo,  
 Yet prided I me never so.

The following 16 lines are a late addition to the poem. It is not in the original MS. and is not in the early editions.

A line is added at the end of the poem. It is not in the original MS. and is not in the early editions.

But wolde god that grace sende,  
 That toward me my lady wende  
 2375 As I towarde here wene,  
 My love shulde so be sene,  
 There shulde go no pride a place.  
 But I am fer fro thilke grace  
 And for to speke of time nowe  
 2380 So mote I suffre and praie you,  
 That ye woll axe on other side,  
 If there be any point of pride  
 Wherof it nedeth me to be thrive.

Confessor.      My sone, god it the foryive,  
 2385 If thou have any thing misdo  
 Touchend of this, but evermo  
 Ther is another yet of pride  
 Which couth never his wordes hide,  
 That he ne wold him selfe avaunt.  
 2390 There may nothing his tunge daunt,  
 That he ne clappeth as a belle,  
 Wherof if thou wolt that I telle  
 It is behovely for to here,  
 So that thou might thy tunge stere  
 2395 Toward the worlde and stonde in grace,  
 Which lacketh ofte in many a place  
 To him that can nought fitte stille,  
 Whiche elles shuld have all his wille.

9.      *Magniloque propriam minuit jactantia lingue  
           Famam, quam stabilem firmat honore silens.  
           Ipse sui laudem meriti non percipit, unde  
           Se sua per verba jactat in orbe palam.  
           Estque viri culpa jactantia, que rubifacetas  
           In muliere reas causat habere genas.*

The vice cleped avauntance  
 2400 With pride hath take his acquaintance,  
 So that his owne prife he lasseth  
 Whan he such mesure overpasseth,  
 That he his owne herald is.  
 That first was wel is thanne mis,  
 2405 That was thankworthy is than blame,  
 And thus the worship of his name  
 Through pride of his avauntarie  
 He torneth into vilenie.  
 I rede, how that this proude vice  
 2410 Hath thilke wind in his office,  
 Which through the blastes that he bloweth  
 The mannes fame he overthroweth  
 Of vertue which shulde elles springe  
 Unto the worldes knouleching.  
 2415 But he fordoth it all to fore,  
 And right of such a maner lore  
 There ben lovers, forthy if thou  
 Art one of hem, tell and say how,  
 Whan thou hast taken any thinge  
 2420 Of loves yefte or ouche or ringe  
 Or toke upon the for the colde  
 Some goodly word that the was tolde  
 Of frendly chere or token or letter,  
 Wherof thin herte was the better,  
 2425 Of that she sende the gretinge.  
 Hast thou for pride of thy likinge  
 Made thin avaunt, where as the liste?  
 I wolde, fader, that ye wiste

Hic loquitur de quarta specie superbie, que *jaſtancia* dicitur, ex cuius natura cauſatur, ut homo de ſe ipſo *teſtimonium* perhibens ſuarum virtutum merita de laude in culpam transferat et, ſuam famam cum extollere vellet, illam proprio ore ſubvertat. Sed et Venus in amoris cauſa de iſto vicio maculatos a ſua curia ſuper omnes alios abhorrens expellit et eorum multiloquium verecunda deteſtatur, unde confeffor amanti opponens materiam plenius declarat.

Amans.

My conscience lith not here.

2430 Yet had I never such matere,  
Wherof min herte might amende,  
Nought of so mochel as she fende  
By mouth and faide : grete him wel.  
And thus for that there is no dele

2435 Wherof to make min avaunt,  
It is to refon accordaunt,  
That I may never, but I lie,  
Of love make avauntarie.

I wote nought what I shulde have do,  
2440 If that I had encheson so  
As ye have said here many one.  
But I found cause never none  
But daunger<sup>+</sup>, which me welnigh slough.  
Therof I couthe telle inough

2445 And of none other avauntaunce.  
Thus nedeth me no repentaunce.  
Now axeth further of my life,  
For herof am I nought gultife.

Confessor. My sone, I am wel paid with all.

2450 For wite it wel in speciall,  
That love of his verray justice  
Above all other ayein this vice  
At alle times most debateth  
With all his hert and most it hateth.

2455 And eke in alle maner wise  
Avauntarie is to despise,  
As by ensample thou might wite,  
Whiche I finde in the bokes write.

\* Of hem that we Lombardes now calle

2460 Albinus was the firste of alle,  
 Which bare crowne of Lombardie,  
 And was of great chivalrie  
 In werre ayeinst divers kinges.  
 So felle amonge other thinges,  
 2465 That he that time a werre had  
 With Gurmund, which the Geptes lad,  
 And was a mightie kinge also.  
 But netheles it fell him so  
 Albinus slough him in the felde,  
 2470 Ther halpe him nouthur spere ne shelde,  
 That he ne smote his heved of thanne,  
 Wherof he toke away the panne,  
 Of whiche he saide he wolde make  
 A cuppe for Gurmundes sake  
 2475 To kepe and drawe into memoire  
 Of his bataile the victoire.  
 And thus when he the felde had wonne,  
 The londe anon was overronne  
 And fefed in his owne honde,  
 2480 Where he Gurmundes doughter fonde,  
 Which maide Rosemunde hight,  
 And was in every mannes sight  
 A fair, a fresh, a lusty one.  
 His herte fell to her anone,  
 2485 And suche a love on her he cast,  
 That he her wedded ate last.  
 And after that long time in reste  
 With her he dwelleth and to the beste

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui vel de sua in armis probitate, vel de suo in amoris causa desiderio completo se jactant. Et narrat, qualiter Albinus primus rex Longobardorum, cum ipse quendam alium regem nomine Gurmundum in bello morientem triumphasset, testam capitis defuncti auferens ciphum ex ea gemmis et auro circumligatum in sue victorie memoriam fabricari constituit insuper et ipsius Gurmundi filiam Rosemundam rapiens maritali thoro in conjugem sibi copulavit. Unde ipso Albino postea coram regni sui nobilibus in suo regali convivio sedente dicti Gurmundi ciphum infuso vino ad se inter epulas afferri jussit, quem sumptum uxori sue regine porrexit dicens: bibe cum patre tuo, quod et ipsa huiusmodi operis ignara fecit. Quo facto rex statim super his, que prius gesta fuerant, cunctis audientibus per singula se jactavit. Regina vero cum talia audisset, celato animo factum abhorrens in mortem domini sui regis circumspecta industria conspiravit ipsumque auxiliantibus Glodesida et Helmege brevi subsecuto tempore interfecit, cuius mortem du-

Wrote Alborn & Rosemond on Golfing, being a Particular part. The 1<sup>st</sup> is the name of Parker's Edition, yet  
but it is 28. Confusion Arise with 27, peruse some knowledge of 'Particular', which with the later process  
Very, really, could be going both to the 'Particulars', which also are for other parts, a kind of an edition  
Particular.

Ravenensis tam in  
corpus dicte regine  
quam suorum fauto-  
rum postea vindicavit.  
Sed et huius tocius  
infortunii sola super-  
bie jactancia fomitem  
ministrabat.

They love eche other wonder wele.  
But she, that kepeth the blinde whele,  
Venus, when they be most above  
In all the hottest of her love,  
Her whele she torneth, and they felle  
In the maner, as I shall telle.

1495 This king, which stood in all his welth  
Of pees, of worship and of helth,  
And felt him on no side greved  
As he that hath his worlde acheved,  
Tho thought he wolde a feste make

1500 And that was for his wives sake,  
That she the lordes ate feste,  
That were obeisaunt to his heste,  
May knowe. And so forth there upon  
He lette ordeigne and send anon

1505 By letters and by messengers  
And warned all his officers,  
That every thing be well arraied,  
The great stedes were affaied  
For justinge and for tornement,

1510 And many a perled garnement  
Embrouded was ayein the day.  
The lordes in her beste array  
Be comen at the time set,  
One justeth well, an other bet,

1515 And other while they torney,  
And thus they casten care away  
And token lustes upon honde.  
And after thou shalt understonde

To mete into the kinges halle  
 1520 They comen, as they be bidden alle.  
 And whan they were fet and served  
 Than after, as it was deserved  
 To hem, that worthy knightes were  
 So as they fetten here and there,  
 1525 The prife was yove and spoken out  
 Among the heralds all about.  
 And thus benethe and eke above  
 All was of armes and of love,  
 Wherof aboute ate bordes  
 1530 Men had many fondry wordes,  
 That of the mirthe which they made  
 The kinge him self began to glade  
 Within his hert and toke a pride  
 And figh the cuppe ftonde aside,  
 1535 Which made was of Gurmundes hed,  
 As ye have herd, when he was ded,  
 And was with golde and riche ftones  
 Befet and bounde for the nones,\*  
 And ftoode upon a fote on highte  
 1540 Of burned golde, and with great flighte  
 Of werkmenfhip it was begrave,  
 Of fuch worke as it fhulde have  
 And was policed eke fo clene,  
 That no figne of the fcull was fene  
 1545 But as it were a gripes eye.  
 The king bad bere his cuppe away  
 Which ftood before him on the borde  
 And fette thilke upon his worde.

4. vol. II. ff. 97, 72, 102  
 261, 36, 102. ff. 74, 1  
 318, 357

- This sculle is fette and wine therinne,  
 2550 Wherof he bad his wife beginne :  
 Drink with thy fader, dame, he said.  
 And she to his bidding obeid  
 And toke the sculle, and what her list  
 She drank as she, which nothing wist  
 2555 What cup it was. And than all out  
 The kinge in audience about  
 Hath tolde, it was her faders sculle,  
 So that the lordes knowe shulle  
 Of his bataile a soth witnesse,  
 2560 And made avaunt through what prowesse . . .  
 He hath his wives love wonne,  
 Whiche of the sculle hath so begonne.  
 Tho was there mochel pride alofte,  
 They spoken all, and she was softe,  
 2565 Thenkend on thilke unkind pride  
 Of that her lord so nigh her side  
 Avaunteth him, that he hath slaine  
 And piked out her faders braine  
 And of the sculle had made a cuppe.  
 2570 She suffreth all till they were uppe,  
 And tho she hath sekenesse feigned  
 And goth to chambre and hath compleigned  
 Unto a maide which she triste,  
 So that none other wight it wiste.  
 2575 This maide Glodeside is hote,<sup>3</sup>  
 To whom this lady hath behote  
 Of ladiship all that she can  
 To vengen her upon this man,



Which did her drink in fuche a plite  
1580 Among hem alle for despite  
Of her and of her fader bothe,  
Wherof her thoughtes ben so wrothe,  
She saith, that she shall nought be glad,  
Till that she se him so bestad,  
1585 That he no more make avaunt.  
And thus they felle in covenant,  
That they accorden ate laste  
With fuche wiles as they caste,  
That they wol get of here accorde  
1590 Some orped knight to fle this lorde.  
And with this fleighte they beginne,  
How they Helmege mighten winne,  
Which was the kinges boteler,  
A proude and lusty bachiler,  
1595 And Glodeside he loveth hote.  
And she to make him more affote  
Her love graunteth, and by nighte  
They shape how they to-gider mighte  
A bedde mete. And done it was  
2600 This same night. And in this cas  
The quene her self the night seconde  
Went in her stede and there she fonde  
A chambre derke without light  
And goth to bedde to this knight.  
2605 And he to kepe his observaunce  
To love doth his obeisaunce  
And weneth it be Glodeside.  
And she than after lay a fide

- And axeth him what he hath do,  
 2610 And who she was she tolde him tho  
 And said : Helmege, I am thy quene,  
 Now shall thy love well be sene  
 Of that thou hast thy wille wrought,  
 Or it shall fore ben abought,  
 2615 Or thou shalt worche, as I the saie.  
 And if thou wolt by suche a waie  
 Do my plesaunce and holde it stille,  
 For ever I shall ben at thy wille  
 Bothe I and all min heritage.  
 2620 Anone the wilde loves rage,  
 In which no man him can governe,  
 Hath made him, that he can nought werne,  
 But felle all hole to her assent,  
 And thus the whele is all miswent,  
 2625 The which fortune hath upon honde.  
 For how that ever it after stonde,  
 They shope among hem such a wile  
 The king was ded within a while.  
 So flily came it nought aboute,  
 2630 That they ne ben discovered out,  
 So that it thought hem for the beste  
 To fle, for there was no reste.  
 And thus the trefor of the kinge  
 They trusse and mochel other thinge  
 2635 And with a certaine felasship  
 They fled and went away by ship  
 And helde her right cours from thenne,  
 Till that they comen to Ravenne,

Where they the dukes helpe fought.  
 2640 And he, so as they him befought,  
 A place graunteth for to dwelle.  
 But after, whan he herde telle  
 Of the maner how they have do,  
 The duke let shape for hem so,  
 2645 That of a poison which they drunke  
 They hadden that they have beswunke.  
 And all this made avaunt of pride.  
 Good is therfore a man to hide  
 His owne prife, for if he speke,  
 2650 He may lightly his thanke breke.  
 In armes lith none avauntance  
 To him, which thenketh his name avaunce  
 And be renommed of his dede.  
 And also who that thenketh to spede  
 2655 Of love he may nought him avaunte.  
 For what man thilke vice haunte,  
 His purpose shall full ofte faile.  
 In armes he that woll travaile  
 Or elles loves grace atteigne,  
 2660 His lose tunge he mot restreigne,  
 Whiche bereth of his honour the keie.  
 Forthy my sone, in alle waie  
 Take right good hede of this matere.  
 I thonke you, my fader dere,  
 2665 This scole is of a gentil lore.  
 And if there be ought elles more  
 Of pride whiche I shall escheue,  
 Nowe axeth forth, and I woll sue

Confessor.

Amans.

*on ch. 11. ending by 5. 1. 1. 1.*

What thing, that ye me woll enforme.

Confessor. My sone, yet in other forme  
 There is a vice of prides lore,  
 Which like an hawk, whan he will fore,  
 Fleeth up on high in his delices  
 After the likinge of his vices  
 2675 And woll no mannes reson knowe,  
 Till he down falle and overthrowe.  
 This vice veingloire<sup>s</sup> is hote,  
 Wherof, my sone, I the behote  
 To trete and speke in suche a wise,  
 2680 That thou the might better avise.

10. *Gloria perpetuos pregnat mundana dolores,  
 Qui tamen est vanus gaudia vana cupit.  
 Eius amiciciam, quem gloria tollit inanis,  
 Non sine blandiciis planus habebit homo.  
 Verbis compositis qui scit strigilare favellum,  
 Scandere sellata jura valebit eques.  
 Sic in amore magis qui blanda subornat in ore  
 Verba per hoc bravium que nequit alter habet.  
 Et tamen ornatos cantus variosque paratus  
 Letaque corda suis legibus optat amor.*

Hic loquitur de  
 quinta specie su-  
 perbie, que inanis  
 gloria vocatur, et  
 eiusdem vicii natu-  
 ram primo descri-  
 bens super eodem  
 in amoris causa  
 confessor amanti  
 consequenter op-  
 ponit.

The proude vice of veingloire  
 Remembreth nought of purgatoire,  
 His worlde's joies ben so grete,  
 Him thenketh of heven no beyete.  
 This lives pompe is all his pees,  
 Yet shall he deie netheles,  
 And therof thenketh he but a lite,  
 For all his lust is to delite  
 In newe thinges, proude and veine,  
 2690 Als ferforth as he may atteine.

I trowe, if that he mighte make  
 His body newe, he wolde take  
 A newe forme and leve his olde.  
 For what thing, that he may beholde,  
 2695 The which to comun use is straunge,  
 Anone his olde guise chaunge  
 He woll and falle therupon  
 Lich unto the camelion,  
 Whiche upon every fondry hewe  
 2700 That he beholt he mote newe  
 His colour, and thus unavifed  
 Ful ofte time he stant desguised  
 More jolif than the brid in maie.  
 He maketh him ever fresh and gaie  
 2705 And doth all his array desguise,  
 So that of him the newe guise  
 Of lusty folke all other take.  
 And eke he can carolles make,  
 Roundel, balade and virelay.  
 2710 And with all this, if that he may  
 Of love gete him avauntage,  
 Anone he wext of his corage  
 So over glad, that of his ende  
 He thenketh there is no deth comende.  
 2715 For he hath than at alle tide  
 Of love such a maner pride,  
 Him thenketh his joy is endeles.  
 Now thrive the, sone, in goddes pees  
 And of thy love tell me plein,  
 2720 If that thy gloire hath be so vein.

Salomon. Amic-  
 tus eius annunciat  
 de eo. ✱

Confessor.

Amans. My fader, as touchend of all  
 I may nought well ne nought ne shall  
 Of vein gloire excuse me,  
 That I ne have for love be  
 1725 The better addrested and arraied.  
 And also I have ofte affaied  
 Roundel, balade and virelay  
 For her, on whom min herte lay,  
 To make and also for to peinte  
 1730 Carolles with my wordes queinte  
 To sette my purpos alofte.  
 And thus I sang hem forth full ofte  
 In halle and eke in chambre aboute  
 And made merie among the route.  
 1735 But yet ne ferde I nought the bet.  
 Thus was my gloire in vein beset  
 Of all the joie that I made.  
 For when I wolde with her glade  
 And of her love songes make,  
 1740 She saide, it was nought for her sake,  
 And liste nought my songes here  
 Ne witen, what the wordes were.  
 So for to speke of min array  
 Yet couth I never be so gay  
 1745 Ne so well make a songe of love,  
 Wherof I mighte ben above  
 And have encheson to be glad.  
 But rather I am ofte adrad  
 For forwe, that she saith me nay.  
 1750 And nethelès I woll nought say,

That I nam glad on other side  
For fame, that can nothing hide.  
All day woll bringe unto min ere  
Of that men speken here and there,  
2755 How that my lady berth the prife,  
How she is faire, how she is wise,  
How she is womanlich of chere.  
Of all this thing whan I may here,  
What wonder is though I be fain.  
2760 And eke whan I may here fain  
Tidinges of my ladis hele,  
All though I may nought with her dele,  
Yet am I wonder glad of that.  
For whan I wote her good estate,  
2765 As for that time I dare well swere,  
None other sorwe may me dere.  
Thus am I gladed in this wise.  
But, fader, of your lores wife,  
Of whiche ye be fully taught,  
2770 Now tell me if ye thenketh ought,  
That I therof am for to wite.  
Of that there is, I the acquite,  
My sone, he faide, and for thy good  
I woll that thou understood,  
2775 For I thenke upon this matere  
To tell a tale, as thou shalt here,  
How that ayein this proude vice  
The highe god of his justice  
Is wrothe and great vengeaunce doth.  
2780 Nowe herken a tale, that is soth,

Confessor.

Though it be nought of loves kinde.  
 A great enfample thou shalt finde  
 This veingloire for to fle,  
 1784 Whiche is so full of vanite.

11. *Humani generis cum sit tibi gloria major,  
 Sepe subesse solet proximis ille dolor.  
 Mens elata graves descensus sepe subibit,  
 Mens humilis stabile molleque firmat iter.  
 Motibus innumeris volutat fortuna per orbem,  
 Cum magis alta petis, inferiora time.*

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra vicium inanis glorie narrans, qualiter Nabugodonosor rex Caldeorum cum ipse in omni sue magestatis gloria celsior extitisset, deus eius superbiam castigare volens ipsum extra formam hominis in bestiam fenum comedentem transmutavit. Et sic per septennium penitens cum ipse potentiores se agnovit, misertus deus ipsum in regni sui solium restituta sanitate commendatum graciosius collocavit.

\* There was a king, that mochel might,  
 Which Nabugodonosor hight,  
 Of whom that I spake here to-fore.  
 Yet in the bible this name is bore,  
 For all the worlde in thorient  
 Was hole at his commaundement,  
 As than of kinges to his liche  
 Was none so mighty ne so riche,  
 To his empire and to his lawes  
 As who faith all in thilke dawes  
 Were obeisaunt and tribute bere,  
 As though he god of erthe were.  
 With strengthe he put kinges under  
 And wrought of pride many a wonder,  
 He was so full of veingloire,  
 1800 That he ne hadde no memoire,  
 That there was any god but he  
 For pride of his prosperite.  
 Till that the highe king of kinges,  
 Which seeth and knoweth alle thinges,  
 1805 Whose eye may nothinge avertere  
 The privetes of mannes herte,



They speke and sounen in his ere  
As though they loude windes were,  
He toke vengeance of his pride.  
1810 But for he wolde a while abide  
To loke, if he wolde him amende,  
To him afore token he fende.  
And that was in his slepe by night  
This proude kinge a wonder fight  
1815 Had in his sweven, there he lay.  
Him thought upon a mery day,  
As he beheld the world aboute,  
A tre full growe he figh there oute  
Which stood the world amiddes even,  
1820 Whos heighte straught up to the heven.  
The leues weren faire and large,  
Of fruit it bore so ripe a charge,  
That alle men it mighte fede.  
He figh also the bowes sprede  
1825 Above all erth, in whiche were  
The kinde of alle briddes there.  
And eke him thought he figh also  
The kinde of alle bestes go  
Under the tre about round  
1830 And fedden hem upon the ground.  
As he this wonder stood and figh,  
Him thought he herde a vois on high  
Criende, and faide aboven alle :  
Hewe down this tree and let it falle,  
1835 The leues let defoule in haste  
And do the fruit destruye and waste.

- And let offshreden every braunche,  
 But ate roote he let it staunche.  
 Whan all his pride is cast to grounde,  
 1840 The roote shall be faste bounde  
 And shall no mannes herte bere,  
 But every lust he shall forbere  
 Of man and lich an oxe his mete  
 Of gras he shall purchase and ete,  
 1845 Till al the waters of the heven  
 Have washen him by times seven,  
 So that he be through-knowe aright,  
 What is the hevenliche might,  
 And be made humble to the wille  
 1850 Of him, which may all save and spille.  
 This king out of his sweven abraide  
 And he upon the morwe it faide  
 Unto the clerkes, which he hadde.  
 But none of hem the foth aradde,  
 1855 Was none his sweven couth undo.  
 And it stood thilke time so,  
 This kinge had in subjection  
 Judee and of affection  
 Above al other one Daniel  
 1860 He loveth, for he couthe well  
 Divine, that none other couthe.  
 To him were alle thinges couthe,  
 As he it hadde of goddes grace.  
 He was before the kinges face  
 1865 Assent and bode, that he shulde  
 Upon the point the kinge of tolde

The fortune of his fweven expounde,  
As it shulde afterward be founde.  
Whan Daniel this fweven herde,  
1870 He stood long time, er he answerde,  
And made a wonder hevy chere.  
The king toke hede of his manere  
And bad him telle that he wiste  
As he, to whome he mochel triste,  
1875 And said, he wolde nought be wroth.  
But Daniel was wonder loth  
And said: upon thy fomen alle,  
Sir king, thy fweven mote falle.  
And nethes touchend of this  
1880 I woll the tellen, howe it is  
And what disese is to the shape,  
God wote if thou it shall escape.  
The highe tre, which thou hast sein,  
With lesf and fruit so wel besein,  
1885 The which stood in the world amiddes,  
So that the bestes and the briddes  
Governed were of him alone,  
Sir king, betokeneth thy persone,  
Which stonde above all erthely thinges.  
1890 Thus regnen under the the kinges  
And all the people unto the louteth  
And all the worlde thy person doubteth,  
So that with vein honour deceived  
Thou hast the reverence weived  
1895 Fro him, whiche is thy kinge above,  
That thou for drede ne for love

- Wolt nothing knowen of this god,  
 Which now for the hath made a rod,  
 Thy veingloire and thy folie  
 2900 With grete peines to chaftie.  
 And of the vois thou herdest fpeke,  
 Which bad the bowes for to breke  
 And hewe and felle down the tre,  
 That word belongeth unto the.  
 2905 Thy regne fhall be overthrowe,  
 And thou despuiled for a throwe.  
 But that the roote fhulde ftonde,  
 By that thou fhalt wel underftonde,  
 There fhall abide of thy regne  
 2910 A time ayein whan thou fhall regne.  
 And eke of that thou herdest faie  
 To take a mannes hert aweie  
 And fette there a beftiall,\*  
 So that he lich an oxe fhall  
 2915 Pafture, and that he be bereined  
 By times feven and fore peined,  
 Till that he knowe his goddes mightes,  
 Than fhall he ftond ayein uprightes.  
 All this betokeneth thine eftate,  
 2920 Which now with god is in debate,  
 Thy mannes forme fhall be laffed,  
 Till feven yere ben overpaffed,  
 And in the likeneffe of a beftie  
 Of gras fhall be thy roiall fefte,  
 2925 The weder fhall upon the reine.  
 And underftonde, that all this peine,

Which thou shalt suffre thilke tide,  
Is shape all only for thy pride  
Of veingloire and of the finne,  
2930 Which thou hast longe stonden inne.  
So upon this condicion  
Thy sweven hath expoficion.  
But er this thing befalle in dede,  
Amende the, this wold I rede,  
2935 Yif and departe thin almesse,  
Do mercy forth with rightwisnesse,  
Beseche and praie the highe grace,  
For so thou might thy pees purchase  
With god and stonde in good accorde.  
2940 But pride is loth to leve his lorde  
And wol nought suffre humilite  
With him to stonde in no degre.  
And whan a ship hath lost his stere,  
Is none so wise, that may him stere  
2945 Ayein the wawes in a rage.  
This proude king in his corage  
Humilite hath so forlore,  
That for no sweven he figh to-fore  
Ne yet for all that Daniel  
2950 Him hath counseiled every dele,  
He let it passe out of his minde  
Through veingloire, and as the blinde  
He feth no weie, er him be wo.  
And fel withinne a time so,  
2955 As he in Babiloine wente,  
The vanite of pride him hente.

His hert aros of vein gloire,  
 So that he drough into memoire  
 His lordship and his regalie  
 2960 With wordes of surquedrie.  
 And whan that he him most avaunteth,  
 That lord, which veingloire daunteth,  
 All fodeinlich as who saith treis  
 Where that he stood in his paleis  
 2965 He toke him fro the mennes fight.  
 Was none of hem so ware, that might  
 Set eye, where that he becom.  
 And thus was he from his kingdom  
 Into the wilde forest drawe,  
 2970 Where that the mighty goddes lawe  
 Through his power did him transforme  
 Fro man into a bestes forme.  
 And lich an oxe under the fote  
 He grafeth as he nedes mote  
 2975 To geten him his lives fode.  
 Tho thought him colde graffes goode,  
 That whilome ete the hote spices,  
 Thus was he torned fro delices.  
 The wine, which he was wont to drinke,  
 2980 He toke than of the welles brinke  
 Or of the pit or of the flough,  
 It thought him thanne good enough.  
 In stede of chambres well arraied  
 He was than of a bussh well paied,  
 2985 The harde ground he lay upon  
 For other pilwes had he non,

The stormes and the reines fall,  
The windes blowe upon him all,  
He was tormented day and night.  
2990 Such was the highe goddes might,  
Till seven yere an ende toke.  
Upon him self tho gan he loke,  
In stede of mete gras and streis,  
In stede of handes longe cleis,  
2995 In stede of man a bestes like  
He sigh, and than he gan to fike  
For cloth of golde and of perrie,  
Which him was wont to magnifie.  
When he beheld his cote of heres  
3000 He wepte and with wofull teres  
Up to the heven he caste his chere  
Wepend and thought in this manere,  
Though he no wordes mighte winne,  
Thus said his hert and spake withinne :  
3005 O mighty god, that all hast wrought  
And all might bring ayein to nought  
Now knowe I wel but all of the  
This world hath no prosperite,  
In thin aspect ben alle aliche  
3010 The pouer man and eke the riche,  
Withoute the there may no wight,  
And thou above all other might.  
O mighty lord, toward my vice  
Thy mercy medle with justice  
3015 And I woll make a covenaut,  
That of my life the remenaunt

I shall it by thy grace amende  
 And in thy lawe so dispende,  
 That veingloire I shall escheue  
 3020 And bowe unto thin heste and sue  
 Humilite, and that I vowe.  
 And so thenkend he gan down bowe,  
 And though him lacke vois of speche,  
 He gan up with his fete areche  
 3025 And wailend in his bestly steven  
 He made his plaint unto the heven.  
 He kneleth in his wife and braieth  
 To seche mercy and affaieth  
 His god, which made him nothing straunge.  
 3030 Whan that he figh his pride chaunge  
 Anone as he was humble and tame  
 He found toward his god the same,  
 And in a twinkeling of a loke\*  
 His mannes forme ayein he toke  
 3035 And was reformed to the regne,  
 In whiche that he was wont to regne,  
 So that the pride of veingloire  
 Ever afterward out of memoire  
 He lett it passe. And thus is shewed  
 3040 What is to ben of pride unthewed  
 Ayein the highe goddes lawe.  
 To whom no man may be felawe,  
 Confessor. Forthy my sone, take good hede  
 So for to lede thy manhede,  
 3045 That thou ne be nought lich a beste.  
 But if thy life shall ben honeste



Thou must humbleſſe take on honde,  
 For thanne might thou fiker ſtonde,  
 And for to ſpeke it other wiſe  
 3050 A proud man can no love aſſiſe.  
 For though a woman wolde him pleaſe,  
 His pride can nought ben at eſe.  
 There may no man to mochel blame  
 A vice, which is for to blame.  
 3055 Forthy men ſhulden nothing hide,  
 That mighte fall in blame of pride,  
 Whiche is the worſt vice of alle,  
 Wherof ſo as it was befallē  
 The tale I thenke of a cronique  
 3060 To telle, if that it may the like,  
 So that thou might humbleſſe ſue  
 And eke the vice of pride eſcheue,  
 Wherof the gloire is falſe and veine,  
 Which god him ſelf hath in diſdeine,  
 3065 That though it mounte for a throwe,  
 It ſhall down falle and overthrowe.

*Eſt virtus humilis, per quam deus altus ad ima*  
*Se tulit et noſtre viſcera carnis habet.*  
*Sic humilis ſupereſt, et amor ſibi ſubditur omnis,*  
*Cuius habet nulla ſorte ſuperbus opem.*  
*Odit eum terra, celum deſecit et ipſum,*  
*Sedibus inferni ſtatque receptus ibi.*

12.

\* A king whilom was yonge and wiſe,  
 The which ſet of his wit great priſe.  
 Of depe ymaginations  
 3070 And ſtraunge interpretations,

Hic narrat confessor  
 exemplum ſimpliciter  
 contra ſuperbiam et  
 dicit, quod nuper qui-  
 dam rex famoſe pru-  
 dencie cuidam militi  
 ſuo ſuper tribus queſ-

L

The story of the wise Prince, etc. is apparently original, but the second part of the story is a repetition of the first. The first part is a translation of the Latin text, and the second part is a translation of the French text. The Latin text is a translation of the French text, and the French text is a translation of the Latin text. The Latin text is a translation of the French text, and the French text is a translation of the Latin text. The Latin text is a translation of the French text, and the French text is a translation of the Latin text.

tionibus, ut inde certitudinis respon-  
sionem daret, sub pena  
capitalis sentencie  
terminum prefixit.

Primo quid minoris  
indigencie ab inhabi-  
tantibus orbem auxi-  
lium majus obtinuit.

Secundo quid majoris  
valencie meritum  
continens minoris ex-  
pense reprimas exigu-  
it.

Tercio quid omnia  
bona diminuens ex sui  
proprietate nichil pe-  
nitens valuit.

Quarum  
vero questionum que-  
dam virgo dicti mili-  
tis filia nomine patris  
sapientissima solucio-  
nem aggrediens tali-  
ter regi respondit.

Ad  
primam dixit, quod  
terra nullius indiget,  
quam tantum adju-  
vare cotidianis labo-  
ribus omnes inten-  
dunt.

Ad secundam  
dixit, quod humilitas  
omnibus virtutibus  
prevalet, que tamen  
nullius prodigalitat-  
is expensis mensuram  
excedit.

Ad terciam  
dixit, quod superbia  
omnia tam corporis  
quam anime bona  
devastans majores ex-  
pensarum excessus in-  
ducit.

Et tamen nul-  
lus valoris immo to-  
cius perdicionis cau-  
sam sua culpa minif-  
trat.

3095

3100

Problemes and demaundes eke

His wisdom was to finde and seke,

Wherof he wolde in sondry wise

Opposen hem, that weren wise.

But none of hem it mighte bere

Upon his word to yive answere

Out taken one, which was a knight,

To him was every thing so light,

That also sone as he hem herde

The kinges wordes he answerde,

What thing the king him axe wolde,

Whereof anone the trouth he tolde.

The king somdele had an envie

And thought he wolde his wittes plie

To sete some concludon,

Which shulde be confuson

Unto this knight, so that the name

And of wisdom the highe fame

Toward him selfe he wolde winne.

And thus of all his wit withinne

This king began to studie and muse

What straunge mater he might use

The knightes wittes to confounde,

And ate last he hath it founde

And for the knight anon he sente,

That he shall telle what he mente.

Upon thre points stood the matere

Of questions as thou shalte here.

Prima questio. The firste point of alle thre

Was this: what thing in his degre

Of all this world hath nede left  
And yet men helpe it allthermest.

The seconde is : what moſte is worth  
And of coſtage is left put forth.

Secunda queſtio.

3105 The thrid is : which is of moſt coſt  
And left is worth and goth to loſt.

Tercia queſtio.

The king theſe thre demaundes axeth,  
To the knight this law he taxeth,

That he ſhall gone and comen ayein

3110 The thridde weke and tell him pleine  
To every point, what it amounteth.

And if ſo be, that he miſcounteth

To make in his anſwere a faile,

There ſhall none other thinge availe,

3115 The king faith, but he ſhall be dede  
And leſe his goodes and his hede.

This knight was ſory of this thinge

And wolde excuſe him to the kinge,

But he ne wolde him nought forbere,

3120 And thus the knight of his anſwere  
Goth home to take aviſement.

But after his entendement

The more he caſt his wit aboute,

The more he ſtant therof in doubte.

3125 Tho wiſt he well the kinges herte,

That he the deth ne ſhulde aſterte

And ſuche a ſorwe to him hath take,

That gladſhip he hath all forſake.

He thought firſt upon his life

3130 And after that upon his wife,

- Upon his children eke also,  
 Of whiche he had doughteres two.  
 The yongest of hem had of age  
 Fourtene yere, and of visage  
 3135 She was right faire and of stature  
 Lich to an hevenlich figure,  
 And of maner and goodly speche,  
 Though men wolde alle londes seche,  
 They shulden nought have founde her like.  
 3140 She sigh her fader forwe and fike  
 And wist nought the cause why.  
 So cam she to him prively  
 And that was, wher he made his mone  
 Within a gardin all him one.  
 3145 Upon her knees she gan down falle  
 With humble herte and to him calle  
 And saide : O good fader dere,  
 Why make ye thus hevy chere  
 And I wot nothings how it is ?  
 3150 And well ye knowe, fader, this,  
 What aventure that you felle  
 Ye might it safly to me telle,  
 For I have ofte herd you saide,  
 That ye such truste have on me laide,  
 3155 That to my suster ne to my brother  
 In all this worlde ne to none other  
 Ye durste telle a privete  
 So well, my fader, as to me.  
 Forthy, my fader, I you praie  
 3160 Ne casteth nought that hert awaie,

For I am she, that wolde kepe  
 Your honour. And with that to wepe  
 Her eye may nought be forbore,  
 She wissheth for to ben unbore,  
 3165 Er that her fader so mistrifte  
 To tellen her of that he wiste.  
 And ever among mercy she cride,  
 That he ne shulde his counseil hide  
 From her, that so wolde him good  
 3170 And was so nigh flesshe and blood.  
 So that with weping ate laste  
 His chere upon his childe he caste  
 And forwefully to that she praide  
 He tolde his tale and thus he saide :  
 3175 The forwe, doughter, which I make  
 Is nought all only for my sake,  
 But for the bothe and for you alle.  
 For suche a chaunce is me befallē,  
 That I shall er this thridde day  
 3180 Lese all that ever I lese may,  
 My life and all my good therto.  
 Therfore it is I forwe so.

What is the cause, alas, quod she,  
 My fader, that ye shulden be  
 3185 Dede and destrued in suche a wise?  
 And he began the points devise,  
 Which as the king tolde him by mouthe  
 And said her plainly, that he couthe  
 Answeren to no point of this.  
 3190 And she, that hereth howe it is,

Her counfeil yaf and faide tho :  
 My fader, fithen it is fo,  
 That ye can fe none other weie,  
 But that ye muft nedes deie,  
 3195 I wolde pray you of o thinge,  
 Let me go with you to the kinge,  
 And ye fhall make him underftonde,  
 How ye my wittes for to fonde  
 Have laid your anfwere upon me,  
 3200 And telleth him in fuch degre  
 Upon my worde ye wol abide  
 To life or deth what fo betide.  
 For yet perchaunce I may purchace  
 With fome good word the kinges grace,  
 3205 Your life and eke your good to fave.  
 For ofte fhall a woman have  
 Thing, whiche a man may nought areche.  
 The fader herd his daughters fpeche  
 And thought there was no refon in  
 3210 And figh his owne life to winne  
 He couthe done him felf no cure.  
 So better him thought in aventure  
 To put his life and all his good,  
 Than in the maner as it ftood  
 3215 His life incertein for to lefe.  
 And thus thenkend he gan to chese  
 To do the counfeil of this maid  
 And toke the purpofe, which fhe faid.  
 The day was comen and forth they gone,  
 3220 Unto the court they come anone,

Where as the kinge in his jugement  
Was fet and hath this knight assent.  
Arraied in her beste wife  
This maiden with her wordes wife  
3225 Her fader ledde by the honde  
Into the place, where he fonde  
The king with other which he wolde,  
And to the king knelend he tolde,  
As he enformed was to-fore  
3230 And praith the king, that he therfore  
His daughters wordes wolde take  
And faith, that he woll undertake  
Upon her wordes for to stonde.  
Tho was ther great merveile on honde,  
3235 That he, which was so wise a knight,  
His life upon so yonge a wight  
Besette wolde in jeopartie,  
And many it helden for folie.  
But at the laste netheles  
3240 The king commaundeth ben in pees  
And to this maide he cast his chere  
And saide, he wolde her tale here  
And bad her speke, and she began :  
My lege lord, so as I can,  
3245 Quod she, the pointes which I herde,  
They shull of reson ben answerde.  
The first I understonde is this,  
What thinge of all the worlde it is,  
Which men most helpe and hath left nede.  
3250 My lege lord, this wolde I rede

The erthe it is, whiche evermo  
 With mannes labour is bego  
 As well in winter as in maie.

The mannes honde doth what he may  
 3255 To helpe it forth and make it riche,  
 And forthy men it delve and dicke  
 And eren it with strength of plough,  
 Wher it hath of him self inough  
 So that his nede is ate leste.

3260 For every man, birde and beste  
 Of flour and gras and roote and rinde  
 And every thing by way of kinde  
 Shall sterue, and erthe it shall become,  
 As it was out of erthe nome

3265 It shall to therthe torne ayein.  
 And thus I may by reson fein  
 That erthe is most nedeles  
 And most men helpe it netheles,  
 So that, my lord, touchend of this

3270 I have answerde how that it is.

That other point I understood,  
 Which most is worth and most is good  
 And costeth lest a man to kepe,  
 My lorde, if ye woll take kepe,

3275 I say it is humilite,  
 Through whiche the high Trinite  
 As for deferte of pure love  
 Unto Marie from above  
 Of that he knewe her humble entente  
 3280 His owne sone adown he sente



Above all other, and her he chese  
For that vertu, which bodeth pees.  
So that I may by reson calle  
Humilite most worthe of alle,  
3285 And lest it costeth to mainteine  
In all the worlde, as it is feine.  
For who that hath humbleffe on honde  
He bringeth no werres into londe,  
For he desireth for the best  
3290 To setten every man in reste.  
Thus with your highe reverence  
Me thinketh that this evidence  
As to this point is suffisaunt.  
And touchend of the remenaunt,  
3295 Whiche is the thridde of your axinges,  
What lest is worth of alle thinges  
And costeth most, I telle it pride,  
Which may nought in the heven abide.  
For Lucifer with hem that felle  
3300 Bar pride with him into helle.  
There was pride of to grete cost,  
Whan he for pride hath heven lost,  
And after that in paradise  
Adam for pride lost his prise  
3305 In middel-erth. And eke also  
Pride is the cause of alle wo,  
That all the world ne may suffise  
To staunche of pride the reprise.  
Pride is the heved of all sinne,  
3310 Which wasteth all and may nought winne.

Pride is of every mis the pricke,  
 Pride is the worste of all wicke  
 And costeth most and lest is worth  
 In place where he hath his forth.

3315 Thus have I said that I woll say  
 Of min answere and to you pray,  
 My lege lorde, of your office,  
 That ye such grace and suche justice  
 Ordeigne for my fader here,  
 3320 That after this, whan men it here,  
 The world therof may speke good.

The king, which reson understood  
 And hath all herde how she hath said,  
 Was inly glad and so well paid,  
 3325 That all his wrath is over go.  
 And he began to loke tho  
 Upon this maiden in the face,  
 In which he found so mochel grace,  
 That all his prife on her he laide  
 3330 In audience and thus he saide :  
 My faire maide, well the be  
 Of thin answere, and eke of the  
 Me liketh well, and as thou wylte  
 Foryive be thy faders gilte.

3335 And if thou were of such lignage,  
 That thou to me were of parage  
 And that thy fader were a pere,  
 As he is now a bachelere,  
 So fiker as I have a life,  
 3340 Thou sholdest thanne be my wife.

But this I faie netheles,  
That I woll shape thin encrese,  
What worldes good that thou wolt crave  
Are of my yift, and thou shalt have.

3345 And she the king with wordes wife  
Knelende thonketh in this wife :  
My lege lord, god mot you quite.  
My fader here hath but a lite  
Of warifon, and that he wende  
3350 Had all be lost, but now amende  
He may well through your noble grace.

With that the king right in his place  
Anon forth in that freshe hete  
An erldome, which than of eschete  
3355 Was late falle into his honde,  
Unto this knight with rent and londe  
Hath yove and with his chartre fefed.  
And thus was all the noife appesed.

This maiden, which fate on her knees  
3360 To-fore the kinges charitees,  
Commendeth and faith evermore :  
My lege lord, right now to-fore  
Ye faide, and it is of recorde,  
That if my fader were a lorde

3365 And pere unto these other grete,  
Ye wolden for nought elles lette,  
That I ne sholde be your wife.  
And thus wote every worthy life  
A kinges worde mot nede be holde.  
3370 Forth my lord, if that ye wolde

- So great a charite fulfille,  
 God wote it were well my wille.  
 For he, which was a bachelere,  
 My fader is now made a pere,  
 3375 So whan as ever that I cam  
 An erles doughter nowe I am.  
 This yonge king, which peised all  
 Her beaute and her wit withall,  
 As he, which was with love hente,  
 3380 Anone therto yaf his assente.  
 He might nought the place asterte,  
 That she nis lady of his herte.  
 So that he toke her to his wife  
 To holde, while that he hath life.  
 3385 And thus the king toward his knight  
 Accordeth him, as it is right.  
 And over this good is to wite  
 In the cronique as it is write  
 This noble kinge, of whom I tolde,  
 3390 Of Spaine by tho daies olde  
 The kingdom had in governaunce,  
 And as the boke maketh remembraunce  
 Alphonse was his propre name.  
 The knight also, if I shall name,  
 3395 Danz Petro hight, and as men telle  
 His doughter wife Petronelle  
 Was cleped, which was full of grace.  
 And that was sene in thilke place,  
 Where she her fader out of tene  
 3400 Hath brought and made her selfe a quene,

Of that she hath so well desclofed  
The points, wherof she was opposed.

Lo now, my sone, as thou might here, Confessor.

Of all this thing to my matere

3405 But one I take, and that is pride,

To whom no grace may betide.

In heven he fell out of his stede

And paradise him was forbede,

The good men in erthe him hate,

3410 So that to helle he mote algate,

Where every vertue shall be weived

And every vice be resceived.

But humbleffe is all other wise,

Which most is worth and no reprice

3415 It taketh ayein, but softe and faire

If any thing stant in contraire

With humble speche it is redressed.

Thus was this yonge maiden blessed,

The whiche I spake of now to-fore,

3420 Her faders life she gat therfore

And wan with all the kinges love.

Forthy my sone, if thou wolt love,

It fit the well to leve pride

And take humbleffe on thy side,

3425 The more of grace thou shalt gete.

My fader, I woll nought foryete

Of this that ye have told me here,

And if that any such manere

Of humble port may love appaie,

3430 Here afterwarde I thonke assaie.

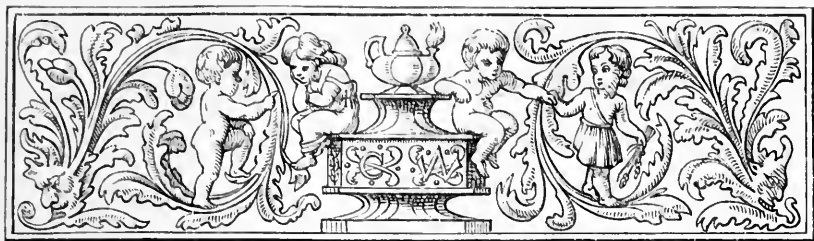
Amans.

But now forth over I beseeche,  
That ye more of my shrifte seeke.

Confessor. My gode sone, it shall be do.

Now herken and lay an ere to,  
3435 For as touchend of prides fare  
Als ferforth as I can declare  
In cause of vice, in cause of love  
That hast thou plainly herde above,  
So that there is no more to saie  
3440 Touchend of that, but other waie  
Touchend envie I thenke telle,  
Whiche hath the propre kinde of helle,  
Withoute cause to misdo  
Toward him self and other also  
Here afterward as understonde  
3446 Thou shalt the spieces, as they stonde.

*Explicit liber primus.*



## Incipit Liber Secundus.

*Invidie culpa magis est attrita dolore,  
 Nam sua mens nullo tempore leta manet.  
 Quo gaudent alii, dolet ille, nec unus amicus  
 Est, cui de puro commoda velle facit.  
 Proximitatis honor sua corda veretur, et omnis  
 Est sibi leticia sic aliena dolor.  
 Hoc etenim vicium quam sepe repugnat amanti,  
 Non sibi, sed reliquis, dum favet ipsa Venus.  
 Est amor ex proprio motu fantasticus, et que  
 Gaudia fert aliis credit obesse sibi.*

I.



NOW after pride the secounde  
 There is, which many a wo-  
 full stounde,

Towardes other berth aboute

Within him self and nought withoute.

5 For in his thought he brenneth ever,

Whan that he wote an other lever

Or more vertuos than he,

Which passeth him in his degre.

Therof he taketh his maladie.

10 That vice is cleped hot envie.\*

Forthy my sone, if it be so,

Thou art or hast ben one of tho,

As for to speke in loves cas

14 If ever yet thin herte was

Hic in secundo li-  
 bro tractat de invi-  
 dia et eius specie-  
 bus, quarum dolor  
 alterius gaudii pri-  
 ma nuncupatur,  
 cuius condicionem  
 secundum vicium  
 confessor primitus  
 describens amanti,  
 quatenus amorem  
 concernit, super  
 eodem consequen-  
 ter opponit.

Confessor.

\* Book II deals with the second dead in Erasmus' Great Sermon (1511). Gaudium of the  
 grief (lines 217-377); Libration (lines 378-1367); Falsus status (lines 1368-2315); Suffragium (lines 2316-  
 3069). After some general reflection on the nature of the dead, the text turns to the specific case of the  
 dead (lines 3070-3192). The text is a translation of Erasmus' Great Sermon (1511).

<sup>15</sup> Seke of an other mannes hele ?

Amans. So god avaunce my quarele,  
My fader, ye a thousand fithe,  
Whan I have sene another blithe  
Of love and hadde a goodly chere,  
20 Ethna, which brenneth yere by yere,<sup>†</sup>  
Was thanne nought so hote as I  
Of thilke fore which prively  
Mine hertes thought withinne brenneth.  
The ship, which on the wawes renneth  
25 And is forstformed and forblowe,  
Is nought more peined for a throwe  
Than I am thanne whan I se  
Another, which that passeth me  
In that fortune of loves yifte.  
30 But fader, this I telle in shrifte,  
That is no where but in o place.  
For who that lese or finde grace  
In other stede, it may nought greve.  
But this ye may right well beleve,  
35 Toward my lady, that I serve,  
Though that I wiste for to sterue,  
Min hert is full of such folý,  
That I my selfe may nought chasty,  
Whan I the court se of Cupide  
40 Approche unto my lady side  
Of hem that lusty ben and fresshe,  
Though it availe hem nought a resshe.  
But only that they ben of speche,  
My sorwe is than nought to seche.



- 45 But whan they rounen in her ere,  
Than groweth all my moſte fere.  
And namely whan they talen longe,  
My ſorwes thanne be ſo ſtronge,  
Of that I ſee hem well at eſe
- 50 I can nought telle my diſeſe.  
But, ſire, as of my lady ſelve,  
Though ſhe have wowers, ten or twelve,  
For no miſtruſt I have of her  
Me greveth nought, for certes, fir,
- 55 I trowe in all this world to ſeche  
Niſ woman, that in dede and ſpeche  
Woll better aviſe her what ſhe doth,  
Ne better for to ſaie a ſothe  
Kepe her honour at alle tide
- 60 And yet get her a thank beſide.  
But netheles I am beknowe,  
That whan I ſe at any throwe  
Or elles if I may it here,  
That ſhe make any man good chere,
- 65 Though I therof have nought to done,  
My thought woll entermete him ſone.  
For though I be my ſelven ſtraunge  
Envie maketh min herte chaunge,  
That I am forwefully beſtad
- 70 Of that I ſe another glad  
With her, but of other all  
Of love what ſo may befall,  
Or that he faile or that he ſpede,
- 74 Therof take I but litel hede.

75 Nowe have I said, my fader, all,  
As of this point in speciall  
As ferforthly as I have wiste.

Now axeth, fader, what you list

Confessor. My sone, er I axe any more

80 I thenke fomdele for thy lore  
Tell an ensample of this matere  
Touchend envy, as thou shalt here.

Write in Civile<sup>\*</sup> this I finde,  
Though it be nought the houndes kinde

85 To ete chaff, yet woll he werne  
An oxe, which cometh to the berne,  
Therof to taken any fode.

And thus who that it understode  
It stant of love in many a place.

90 Who that is out of loves grace  
And may him selven nought availe,  
He wold an other sholde faile.

And if he may put any lette,  
He doth al that he may to lette.

95 Wherof I finde, as thou shalt wit,  
To this purpos a tale write.

Hic ponit confessor  
exemplum saltem  
contra istos, qui in  
amoris causa aliorum  
gaudiis invidentes ne-  
quaquam per hoc sibi  
ipsis proficiunt. Et  
narrat, qualiter qui-  
dam juvenis miles  
nomine Acis, quem  
Galathea nimpha  
pulcherrima toto cor-  
de peramavit, cum  
ipsi sub quadam rupe

There ben of fuche mo than twelve,  
That ben nought able as of hem selve  
To get love, and for none envie  
Upon all other they aspie.  
And for hem lacketh that they wolde,  
They kepte that none other sholde  
Touchend of love his cause spede,  
Wherof a great ensample I rede,

*[Handwritten notes in Latin and English, including references to 'Hic ponit confessor', 'exemplum saltem', and 'Folios p 166']*

105 Whiche unto this mater accordeth,  
 As Ovid in his booke recordeth,  
 How Poliphemus whilom wrought,  
 Whan that he Galathe befought  
 Of love, whiche he may nought lacche,  
 110 That made him for to waite and wacche  
 By alle waies howe it ferde,  
 Till at the last he knewe and herde,  
 How that an other hadde leve  
 To love there, as he mot leve,  
 115 As for to speke of any spede,  
 So that he knew none other rede,  
 But for to waiten upon alle  
 Till he may se the chaunce falle,  
 That he her love mighte greve,  
 120 Whiche he him self may nought acheve.  
 This Galathe, faith the poete,  
 Above all other was unmete  
 Of beaute, that men thanne knewe,  
 And had a lusty love and trewe  
 125 A bachelor in his degre  
 Right such an other as was she,  
 On whom she hath her herte set,  
 So that it mighte nought be let  
 For yifte ne for no behest,  
 130 That she ne was all at his heste.  
 This yonge knight Acis was hote,  
 Whiche her ayeinwarde also hote  
 All only loveth and no mo.  
 Herof was Poliphemus wo

juxta litus maris colloquium adinvicem habuerunt, Polipheus gigas concussa rupe magnam inde partem super caput Acis ab alto projiciens ipsum per invdiam interfecit. Et cum ipse super hoc dictam Galatheam rapere voluisset, Neptunus giganti obstitens ipsam inviolatam salva custodia preservavit. Sed et dii miserti corpus Acis defuncti in fontem aque dulcissime subito transmutarunt.

<sup>135</sup> Through pure envie and ever aspide  
 And waiteth upon every fide,  
 Whan he to-gider mighte fe  
 This yonge Acis with Galathe.  
 So longe he waiteth to and fro,  
<sup>140</sup> Till at the laste he founde hem two  
 In prive place, where they stood  
 To speke and have her wordes good.  
 The place, where as he hem figh,  
 It was under a banke nigh  
<sup>145</sup> The great fe, and he above  
 Stood and behelde the lusty love,  
 Whiche eche of hem to other made  
 With goodly chere and wordes glade,  
 That all his hert hath sette a fire  
<sup>150</sup> Of pure envie. And as a vire,  
 Which flieth out of a mighty bowe,  
 Away he fledde for a throwe,  
 As he that was for love wode,  
 Whan that he figh how that it stode.  
<sup>155</sup> This Polipheme a geaunt was.  
 And whan he figh the sothe cas,  
 How Galathe him hath forsake  
 And Acis to her love take,  
 His herte may it nought forbere,  
<sup>160</sup> That he ne roreth as a bere  
 And as it were a wilde beaft,  
 In whom no reson might areste.  
 He ranne Ethna the hill about,<sup>\*</sup>  
 Where never yet the fire was out,

165 Fulfilled of forwe and great difese,  
That he figh Acis well at efe.  
Till ate laft he him bethoughte  
As he, which all envie foughte,  
And torneth to the banke ayein,  
170 Where he with Galathe hath fein  
That Acis, whom he thought greve,  
Though he him felf may nought releve.  
This geaunt with his rude might  
Part of the banke he fhof down right,  
175 The whiche even upon Acis fell,  
So that with falling of this hill  
This Poliphemus Acis flough,  
Wherof ſhe made forwe inough.  
And as ſhe fledde from the londe,  
180 Neptunus toke her by the honde  
And kept her in fo fafte a place  
Fro Polipheme and his manace,  
That he with his falſe envie  
Ne might atteigne her compaignie.  
185 This Galathe, of whom I ſpeke  
That of her felf may nought be wreke,  
Without any ſemblaunt feigned  
She hath her loves deth compleigned,  
And with her forwe and with her wo  
190 She hath the goddes moved ſo,  
That they of pite and of grace  
Have Acis in the ſame place,  
There he lay dede, into a welle  
194 Transformed, as the bokes telle,

195 With freshe stremes and with clere,  
 As he whilom with lusty chere  
 Was fresh his love for to queme.  
 And with this rude Polipheme  
 For his envie and for his hate

200 They were wroth and thus algate.

Confessor. My sone, thou might understonde,  
 That if thou wolt in grace stonde  
 With love, thou must leve envie.  
 And as thou wolt for thy partie  
 205 Toward thy love stonde fre,  
 So must thou suffre another be  
 What so befall upon thy chaunce.  
 For it is an unwise vengeaunce  
 Which to none other man is lese  
 210 And is unto him selve grefe.

Amans. My fader, this ensample is good,  
 But how so ever that it stood  
 With Poliphemus love as tho,  
 It shall nought stonde with me so  
 215 To worchen any felonie  
 In love for no suche envie.  
 Forthy if there ought elles be,  
 Now axeth forth, in what degre  
 It is, and I me shall confesse  
 220 With shrifte unto your holinesse.

2. *Vita sibi solito mentalia gaudia livor  
 Dum videt alterius damna doloris agit.  
 Invidus obridet hodie fletus aliorum,  
 Fletus cui proprios crastina fata parant.*

*Sic in amore pari stat sorte jocosus, amantes  
 Cum vidit illufos invidus ille quasi.  
 Sic licet in vacuum sperat tamen ipse levamen,  
 Alterius casu lapsus et ipse simul.*

My gode sone, yet there is  
 A vice revers unto this,  
 Whiche envious taketh his gladnesse  
 Of that he seeth the hevinesse  
 225 Of other men. For his welfare  
 Is, whan he wote another care  
 Of that an other hath a falle,  
 He thenketh him selfe arise with alle.  
 Suche is the gladship of envie  
 230 In worldes thinges and in partie,  
 Full ofte times eke also  
 In loves cause it stant right so.  
 If thou, my sone, hast joie had,  
 Whan thou an other sigh unglad,  
 235 Shrive the therof. My fader, yis.  
 I am beknowe unto you this  
 Of these lovers that loven streite,  
 And for that point, which they coveite,  
 Ben pursuauntes from yere to yere  
 240 In loves court, when I may here,  
 How that they climbe upon the whele,  
 And whan they wene all shall be wele,  
 They ben down throwen ate laste,  
 Than am I fed of that they faste  
 245 And laugh, of that I se hem loure.  
 And thus of that they brewe soure

Hic loquitur confessor de secunda specie invidie, que gaudium alterius doloris dicitur, et primo eiusdem vicii materiam tractans amantis conscientiam super eodem ulterius investigat.

Amans.

I drinke fwete and am well esed  
 Of that I wote they ben difesed.  
 But this whiche I you telle here  
 250 Is only for my lady dere,  
 That for none other, that I knowe,  
 Me recheth nought who overthrowe,  
 Ne who that stonde in love upright,  
 But be he squier, be he knight,  
 255 Which to my lady warde pursueth  
 The more he lost of that he sueth,  
 The more me thenketh that I winne.  
 And am the more glad withinne  
 Of that I wote him sorwe endure,  
 260 For ever upon suche aventure  
 It is a comfort as men fain  
 To him, the which is wo besein  
 To sene an other in his peine.  
 So that they bothe may compleine,  
 Where I myself may nought availe.  
 To sene an other man travaile  
 I am right glad if he be let.  
 And though I fare nought the bet,  
 His sorwe is to min herte a game,  
 270 Whan that I knowe it is the same,  
 Which to my lady stant enclined  
 And hath his love nought terminated,  
 I am right joyfull in my thought,  
 If such envie greveth ought.  
 275 As I beknowe me coupable,  
 Ye that be wise and resonable,

Boecius. Conclu-  
 sio miserorum est  
 habere consortium  
 in pena.



My fader, telleth your avise.

My sone, envie into no prife  
Of such a forme I understonde  
280 Ne mighte by no reson stonde.  
For this envie hath such a kinde,  
That he woll fet him self behinde  
To hinder with another wight  
And gladly lese his owne right  
285 To make another lese his.

And for to knowen how so it is  
A tale lich to his matere  
I thenke telle, if thou wolte here,  
To shewe properly the vice  
290 Of this envie and the malice.

\* Of Jupiter thus I finde iwrite,  
How whilom that he wolde wite  
Upon the pleinte, whiche he herde  
Among the men, how that it ferde  
295 As of her wrong condicion  
To do justificacion.  
And for that cause down he sent  
An aungel, which aboute went,  
That he the sothe knowe may.  
300 So it befell upon a day  
This aungel, which him shuld enforme,  
Was clothed in a mannes forme  
And overtoke, I understonde,  
Two men, that wenten over londe,  
305 Through which he thoughte to aspie  
His cause and goth in compaignie.

Confessor.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illum, qui sponte sui ipsius detrimentum in alterius penam majorem patitur, et narrat, quod cum Jupiter angelum suum in forma hominis, ut hominum condiciones exploraret, ab excelsu in terram misit, contigit, quod ipse angelus duos homines, quorum unus cupidus et alter invidus erat, itinerando spacio quasi unius diei committabatur. Et cum sero factum esset, angelus eorum noticie se ipsum tunc manifestans dixit, quod quid alter eorum ab ipso donari sibi pecierit, illud statim obtinebit, quod et socio suo secum comitanti affirmat duplicandum. Super

quo cupidus impeditus avaricia sperans sibi divicias carpere duplicatas primo petere recusavit. Quod cum invidus animadverteret naturam sui vicii concernens, ita ut socius suus utroque lumine privaretur, se ipsum monoculum fieri constanter primus ab angelo postulabat. Et sic unius invidia alterius avariciam maculavit.

This aungel with his wordes wise  
 Opposeth hem in fondry wise  
 Now loude wordes and now softe,  
 That made hem to desputen ofte.  
 And ecche of hem his reson hadde.  
 And thus with tales he hem ladde  
 With good examinacion,  
 Till he knew the condicion  
 What men they were bothe two  
 And figh wel ate laste tho,  
 That one of hem was coveitous,  
 And his felaw was envious.  
 And thus, whan he hath knouleching,  
 320 Anone he feigned departing  
 And said he mote algate wende.  
 But herken now what fell at ende,  
 For than he made hem understonde,  
 That he was there of goddes sonde,  
 325 And said hem for the kindeship,  
 That they have done him felasship,  
 He wolde do some grace ayein,  
 And bad that one of hem shuld sain,  
 What thinge him is levest to crave  
 330 And he it shall of yifte have.  
 And over that eke forth with all  
 He faith that other have shall  
 The double of that his felawe axeth.  
 And thus to hem his grace he taxeth.  
 335 The coveitous was wonder glad  
 And to that other man he bad

- And faith, that he first axe sholde.  
For he supposeth, that he wolde  
Make his axing of worldes good.  
340 For than he knewe well howe it stood,  
That he him self by double weight  
Shall este take, and thus by sleight  
By cause that he wolde winne  
He badde his felaw first beginne.  
345 This envious, though it be late  
Whan that he sigh he mote algate  
Make his axinge first, he thought,  
If he worship or profit fought,  
It shall be doubled to his fere  
350 That wold he chese in no manere.  
But than he sheweth what he was  
Towarde envie, and in this cas  
Unto this aungel thus he saide  
And for his yifte this he praide  
355 To make him blinde on his one eye,  
So that his felaw no thing sigh.  
This word was nought so sone spoke,  
That his one eye anon was loke,  
And his felaw forth with also  
360 Was blinde on both his eyen two.  
Tho was that other gladde inough,  
That one wept, and that other lough,  
He set his one eye at no cost,  
Wherof that other two hath lost.  
365 Of thilke enfample, which fell tho,  
Men tellen now full ofte so.

The worlde empeireth comunly,  
 And yet wot none the cause why,  
 For it accordeth nought to kinde  
 370 Min owne harme to seche and finde,  
 Of that I shall my brother greve  
 I might never wel acheve.

Confessor. What saist thou, sone, of this folie?

Amans. My fader, but I shulde lie  
 375 Upon the point, which ye have saide,  
 Yet was min herte never laide,  
 But in the wise, as I you tolde.  
 But evermore if that ye wolde  
 Ought elles to my shrifte saie  
 380 Touchend envie, I wolde praie.

Confessor. My sone, that shall well be do.  
 Now herken and lay thin ere to.

3. *Invidie pars est detractio pessima, pestem  
 Que magis infamem flatibus oris agit.  
 Lingue venenato sermone repercutit auris,  
 Sic ut in alterius scandala fama volat.  
 Morsibus a tergo, quos inficit ipsa fideles,  
 Vulneris ignoti sepe salute carent.  
 Sed generosus amor linguam conservat, ut eius  
 Verbum, quod loquitur, nulla sinistra gerat.*

Hic tractat confessor de tercia specie invidie, que detractio dicitur, cuius morsus vipereos lesa quam sepe fama deplangit.

Touchend as of envious brood  
 I wot nought one of alle good,  
 But netheles suche as they be  
 Yet there is one, and that is he,  
 Which cleped is detractioun.  
 And to conferme his action  
 He hath withholde malebouche,  
 390 Whose tunge nouthur pill ne crouche

May hire, so that he pronounce  
 A plein good word withouten frounce.  
 Where behinde a mannes backe,  
 For though he preife, he find some lacke,  
 395 Whiche of his tale is ay the lafte  
 That all the prife shall overcaste.  
 And though there be no cause why,  
 Yet woll he jangle nought forthy,  
 As he whiche hath the heraldie  
 400 Of hem, that usen for to lie.  
 \* For as the nettle, whiche up renneth,  
 The freshe red roses brenneth  
 And maketh hem fade and pale of hewe,  
 Right so this fals envious hewe  
 405 In every place, where he dwelleth,  
 With fals wordes, where he telleth,  
 He torneth preifing into blame  
 And worship into worldes shame.  
 Of such lesinge as he compasseth  
 410 Is none so good, that he ne passeth  
 Betwene his tethe and is backbited  
 And through his false tunge endited.  
 † Lich to the sharnebudes kinde,  
 Of whose nature this I finde,  
 415 That in the hottest of the day,  
 Whan comen is the mery may,  
 He spret his winge and up he fleeth  
 And under all aboute he seeth  
 The faire lusty floures springe.  
 420 But therof hath he no likinge.

C'est celle qui mal pourroit,  
 Que d'envieuse soit bueille,  
 La rose qui by son roseme. *Maison de la Rose 1721*

La haine tout d'un fait se voye,  
 Et l'envieuse converse avec  
 Et l'envieuse converse avec  
 Et l'envieuse converse avec *Maison de la Rose 1721*

But where he seeth of any beste  
 The filthe, there he maketh his feste,  
 And there upon he woll alighte,  
 There liketh him none other fighte.\*  
 425 Right so this jangler envious,  
 Though he a man se vertuous  
 And full of good condicion,  
 Therof maketh he no mencion.  
 But elles be it nought so lite,  
 430 Wherof that he may set a wite,  
 There renneth he with open mouth  
 Behinde a man and maketh it couth.  
 But all the vertue, whiche he can,  
 That woll he hide of every man  
 435 And openly the vice telle,  
 As he, which of the scole of helle  
 Is taught and fostred with envie.  
 Of housholde and of compaignie  
 Where that he hath his propre office  
 440 To sette on every man a vice.  
 How so his mouth be comely,  
 His worde set evermore awry  
 And faith the worste that he may.  
 And in this wise now a daye  
 445 In loves court a man may here  
 Full ofte pleine of this matere,  
 That many envious tale is stered,  
 Where that it may nought be answered.  
 But yet full ofte it is beleved,  
 450 And many a worthy love is greved

Through backbitinge of false envie.

If thou have made suche janglerie  
In loves court, my sone, er this,  
Shrive the therof. My fader, yis.

455 But wite ye how nought openly,  
But otherwhile prively,  
Whan I my dere lady mete  
And thenke how that I am nought mete  
Unto her highe worthinesse

460 And eke I se the besinesse  
Of all this yonge lusty route,  
Which all day pursue her aboute,  
And eche of hem his time awaiteth,  
And eche of hem his tale affaiteth

465 All to deceive an innocent,  
Which woll nought be of her assent.  
And for men fain unknowen unkiye,  
Her thombe she holt in her fiste  
So close within her owne honde,  
470 That there winneth no man londe.  
She leveth nought all that she hereth  
And thus ful ofte her self she skiereth  
And is all ware of *had I wist*.

But for all that min hert ariste,  
475 Whan I these comun lovers see,  
That wol nought holden hem to thre,  
But well nigh loven over al,  
Min hert is envious with all,  
And ever I am adrad of guile,  
480 In aunter if with any wile

Hic in amoris causa  
huius vicii crimen  
ad memoriam re-  
ducens confessor a-  
manti super eodem  
plenius opponit.

They might her innocence enchaunte.  
 Forthy my words full ofte I haunte  
 Behinde hem so as I dare,  
 Wherof my lady may beware.

- 485 I say what ever cometh to mouth  
 And wers I wolde, if that I couth.  
 For whan I come unto her speche  
 All that I may enquire and seche  
 Of such deceipte, I telle it all  
 490 And ay the worst in speciall.  
 So faine I wolde that she wist,  
 How litel they ben for to trift  
 And what they wold and what they mente,  
 So as they be of double entente,  
 495 Thus toward hem, that wicke mene,  
 My wicked word was ever grene.  
 And netheles the soth to telle  
 In certein if it so befelle  
 That althertrewest man ibore  
 500 To chese amonge a thousand score,  
 Which were all fully for to triste,  
 My lady loved, and I it wiste,  
 Yet rather than he shulde spede  
 I wolde fuche tales sprede  
 505 To my lady, if that I might,  
 That I shuld all his love unright  
 And therto wolde I do my peine.  
 For certes though I shulde feigne  
 And telle, that was never thought,  
 510 For all this worlde I might nought



To suffre an other fully winne  
There as I am yet to beginne.  
For be they good, or be they bad  
I wolde none my lady had.  
515 And that me maketh full ofte asprie  
And usen wordes of envie.  
And for to make hem bere a blame  
And that is but of thilke fame,  
The whiche unto my lady drawe,  
520 For ever on them I rounge and gnawe  
And hinder hem all that ever I maie.  
And that is sothly for to faie,  
But only to my lady selve,  
I telle it nought to ten ne twelve.  
525 Therof I wol me well avise  
To speke or jangle in any wise  
That toucheth to my ladies name,  
The whiche in ernest and in game  
I wolde save into my deth.  
530 For me were lever to lacke breth  
Than speken of her name amis.  
Now have ye herd touchend of this,  
My fader, in confession  
And therfore of detraction  
535 In love, of that I have mispoke,  
Tell how ye will it shall be wroke.  
I am all redy for to bere  
My peine, and also to forbere  
What thing that ye woll nought allowe.  
540 For who is bounden, he must bowe.

So woll I bowe unto your heft,  
 For I dare make this behest,  
 That I to you have nothing hid,  
 But told right as it is betide,  
 545 And otherwise of no missepeche  
 My conscience for to seche.  
 I can nought of envie finde,  
 That I misspoke have ought behinde,  
 Wherof love ought be mispaide.  
 550 Now have ye herde and I have saide,  
 What woll ye fader, that I do?

Confessor. My sone, do no more so,  
 But ever kepe thy tunge still,  
 Thou might the more have thy will.  
 555 For as thou saist thy selven here,  
 My lady is of such manere,  
 So wise, so ware in alle thinges,  
 It nedeth of no bakbitinges,  
 That thou thy lady misenforme.  
 560 For whan she knoweth all the forme,  
 How that thy self art envious,  
 Thou shalt nought be so gracious,  
 As thou paraunter shuldest be elles.  
 There wol no man drinke of the welles,  
 565 Whiche as he wote is poison inne.  
 And ofte suche as men beginne  
 Towardes other, such they finde,  
 That set hem ofte fer behinde,  
 Whan that they wenen be before.  
 570 My gode sone, and thou therfore

Be ware and leve thy wicked speche,  
 Wherof hath fallen ofte wreche  
 To many a man before this time.  
 For who so wol his hondes lime,  
 575 They muften be the more unclene.  
 For many a mote shall be sene,  
 That woll nought cleve elles there.  
 And that shulde every wise man fere.  
 For who so woll another blame,  
 580 He seketh ofte his owne shame,  
 Which elles might be right stille.  
 Forthy if that it be thy wille  
 To stonde upon amendement,  
 A tale of great entendement  
 585 I thenke telle for thy sake,  
 Wherof thou might ensample take.  
 ✠ A worthy knight in Cristes lawe  
 Of great Rome, as is the sawe,  
 The sceptre hadde for to right,  
 590 Tibery Constantin he hight,  
 Whos wife was cleped Italie.  
 But they to-gider of progenie  
 No children hadde but a maide.  
 And she the god so wel apaide,  
 595 That al the wide worldes fame  
 Spake worship of her gode name.  
 Constance, as the cronique faith,  
 She hight and was so full of faith,  
 That the greatest of Barbarie  
 600 Of hem, whiche usen marchandie,

Hic loquitur confessor  
 contra istos in amoris  
 causa detrahentes, qui  
 suis obloquiis aliena  
 solacia perturbant, et  
 narrat exemplum de  
 Constancia Tiberii  
 Rome imperatoris fi-  
 lia omnium virtutum  
 famosissima. Ob eius  
 amorem soldanus  
 tunc Persie, ut eam  
 in uxorem ducere pos-  
 set, cristianum se fieri  
 promisit, cuius accep-  
 ta caucione consilio  
 Pelagii tunc pape  
 dicta filia una cum  
 duobus cardinalibus  
 aliisque Rome pro-  
 ceribus in Persiam  
 maritagii causa navi-  
 gio honorifice desti-  
 nata fuit, que tamen  
 obloquencium postea

444, 142, 207, 234; Vol.  
 237, 239, 280, 291  
 1422, 241, 339

Tale of Constance, drawn partly from Vincent of Beauvais' Speculum Historiale viii, 90, and partly from the story of the Roman emperor, 101. See also due to the rhymed romances, Erec, & le Chevalier au Cygne, & the old Saxon story of the hero, preserved in Leben St. Vithes, Paris. Le Roman de la Violette, & le Bon Florent of Rome. Chaucer's Man of Lawes Tale is a free translation of the Anglo-French Chronicle of the Twelfth de Douneville (Paris AB 336); King & Queen are from some common source, unless, Godwin, from Twelfth with more direct than Chaucer. Occure les Versified de Geste Brita, which is also in the Vulgar of Turgota de 1102; it has been traced from a work of the 13th century. For other versions see p. 157.

detractionibus variis  
modis prout inferius  
articulatur absque sui  
culpa dolorosa fata  
multipliciter passa est.

- She hath converted, as they come  
To her upon a time in Rome  
To shewen such thing, as they brought,  
Which worthely of hem she bought.
- 605 And over that in suche a wise  
She hath hem with her wordes wise  
Of Cristes feith so full enformed,  
That they therto ben all conformed,  
So that baptisme they receiven
- 610 And all her false goddes weiven.  
Whan they ben of the feith certein,  
They gone to Barbarie ayein,  
And therè the souldan for hem sente  
And axeth hem to what entente
- 615 They have her firste feith forsake.  
And they, whiche hadden undertake  
The righte feith to kepe and holde,  
The mater of her tale tolde  
With all the hole circumstance.
- 620 And whan the souldan of Constaunce  
Upon the point that they answerde  
The beaute and the grace herde  
As he, which thanne was to wedde,  
In alle haste his cause spedde
- 625 To sende for the mariage.  
And furthermore with good corage  
He saith, be so he may her have  
That Crist, that came this world to save,  
He woll beleve, and thus recorded
- 630 They ben on either side accorded.

And there upon to make an ende  
The souldan his hostages fende  
To Rome, of princes fones twelve.

Wherof the fader in him selve  
635 Was glad, and with the pope avised  
Two cardinales he hath affised  
With other lordes many mo,  
That with his doughter shulden go  
To se the souldan be converted.

640 But that which never was wel herted  
Envie tho began to travaile  
In disturbaunce of this spoufaile  
So prively that none was ware.  
The moder, which the souldan bare,  
645 Was than alive and thoughte this  
Unto her selfe: if it so is,  
My sone him wedde in this manere,  
Than have I lost my joies here,  
For min estate shall so be lassed.

650 Thenkend thus she hath compassed  
By sleight how that she may beguile  
Her sone, and fell within a while  
Betwene hem two whan that they were,  
She feigned wordes in his ere

655 And in this wise gan to say:

My sone, I am by double way  
With all min herte glad and blithe,  
For that my selfe have ofte fithe  
Desired thou wolte, as men saith,  
660 Receive and take a newe feith,

Qualiter adveniente  
Constancia in Barba-  
riam mater soldani  
huiusmodi nupcias  
perturbare volens fi-  
lium suum una cum  
dicta Constancia car-  
dinalibusque et aliis  
Romanis primo die  
ad convivium invita-  
vit, et convесcentibus  
illis in mensa ipsum  
soldanum omnesque  
ibidem preter Con-  
stanciam Romanos ab  
insidiis latitantibus  
subdola detractione  
interfici procuravit  
ipsamque Constanci-  
am in quadam navi  
absque gubernaculo  
positam per altum  
mare ventorum flatibus  
agitandam in ex-  
ilium dirigi solam  
constituit.

Which shall be forthringe of thy life.  
 And eke so worshipfull a wife  
 The doughter of an emperour  
 To wedde it shall be great honour.  
 665 Forthy my sone, I you beseeche,  
 That I such grace might areche,  
 Whan that my doughter come shall,  
 That I may than in speciall  
 So as me thenketh it is honeste  
 670 Be thilke, which the firste feste  
 Shall make unto her welcominge.  
 The souldan graunteth her axinge.  
 And she therof was gladde inough,  
 For under that anone she drough  
 675 With false wordes that she spake  
 Covin of dethe behinde his backe.  
 And therupon her ordinaunce  
 She made so, that whan Constance  
 Was comen forth with the Romans  
 680 Of clerkes and of citezeins,  
 A riche feste she hem made.  
 And moste whan they weren glade  
 With false covin, which she hadde,  
 Her close envie tho she spradde.  
 685 And alle tho, that hadden be  
 Or in appert or in prive  
 Of counseil to the mariage,  
 She slough hem in a sodein rage  
 Endlong the borde as they be set,  
 690 So that it mighte nought be let

Her owne fone was nought quite,  
 But died upon the fame plite.  
 But what the highe god woll spare  
 It may for no perill misfare.

695 This worthy maiden, which was there,  
 Stode than as who faith dede for fere  
 To se the fest, how that it stood,  
 Whiche all was torned into blood.  
 The dish forth with the cuppe and all  
 700 Bebled they weren over all.

She figh hem die on every side,  
 No wonder though she wepte and cride  
 Makend many a wofull mone.  
 Whan all was slain but she al one,

705 This olde fend, this Sarazin  
 Let take anone this Constantin  
 With all the good she thider brought  
 And hath ordeigned as she thought  
 A naked ship withoute stere,  
 710 In which the good and her in fere  
 Vited full for yeres five,  
 Where that the winde it wolde drive,  
 She put upon the wawes wilde.

But he, which alle thinges may shilde,  
 715 Thre yere til that she cam to londe  
 Her ship to stere hath take on honde,  
 And in Northumberlond arriveth,  
 And happeth thanne that she driveth  
 Under a castell with the flood,  
 720 Whiche upon Humber banke stood.

Qualiter navis cum  
 Constancia in partes  
 Anglie, que tunc pa-  
 gana fuit, prope Hum-  
 ber sub quodam cas-  
 tello regis, qui tunc  
 Allee vocabatur, post  
 triennium applicuit,  
 quam quidam miles  
 nomine Elda dicti  
 castelli tunc custos e  
 navi lete suscipiens

uxori sue Hermingelde in custodiam honorifice commendavit.

- And was the kinges owne also,  
 The whiche Allee was cleped tho,  
 A Saxon and a worthy knight,  
 But he beleveth nought aright.  
 725 Of this castell was castellaine  
 Elda the kinges chamberlaine,  
 A knightly man after his lawe.  
 And whan he figh upon the wawe  
 The ship drivend alone so,  
 730 He badde anone men shulden go  
 To se, what it betoken may.  
 This was upon a fomer day,  
 The ship was lokend and she founde.  
 Elda within a litel stounde  
 735 It wist and with his wife anone  
 Toward this yonge lady gone,  
 Where that they founde great richeffe.  
 But she her wolde nought confesse,  
 Whan they her axen what she was.  
 740 And netheles upon the cas  
 Out of the ship with great worship  
 They toke her into felaship  
 As they, that weren of her glade.  
 But she no maner joie made,  
 745 But forweth fore of that she fonde  
 No christendome in thilke londe.  
 But elles she hath all her will,  
 And thus with hem she dwelleth still.  
 Dame Hermegild, which was the wife  
 750 Of Elda, liche her owne life



Constance loveth, and fell so  
 Spekend all day betwene hem two  
 Through grace of goddes purveiaunce  
 This maiden taught the creaunce

755 Unto this wife so parfitly,  
 Upon a day that faste by  
 In presence of her husbonde,  
 Where they go walkend on the stronde,  
 A blinde man, which cam ther ladde,

760 Unto this wife criend he badde  
 With bothe his hondes up and praide  
 To her and in this wise he saide :  
 O Hermegilde, which Cristes feith  
 Enformed, as Constance saith,

765 Received hast : yif me my fight.

Upon this worde her herte aflight  
 Thenkend what was beste to done,  
 But netheles she herde his bone  
 And saide : in trust of Cristes lawe,

770 Which done was on the crosse and flawe,  
 Thou blinde man beholde and se.

With that to God upon his kne  
 Thonkend he toke his fight anone,  
 Wherof they merveil everychone.

775 But Elda wondreth most of alle,  
 This open thing whiche is befall  
 Concludeth him by suche a way,  
 That he the feith mo nede obey.

Now list what fell upon this thinge.

780 This Elda forth unto the kinge

Qualiter Constan-  
 cia Eldam cum ux-  
 ore sua, qui antea  
 Christiani non ex-  
 titerant, ad fidem  
 Christi miraculose  
 convertit.

Qualiter quidam mi-  
 les juvenis in amorem  
 Constance exardef-

cens, pro eo quod ipsa assentire noluit, eam de morte Hermegilde, quam ipse noctanter interfecit, verbis detractoriis accusavit, sed angelus domini ipsum sic detrahentem in maxilla subito percuciens non solum pro mendace comprobavit, sed istu mortali post ipsius confessionem penitus interfecit.

- A morwe toke his way and rode,  
 And Hermegild at home abode  
 Forth with Constance well at ese.  
 Elda, which thought his king to plesse  
 As he, that than unwedded was,  
 Of Constance all the pleine cas  
 As godelich as he couth tolde.  
 The king was glad and said he wolde  
 Come thider in suche a wise,  
 790 That he him might of her avise.  
 The time appointed forth withall  
 This Elda truste in speciall  
 Upon a knight, which fro childhode  
 He had updrawe into manhode.  
 795 To him he tolde all that he thought,  
 Wherof that after him forthought.  
 And netheles at thilke tide  
 Unto his wife he bad him ride  
 To make redy alle thinge  
 800 Ayeinst the cominge of the kinge,  
 And saith that he him self to-fore  
 Thenketh for to come and bad therfore,  
 That he him kepe and tolde him whan.  
 This knight rode forth his waie than.  
 805 And soth was, that of time passed  
 He had in all his wit compassed,  
 Howe he Constance mighte winne.\*  
 But he sigh tho no spede therinne.  
 Wherof his lust began to abate,  
 810 And that was love is thanne hate.

*He is simple a young knight of the king's court, but he is not a knight. He was so affected that*

- Of her honour he had envie,  
 So that upon his trecherie  
 A lesinge in his herte he cast,  
 Til he come home, he hieth fast  
 815 And doth his lady to understonde  
 The message of her husebonde.  
 And therupon the longe daie  
 They setten thinges in arraie,  
 That all was as it shulde be  
 820 Of every thinge in his degre.  
 And whan it came into the night,  
 This wife her hath to bedde dight,  
 Where that this maiden with her lay.  
 This false knight upon delay,  
 825 Hath taried till they were aslepe,  
 As he that woll to his time kepe  
 His dedly werkes to fulfille.  
 And to the bed he stalketh stille,  
 Where that he wiste was the wife,  
 830 And in his honde a rasour knife  
 He bar, with whiche her throte he cut  
 And prively the knife he put  
 Under that other beddes side,  
 Where that Constance lay beside.\*  
 835 Elda come hom the same night  
 And stille with a prive light  
 As he that wolde nought awake  
 His wife, he hath his waie take  
 Into the chambre and there liggend  
 840 He fonde his dede wife bledend,

This is the commonest episode in all the all-ed stories, & is also borrowed by Shakespeare. Macbeth II, 2.43. Shapere  
 Piercevoh Noth 2, 4, is from this group & has the knife incident, but (as in most modern versions) in connection with  
 children. Tebaldo prince of Salern, promises his dying wife to wed nobody who she does not fit; his lovely daughter  
 here grows up & puts the ring on; this inspires him with passion & he wishes to wed her. (similar case, see Vol III, p. 286). To  
 him, she hides in a deep which is sold away to Britain, & so comes to the palace of King Genere. She comes out daily & takes & do  
 the room; he hides & catches her, & when she tells him she is a prince's daughter, wed's her; they have two children. Tebaldo comes  
 comes to England disguised as a merchant selling very superior spindles, (if the surgeon in Aladdin, Godard's Arabian Nights). He  
 out let his daughter have one if he sleeps one night in the room with her children; but he steals into her room adjoining, takes the  
 dagger from her girdle, stabs the children & replaces the bloody dagger in its sheath; he then escapes & disguises himself as an idiot, &  
 consults him about the murder; he advises that all the inmates of the palace be compelled to show the king's known. Dorothea is condemned by  
 insist on a cruel death. Therefore he commanded that she should be stripped and then, naked & bound up to her chin in the earth, and that  
 be well fed in order that she might longer live and the worms devour her flesh while she still lived. (cf. the book on Philadelph. A. Laparus is

Where that Constance faste by  
 Was falle aslepe, and sodeinly  
 He cried aloude, and she awoke  
 And forth with all she cast a loke  
 845 And sigh this lady blede there,  
 Wherof fwounende dede for fere  
 She was and stille as any stone  
 She laie, and Elda therupon  
 Into the castell clepeth out  
 850 And up sterte every man about,  
 Into the chambre forth they went.  
 But he whiche all untrouthe ment  
 This false knight among hem all  
 Upon this thing whiche is befall  
 855 Saith that Constance hath don this dede.  
 And to the bed with that he yede  
 After the falsched of his speche  
 And made him there for to seche  
 And fond the knife, where he it laid.  
 860 And than he cried and than he said :  
 Lo, se the knife all bloody here,  
 What nedeth more in this matere  
 To axe? and thus her innocence  
 He sclaundreth there in audience  
 865 With false wordes, whiche he feigneth.  
 But yet for al that ever he pleineth.  
 Elda no full credence toke.  
 And happed that there lay a boke,  
 Upon the which, whan he it fighe,  
 870 This knight hath fwore and said on highe,

That alle men it mighten wite  
Now by this boke, which here is write,  
Constance is gultif well I wote.

With that the honde of heven him smote

875 In token of that he was forswore,  
That he has bothe his eyen lore,  
Out of his hed the same stounde  
They stert, and so they were founde.\*

A vois was herd, whan that they fel,

880 Which saide: O dampned man to helle,  
Lo, thus hath god thy sclaunder wroke,  
That thou ayein Constance hath spoke,  
Beknowe the sothe er that thou deie.

And he tolde out his felonie

885 And starf forth with his tale anone.

Into the grounde, where alle gone,  
This dede lady was begrave.

Elda, which thought his honour save,  
All that he may restreigneth forwe.

890 For he the second day a morwe  
The king came, as they were accorded.†  
And whan it was to him recorded,  
What god hath wrought upon this chaunce,  
He toke it into remembraunce

895 And thought more than he saide,  
For all his hole herte he laide  
Upon Constance and saide he shulde  
For love of her, if that she wolde,  
Baptisme take and Cristes feith

900 Beleve and over that he saith,

Qualiter rex Allee ad  
fidem Christi conver-  
sus baptismum rece-  
pit et Constanciam  
super hoc leto animo  
desponsavit, que ta-  
men qualis vel unde  
fuit alicui nullo modo  
fatebatur, et cum in-  
fra breve postea a do-  
mino suo inpregnata  
fuisset, ipse ad debel-  
landum cum Scotis  
iter arripuit et ibi-  
dem super guerras ali-  
quandiu permanfit.

From the legend of St. Knecht - see William of Malmesbury, p. 238, Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, p. 346, Giraldus Cambrensis, Hist. Hibernie, lib. 1, c. 12.

This is better than Chaucer's version, in which Allee comes back along with the Constable & Constance is tried before him. This agrees with Gower.

He wol her wedde, and upon this  
 Affured eche til other is.

And for to make shorte tales

There came a bisshop out of Wales

905 Fro Bangor, and Lucie he hight,\*

Which through the grace of god almight

The king with many an other mo

He cristned, and betwene hem two

He hath fulfilled the mariage.

910 But for no lust, ne for no rage

She tolde hem never what she was.

And netheles upon this cas

The king was glad, how so it stood,

For well he wist and understood

915 She was a noble creature.

The highe maker of nature

Her hath visited in a throwe,

That it was openliche knowe,

She was with childe by the kinge,

920 Wherof above all other thinge

He thonketh god and was right glad.

And fell that time he was bestad

Upon a werre and must ride.

And while he shulde there abide,

925 He left at home to kepe his wife

Suche as he knewe of holy life,

Elda forth with the bisshop eke.

And he with power go to seke

Ayein the Scottes for to fonde

930 The werre, whiche he toke on honde.

The time set of kinde is come,  
This lady hath her chambre nome  
And of a sone bore fulle,  
Wherof that she was joiefull,  
935 She was delivered sauf and sone.  
The bishop, as it was to done,  
Yaf him baptisme and Moris calleth.\*  
And therupon as it befalleth  
With letters writen of recorde  
940 They send unto her lege lorde  
That kepers weren of the quene.  
And he, that shulde go betwene,  
The messanger to Knaresburgh,  
Which town he shulde passe thurgh,  
945 Ridende cam the first daie  
The kinges moder there lay,  
Whose right name was Domilde,†  
Whiche after all the cause spilde.  
For he, which thonk deserve wolde,  
950 Unto this lady goth and tolde  
Of his message al how it ferde.  
And she with feigned joie it herde  
And yaf him yestes largely,  
But in the night al prively  
955 She toke the letters, whiche he had,  
Fro point to point and overrad  
As she, that was through out untrewē,  
And let do writen other newe  
In stede of hem,‡ and thus they speke.  
960 Our lege lord, we the beseke,

Qualiter regina Con-  
stancia infantem mas-  
culum, quem in bap-  
tismo Mauricium vo-  
cant, rege absente  
enixa est, sed invida  
mater regis Domilda  
super isto facto con-  
dolens mendacibus  
regi certificavit, quod  
uxor sua demoniaci et  
non humani generis  
quoddam monstro-  
sum fantasma loco  
geniture adortum  
produxit, huiusmodi-  
que detractoribus ad-  
versus Constanciam  
in tanto procuravit,  
quod ipsa in navem,  
qua prius venerat, ite-  
rum ad exilium una  
cum suo partu re-  
missa desolabatur.

## Prima littera in commendacionem

Mauricio Corbelli

Domegild in Charge

The same in character. At 2 miles from the house, Fall here with Old Tater. 11/11/55

Constancie ab episcopo regi missa per Domildam in contrarium falsata.

That thou with us ne be nought wroth,  
 Though we such thing, as is the loth,  
 Upon our trouthe certifie.  
 Thy wife, whiche is of fairie,  
 965 Of suche a child delivered is  
 Fro kinde, which stant all amis.  
 But for it shulde nought be saie  
 We have it kept out of the waie  
 For drede of pure worldes shame,  
 970 A pouer childe, and in the name  
 Of thilke, whiche is so misbore,  
 We toke and therto we be swore,  
 That none but only you and we  
 Shall knowen of this private.  
 975 Morice it hat, and thus men wene,  
 That it was bore of the quene  
 And of thine owne bodie gete.  
 But this thing may nought be foryete,  
 That thou ne sende us worde anone,  
 980 What is thy wille therupon.  
 This letter, as thou hast herd devise,  
 Was counterfet in suche a wise,  
 That no man shulde it apperceive.  
 And she, which thought to deceive,  
 985 It laith, where she that other toke.  
 This messanger, whan he awoke,  
 And wist nothings how it was,  
 Arose and rode the great pas  
 And toke his letter to the kinge.  
 990 And whan he sigh this wonder thinge,



He maketh the messenger no chere,  
 But netheles in wise manere,  
 He wrote ayein and yaf him charge,  
 That they ne suffre nought at large  
 995 His wife to go but kepe her still,\*  
 Till they have herd more of his will.

This messenger was yefteles,  
 But with his letter netheles  
 Or be him lefe or be him loth  
 1000 In alle haste ayeine he goth  
 By Knareburgh, and as he went,  
 Unto the moder his entent  
 Of that he fond toward the kinge  
 He tolde, and she upon this thinge  
 1005 Saith, that he shulde abide all night  
 And made him feste and chere aright,  
 Feignend as though she couthe him thonke.  
 But he with strong wine which he dronke  
 Forth with the travaile of the day  
 1010 Was drunke aslepe, and while he lay,  
 She hath his letters oversay  
 And formed in an other way,  
 There was a newe letter write,

Which saith: I do you for to wite,  
 1015 That through the counseil of you two  
 I stonde in point to ben undo  
 As he, whiche is a king deposed,  
 For every man it hath supposd,  
 How that my wife Constance is fay.  
 1020 And if that I, they sain, delay

Secunda littera per  
 regem episcopo re-  
 missa a Domilda  
 iterum falsata.

To put her out of compaignie,  
 The worship of my regalie  
 Is lore, and over this they telle,  
 Her child shal nought among hem dwelle  
 1015 To claimen any heritage.  
 So can I fe none avauntage,  
 But all is lost, if she abide.  
 Forthy to loke on every side  
 Toward the mischefe as it is  
 1020 I charge you and bidde this,  
 That ye the same ship vittaile,\*  
 In which that she toke arrivaile,  
 Therin and putteth bothe two  
 Her self forth with her childe also,  
 1035 And so forth brought into the depe  
 Betaketh her the see to kepe.  
 Of foure daies time I set,  
 That ye this thing no lenger let,  
 So that your life be nought forfete.  
 1040 And thus this letter counterfete  
 The messanger, which was unaware,  
 Upon the kinges halve bare  
 And where he shulde it hath betake.  
 But whan that they have hede take  
 1045 And rad, that writen is withinne,  
 So great a forwe they beginne,  
 As they her owne moder sighen  
 Brent in a fire before her eyen.  
 There was wepinge and there was wo,  
 1050 But finally the thinge is do.

Upon the see they have her brought,  
But she the cause wiste nought,  
And thus upon the flood they wone  
This lady with her yonge sone.

1055 And than her hondes to the heven  
She straught and with a milde steven  
Knelend upon her bare kne  
She saide : O high mageste,  
Which seeft the point of every trouth,

1060 Take of thy wofull woman routh  
And of this child, that I shal kepe.  
And with that word she gan to wepe  
Swounend as dede, and there she lay.  
But he, whiche alle thinges may,

1065 Conforteth her, and ate laste  
She loketh and her eyen caste  
Upon her childe and sayde this :  
Of me no maner charge it is  
What sorwe I suffre, but of the

1070 Me thenketh it is great pite,  
For if I sterve thou shalt deie,  
So mote I nedes by that weie  
For moderhed and for tendereffe  
With all min hole besineffe

1075 Ordeigne me for thilke office  
As she, which shall be thy norice.  
Thus was she strengthed for to stonde.  
And tho she toke her childe in honde  
And yaf it fouke and ever amonge  
1080 She wepte and otherwhile songe



- That certainly she shulde deie.  
 She figh there was none other weie  
 And saide he shulde her well conforte,  
 That he first loke out at porte,  
 1115 That no man were nigh the stede,  
 Which mighte knowe, what they dede.  
 And than he may do what he wolde.  
 He was right glad, that she so tolde,  
 And to the port anone he ferde.  
 1120 She praieth god, and he her herde.  
 And sodeinlich he was out throwe\*  
 And dreint, and tho began to blowe  
 Winde mevable fro the londe,  
 And thus the mighty goddes honde  
 1125 Her hath conveied and defended.  
 And whan thre yere<sup>y</sup>ben full despended,  
 Her ship was drive upon a daie,  
 Where that a great navie laie  
 Of shippes, all the worlde at ones.  
 1130 And as god wolde for the nones,  
 Her ship goth in amonge hem alle  
 And stint nought, er it befall  
 And hath that vessel under gete,  
 Which maister was of all the flete.  
 1135 But there it resteth and abode.  
 This grete ship on anker rode,  
 The lord come forth, and whan he figh  
 That other ligge on bord so nigh  
 He wondreth, what it mighte be,  
 1140 And bad men to go in and se.

Qualiter navicula  
 Constancie quodam  
 die per altum mare  
 vagans inter copio-  
 sam navium multitu-  
 dinem dilapsa est,  
 quarum Arcennius  
 Romanorum consul,  
 dux et capitaneus ip-  
 sam ignotam fuscipi-  
 ens usque ad Romam  
 secum perduxit, ubi  
 equalem uxori sue  
 Elene permanfuram  
 reverenter associavit  
 nec non et eiusdem  
 filium Mauricium in  
 omni habundancia  
 quasi proprium edu-  
 cavit.

*In Chaucer she resists & struggles, during which he falls overboard.*

*Five years in Tarsus, Chaucer gives no time.*

- This lady tho was crope a fide  
 As she, that wolde her selven hide,  
 For she ne wiste, what they were.  
 They fought about and fond her there  
 1145 And broughten up her childe and her.  
 And therupon this lord to spire  
 Began, fro whenne that she came  
 And what she was. Quod she: I am  
 A woman woefully bestad.  
 1150 I had a lorde, and thus he bad,  
 That I forth with my litel sone  
 Upon the wawes shulde wone.  
 But why the cause was I not,  
 But he whiche alle thinges wot  
 1155 Yet hath, I thonk him, of his might  
 My childe and me so kepte upright,  
 That we be fause bothe two.  
 This lorde her axeth evermo  
 How she beleveth, and she faith:  
 1160 I leve and trust in Cristes feith,  
 Which died upon the rode tre.  
 What is thy name, tho quod he?  
 My name is Custe, she him faide.\*  
 But furthermore for nought he praide  
 1165 Of her estate to knowe pleine  
 She wolde him nothing elles faine  
 But of her name, which she feigned,  
 All other thinges she restreigned,  
 That o word more she ne tolde.  
 1170 This lord than axeth if she wolde

With him abide in compaignie  
 And faide, he came from Barbarie  
 To Rome ward and home he went.  
 Tho she supposeth what it ment  
 1175 And faith, she wolde with him wende  
 And dwelle unto her lives ende,  
 If it so be to his plesaunce.  
 And thus upon her acqueintaunce  
 He tolde her plainly as it stood,  
 1180 Of Rome how that the gentil blood  
 In Barbarie was betraied  
 And therupon he hath affaied  
 By werre and taken such vengeance,  
 That none of thilke alliaunce,  
 1185 By whom the trefon was compassed,  
 Is from the swerd alive passed.  
 But of Constance how it was  
 That couthe he knowe by no cas  
 Where she becam, so as he said  
 1190 Her ere unto his word she laid,  
 But furthermore made she no chere.  
 And netheles in this matere  
 It happed that ilke time so  
 This lord, with whom she shulde go,  
 1195 Of Rome was the senatour  
 And of her fader themperour  
 His brother doughter hath to wive,  
 Which hath her fader eke on live,  
 And was Salustes cleped tho,  
 1200 His wife Heleine hight also,\*

\*Thivet also makes him Arseus, wedded to her cousin Helen daughter of her uncle Salustius. He never merely makes  
 a senator, returning for taking vengeance in Syria; whose wife is her aunt

To whom Constance was coufine.  
 Thus to the like a medicine  
 Hath god ordeigned of his grace,  
 That forthwith in the same place  
 1205 This senatour his trouthe plight  
 For ever, while he live might  
 To kepe her in worship and in wele,  
 Be so that god woll yive her hele,  
 This lady, which fortune him sende.  
 1210 And thus by ship forth sailende  
 Her and her childe to Rome be brought,  
 And to his wife tho he besought  
 To take her into compaignie.  
 And she, which couth of curtesie  
 1215 All that a good wife shulde conne,  
 Was inly glad, that she hath wonne  
 The felaschip of so good one.  
 This emperours doughter Custe  
 Forth with the doughter of Saluste  
 1220 Was kept, but no man redely  
 Knew what she was, and nought forthy  
 They thoughten well she hadde be  
 In her estate of high degre,  
 And every life her loveth wele.  
 Now herken thilke unstable whele,  
 Whiche ever torneth, went aboute.  
 The king Allee, while he was oute,  
 As thou to-fore hast herd this cas,  
 Deceived through his moder was.  
 But whan that he come home ayein,  
 He axeth of his chamberlain

Qualiter rex Allee  
 inita pace cum  
 Scotis a guerris  
 rediens et non in-  
 venta uxore sua  
 causam exilii dili-  
 gencius perscru-  
 tans, cum matrem  
 suam Domildam  
 inde culpabilem  
 scivisset, ipsam in  
 igne proiciens con-  
 burii fecit.



And of the bisshop eke also,  
Where they the quene hadden do.  
And they answerde there he bad  
And have him thilke letter rad,  
1235 Whiche he hem fende for warrant,  
And tolde him plainly as it stant  
And fain, it thought hem great pite  
To se a worthy one as she  
With suche a childe, as there was bore,  
1240 So sodeinly to be forlore.  
He axeth hem, what child that were.  
And they him saide, that no where  
In all the world, though men it fought,  
Was never woman, that forth brought  
1245 A fairer child, than it was one.  
And than he axeth hem anone,  
Why they ne hadden writen so.  
They tolden, so they hadden do.  
He saide nay. They saiden yis.  
1250 The letter shewed rad it is,  
Which they forfoken every dele.  
Tho was it understonde wele,  
That there is trefon in the thinge.  
The messanger to-fore the kinge  
1255 Was brought and sodeinlich opposed  
As he, which no thinge hath supposed  
But alle wel, began to saie,  
That he no where upon the waie  
Abode but only in a stede,  
1260 And cause why, that he so dede,

Was, as he went to and fro,  
 At Knareſburgh by nightes two  
 The kinges moder made him dwelle.  
 And when the king it herde telle,  
 1265 Within his hert he wiſte als faſte  
 The trefon, whiche his moder caſte,  
 And thought he wolde nought abide.  
 But forth right in the ſame tide  
 He toke his hors and rode anone,  
 1270 With him there riden many one,  
 To Knareſburgh and forth they wente  
 And lich the fire, which thonder hente,  
 In ſuche a rage, as faith the boke,  
 His moder ſodeinlich he toke  
 1275 And faide unto her in this wiſe :  
 O beſte of helle, in what juiſe  
 Haſt thou deſerved for to deie,  
 That haſt ſo falſely put aweie  
 With trefon of thy backbitinge  
 1280 The treweſt at my knouelechinge  
 Of wives and the moſt honeſt ?  
 But I wol make this beheſt,  
 I ſhall be venged or I go.  
 And let a fire do make tho  
 1285 And bad men for to caſte her inne.\*  
 But firſt ſhe tolde out all the finne  
 And did hem alle for to wite,  
 How ſhe the letters hadde write  
 Fro point to point, as it was wrought.  
 1290 And tho ſhe was to dethe brought

And brent to-fore her fones eye,  
Wherof these other, whiche it sighe  
And herden how the cause stood,  
Sain, that the iugement was good,  
1295 Of that her sone her hath so serued.  
For she it hadde wel deserved  
Through treson of her false tunge,  
Which through the lond was after songe,  
Constance and every wight compleineth.  
1300 But he, whom alle wo distreigneth,  
This sorwefull king was so bestad,  
That he shall never more be glad,  
He saith, eftsone for to wedde,  
Till that he wist how that she spedde,  
1305 Which hadde ben his firste wife,  
And thus his yonge unlusty life  
He driveth forth so as he may.

Till it befel upon a day,  
Whan he his werres hadde acheved  
1310 And thought he wolde be releved  
Of foule hele upon the feith,  
Whiche he hath take, than he saith,  
That he to Rome in pelrinage  
Wol go, where pope was Pelage,  
1315 To take his absolucion.  
And upon this condicion  
He made Edwin his lieutenaunt,  
Whiche heir to him was apparaunt,  
That he the lond in his absence  
1320 Shall reule. And thus by providence

Qualiter post lapsum .xii. annorum rex Allee absolutionis causa Romam proficiens uxorem suam Constan-  
ciam una cum filio suo divina providencia ibidem le-  
tus invenit.

[illegible]

✓ Part 1, 2, 3 & 4 - 2 each

Of alle thinges well begonne  
He toke his leve and forth is gone.

Elda, which was with him tho there,  
Er they fulliche at Rome were,  
1325 Was sent to-fore to purveie,  
And he his guide upon the weie  
In helpe to ben his herbergeour  
Hath axed, who was fenatour,  
That he his name mighte kenne.  
1330 Of Capadoce, he faide, Arcenne\*  
He hight and was a worthy knyght.  
To him goth Elda tho forth right  
And tolde him of his lord tiding  
And praide, that for his cominge  
1335 He wolde affigne him herbergage.  
And he so did of good corage.

Whan all is do, that was to done,  
The kinge him self cam after sone.  
This fenatour whan that he come  
1340 To Cufte and to his wife at home,  
Hath tolde how fuche a kinge Allee  
Of great array to the citee  
Was come, and Cufte upon his tale  
With herte close and colour pale  
1345 A fwoune felle, and he merveileth  
So sodeinly what thinge her eileth  
And caught her up, and whan she woke,  
She siketh with a pitous loke  
And feigneth fikenesse of the see,  
1350 But it was for the kinge Allee

For joie, which fell in her thought,  
That god him hath to towne brought.  
This king hath spoke with the pope  
And tolde all that he couthe grope,  
1355 What greveth in his conscience,  
And than he thought in reverence  
Of his estate, er that he went,  
To make a feste and thus he sent  
Unto the senatour to come  
1360 Upon the morwe and other some  
To fitte with him at the mete.  
This tale hath Cust nought foryete.  
But to Morice her sone tolde,  
That he upon the morwe sholde  
1365 In all that ever he couth and might  
Be present in the kinges fight,  
So that the kinge him ofte figh.  
Morice to-fore the kinges eye  
Upon the morwe, where he sat,  
1370 Full ofte stood, and upon that  
The king his chere upon him caste  
And in his face him thought als faste  
He figh his owne wife Constance,  
For nature, as in resemblance  
1375 Of face, him liketh so to clothe,  
That they were of a suite bothe.  
The king was moved in his thought  
Of that he figh and knew it nought.  
This childe he loveth kindely,  
1380 And yet he wot no cause why.

But wel he sigh and understode,  
 That he toward Arcenne stode,  
 And axeth him anone right there,  
 If that this childe his sone were.

1385 He saide : ye, so I him calle,  
 And wolde it were so befallē,  
 But it is all in other wise.  
 And tho began he to devise,  
 How he the childes moder fonde  
 1390 Upon the see from every londe  
 Within a ship was steredes,  
 And how this lady helpeles  
 Forth with her childe he hath forth drawe.  
 The kinge hath understood his sawe

1395 The childes name and axeth tho,  
 And what the moder hight also,  
 That he him wolde telle he praide.  
 Morice this childe is hote, he saide,  
 His moder hat Cufte, and this

1400 I not what maner name it is.  
 But Allee wiste wel inough,  
 Wherof somdele smilend he lough.  
 For Cufte in Saxon is to faine  
 Constance upon the word Romaine.

1405 But who that couthe specifie,  
 What tho fell in his fantasie,  
 And how his witte aboute renneth  
 Upon the love, in which he brenneth,  
 It were a wonder for to here.

1410 For he was nouthere there ne here,

But clene out of him felfe away,  
That he not what to thenke or fay.  
So faine he wolde it were ſhe,  
Wherof his hertes privete  
1415 Began the werre of ye and nay,  
The whiche in fuch balaunce lay,  
That contenaunce for a throwe  
He loſte, till he mighte knowe  
The ſoth. But in his memoire  
1420 The man, which lieth in purgatoire,  
Deſireth nought the heven more,  
That he ne longeth alſo fore  
To wite, what him ſhall betide.  
And whan the bordes were aſide  
1425 And every man was riſe aboute,  
The kinge hath weived all the route  
And with the ſenatour alone  
He ſpake and praid him of a bone,  
To ſe this Cuſte where ſhe dwelleth  
1430 At home with him, ſo as he telleth.  
The ſenatour was wel apaide.  
This thing no lenger was delaide.  
To ſe this Cuſte goth the kinge,  
And ſhe was warned of the thinge,  
1435 And with Heleine forth ſhe came  
Ayein the kinge, and he tho name  
Good hede, and whan he ſigh his wife,  
Anone with all his hertes life  
He caught her in his armes and kiſte.  
1440 Was never wight that ſigh ne wiſte

A man that more joie made,  
 Wherof they weren alle glade,  
 Which herde tellen of this chaunce.\*  
 This king tho with his wife Constance,  
 1445 Whiche had a great part of his will,  
 In Rome for a time still  
 Abode and made him well at ese.  
 But so yet couth he never plese  
 His wife, that she him wolde saine  
 1450 Of her estate the trouthe pleine,  
 Of what contre that she was bore,  
 Ne what she was, and yet therfore  
 With all his wit he hath done seke.  
 Thus as they ligh in bedde and speke,  
 1455 She praith him and counseileth both,  
 That for the worship of hem both  
 So that her thought it were honeste  
 He wolde an honourable feste  
 Make er he went in that citee,  
 1460 Where themperour him self shall be.  
 He graunteth all that she him praide.  
 But as men in that time saide,  
 This emperour fro thilke day  
 That first his doughter went away  
 1465 He was than after never gladde,  
 But what that any man him badde  
 Of grace for his doughter sake  
 That grace wolde he nought forsake,  
 And thus ful great almesse he dede,  
 1470 Wherof he hadde many a bede.



This emperour out of the towne,  
 Within a ten mile enviroune,  
 Where as it thought him for the beste  
 Hath sondry places for to reste,  
 1475 And as fortune wolde tho  
 He was dwellend at one of tho.  
 The kinge Allee forth with thassent  
 Of Custe his wife hath thider sent  
 Morice his sone, as he was taught,  
 1480 To themperour, and he goth straught  
 And in his fader halve he fought  
 As he, whiche his lordship fought,  
 That of his highe worthinesse  
 He wolde do so great mekenesse  
 1485 His owne town to come and se  
 And yive a time in the citee,  
 So that his fader might him gete,  
 That he wolde ones with him ete.  
 This lorde hath graunted his requeste.  
 1490 And whan the day was of the feste,  
 In worship of her emperour  
 The kinge and eke the senatour  
 Forth with her wives bothe two,  
 With many a lorde and lady mo,  
 1495 On hors riden him ayeine,  
 Till it befell upon a pleine  
 They figh, where he was comend.  
 With that Constance anone praiend  
 Spake to her lord, that he abide,  
 1500 So that I may to-fore ride

Qualiter Constancia,  
 que antea per totum  
 tempus exilii sui pe-  
 nes omnes incognitam  
 se celavit, tunc de-  
 mum patri suo impe-  
 ratori se ipsam per  
 omnia manifestavit,  
 quod cum rex Allee  
 scivisset, una cum uni-  
 versa Romanorum  
 multitudine inestima-  
 bili gaudio admiran-  
 tes cunctipotentem  
 laudarunt.

To ben upon his bienvenue  
 The firſte, which ſhall him ſalue.  
 And thus after her lordes graunte  
 Upon a mule white amblaunte  
 1505 Forth with a fewe rode this quene.  
 They wondred, what ſhe wolde mene,  
 And riden after ſofte paſ.  
 But whan this lady comen was  
 To themperour, in his preſence  
 1510 She faide aloude in audience :  
 My lord, my fader, wel you be !  
 And of this time that I ſe  
 Your honour and your gode hele,  
 Whiche is the helpe of my quarele,  
 1515 I thonke unto the goddes might.  
 For joie his herte was aflight  
 Of that ſhe tolde in remembraunce.  
 And whan he wiſte, it was Conſtance,  
 Was never fader half ſo blithe.  
 1520 Wepend he kiſte her often ſithe,  
 So was his hert all overcome,  
 For though his moder were come  
 Fro deth to life out of the grave,  
 He might no more wonder have  
 1525 Than he hath, whan that he her figh.  
 With that her owne lord come nigh  
 And is to themperour obeied.  
 And whan the fortune is bewreied,  
 How that Conſtance is come aboute,  
 1530 So harde an herte was none oute,

That he for pite tho ne wepte.  
 Arcennus, which her fonde and kepte,  
 Was thanne glad of that is falle,  
 So that with joie among hem alle  
 1535 They riden in at Rome gate.  
 This emperour thought all to late,  
 Till that the pope were come  
 And of the lordes fende some  
 To pray him, that he wolde hafte.  
 1540 And he cam forth in alle hafte.  
 And whan that he this tale herde,  
 How wonderly this chaunce ferde,  
 He thonketh god of his miracle,  
 To whos might may be none obstacle.  
 1545 The king a noble feste hem made,  
 And thus they weren alle glad.  
 A parlement er that they went  
 They setten unto this entent,  
 To putten Rome in full espeire,  
 1550 That Morice was apparant heire  
 And shulde abide with hem stille,  
 For such was all the londes wille.

Whan every thing was fully spoke  
 Of sorwe and queint was all the smoke,  
 1555 Tho toke his leve Allee the kinge  
 And with full many a riche thinge  
 Which themperour him hadde yive  
 He goth a gladde life to live.  
 For he Constance hath in his honde,  
 1560 Which was the comfort of the londe.

Qualiter Mauricius  
 cum imperatore ut  
 heres imperii re-  
 mansit et rex Allee  
 et Constanca in  
 Angliam regressi  
 sunt.

\* In Turin, Les grandfather makes his confession; Chaucer says that the pope made an emperor's lady.

For whan that he cam home ayein,  
 There is no tunge that might fain,  
 What joie was that ilke ffounde  
 Of that he hath his quene founde,  
 1565 Which first was sent of goddes sonde,  
 Whan she was driven upon the stronde,  
 By whom the misbeleve of finne  
 Was leste and Cristes feith came inne  
 To hem that whilome were blinde.  
 1570 But he, which hindreth every kinde

Qualiter rex Allee  
 post biennium in  
 Anglia humane  
 carnis resolucio-  
 nem subiens nature  
 debitum persoluit,  
 post cuius obitum  
 Constancia cum  
 patre suo Rome se  
 transtulit moratu-  
 ram.

And for no gold may be forbought,  
 The deth comend er he besought  
 Toke with this king such acquaintance,  
 That he with all his retenaunce  
 Ne mighte nought defend his life,  
 And thus he parteth from his wife,  
 Which thanne made forwe inough.  
 And therupon her herte drough  
 To leven Englund for ever  
 1580 And go where that she hadde lever  
 To Rome whanne that she came.  
 And thus of all the lond she nam  
 Her leve, and goth to Rome ayein.  
 And after that the bokes fain  
 1585 She was nought there but a throwe,  
 Whan deth of kinde hath overthrowe  
 Her worthy fader, which men saide  
 That he betwene her armes deide.  
 And afterward the yere suende  
 Tho god hath made of her an ende,

De morte impera-  
 toris.

De morte Con-  
 stancie.

And fro this worldes fairie  
Hath take her into compaignie.

Morice her fone was corowned,  
Which so ferforth was abandouned  
1595 To Cristes feith, that men him calle  
Morice the christenest of alle.

And thus the whel meving of love  
Was ate lafte fet above.

And ſo, as thou haſt herd to-fore,

1600 The false tungen weren lore,

Whiche upon love wolden lie.

Forthy touchend of this envie,

Which longeth unto bakbitinge,

Be ware thou make no lefinge

1605 In hindring of another wight.

And if thou wolt be taught aright,

What mischefe bakbitinge doth,

By other waie a tale foth

Now might thou here next fuende,

1610 Which to this vice is accordende.

¶ In a cronique as thou shalt wite

A great enfample I finde write,

Whiche I shall telle upon this thinge.

Philip of Macedoine kinge

1615 Two fones hadde by his wife,

Whose fame yet in Grece is rife.

Demetrius the firſte brother

Was hote and Perfeus that other.

Demetrius men saiden tho

1620 The better knight was of the two,

De coronacione  
Mauricii, qui ad-  
huc in cronicis  
Mauricius impera-  
tor christianissimus  
nuncupatur.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra istos detractores, qui in alterius vituperium mendacia congingentes diffamacionem fieri procurant. Et narrat, qualiter Perseus, Philippi regis Macedoniae filius, Demetrio fratri suo ob eius probitatem invidens, composito detractio- nis mendacio ipsum apud patrem suum mortaliter accusavit, dicens, ipse non solum patrem, sed et totum

[illegible]

Macedonie regnum  
 Romanis hostibus  
 proditorie vendidit  
 fet, quem super hoc in  
 iudicium producents  
 testibusque iudicibus  
 auro subornatis,  
 quamvis falsissime  
 morte condemnatum  
 evicit, quo defuncto  
 eciam et pater infra  
 breve postea mortuus  
 est. Et sic Perseo  
 successive regnante  
 deus huiusmodi  
 detractiois invidiam  
 abhorrens ipsum cum  
 universa suorum pug-  
 natorum multitudine  
 extra Danubii fluvium  
 ab Emilio tunc Romanorum  
 consule eventu bellico  
 interfici fortunavit. Ita  
 quod ab illo die Macedonie  
 potestas penitus destructa  
 Romano imperio subjugata  
 defervivit, et eius detractio,  
 quam contra alium  
 conspiraverat, in sui  
 ipsius diffamacionem  
 pro perpetuo divulgata  
 consistit.

To whom the lond was attendant  
 As he, whiche heir was apparant  
 To regne after his faders day.  
 But that thing, which no water may  
 Quenche in this world but ever brenneth,  
 Into his brothers hert it renneth,  
 The proud envie of that he fighe  
 His brother shulde climbe on highe,  
 And he to him mot than obeie  
 That may he suffre by no waie,  
 With strengthe durst he no thing fonde.  
 So toke he lesinge upon honde,  
 Whan he figh time and spake therto.  
 For it befell that time so  
 His fader grete werres hadde  
 With Rome, whiche he streite ladde  
 Through mighty hond of his manhod,  
 As he which hath inough knighthod.  
 And ofte hem hadde fore greved.

1640 But er the werre were acheved,  
 As he was upon ordenaunce  
 At home in Grece, it fell par chaunce  
 Demetrius, whiche ofte aboute  
 Ridend was, stood that time out,  
 1645 So that this Perse in his absence,  
 Which bar the tunge of pestilence  
 With false wordes whiche he feigneth  
 Upon his owne brother pleineth,  
 In privete behinde his bake  
 1650 And to his fader thus he spake :

My dere fader, I am holde  
By way of kinde, as refon wolde  
That I fro you fhall nothing hide,  
Which mighte torne in any fide  
1655 Of youre eftate into grevaunce.  
Forthy min hertes obeifaunce  
Toward you I thenke kepe.  
For it is good ye take kepe  
Upon a thing, whiche is me tolde.  
1660 My brother hath us alle folde  
To hem of Rome, and you alfo,  
For thanne they behote him fo,  
That he with hem fhall regne in pees.  
Thus hath he caft for his encres,  
1665 That your eftate fhall go to nought.  
And this to prove fhall be brought  
So ferforth, that I undertake  
It fhall nought wel mow be forfake.  
The kinge upon this tale anfwerd  
1670 And faid, if this thing which he herd  
Be foth and may be brought to prove,  
It fhall nought be to his behove,  
Which fo has fhapen us the werfte,  
For he him felf fhall be the ferfte  
1675 That fhall be dede, if that I may.  
Thus afterwarde upon a day,  
Whan that Demetrius was come,  
Anone his fader hath him nome  
And bad unto his brother Perfe,  
1680 That he his tale fhall reherfe

Of thilke trefon, whiche he tolde.  
 And he whiche all untrouthe wolde  
 Counseileth, that so high a nede  
 Be treted, where as it may spede,  
 1685 In comun place of jugement.  
 The king therto yaf his assent.  
 Demetrius was put in holde,  
 Wherof that Perseus was bolde.  
 Thus stood the trouth under the charge  
 1690 And the falsehede goth at large,  
 Which through behest hath overcome  
 The greatest of the lordes some,  
 That priveliche of his accorde  
 They stonde as witnesse of recorde,  
 1695 The juge was made favourable,  
 Thus was the lawe deceivable,  
 So ferforth that the trouthe fonde  
 Rescouffe none, and thus the londe  
 Forth with the king deceived were.  
 1700 The gilteles was dampned there  
 And deide upon accusement.  
 But suche a fals conspirement,  
 Though it be prive for a throwe,  
 God wolde nought it were unknowe,  
 1705 And that was afterward wel proved  
 In him, which hath the deth controved,  
 Of that his brother was so slaine.  
 This Perseus was wonder faine  
 As he, that tho was apparant  
 1710 Upon the regne expectant,



Wherof he wax so proude and veine,  
That he his fader in disdeigne  
Hath take and sette at none accompte,  
As he, which thought him to surmounte,  
1715 That where he was first debonaire  
He was tho rebell and contraire,  
And nought as heir, but as a kinge  
He toke upon him alle thinge  
Of malice and of tirannie  
1720 In contempte of regalie  
Livend his fader and so wrought,  
That whan the fader him bethought  
And sighe to whether side it drough,  
Anone he wiste well inough,  
1725 How Perse after his false tonge  
Hath so thenvious belle ronge,  
That he hath slain his owne brother,  
Wherof as thanne he knew none other.  
But sodeinly the juge he nome,  
1730 Which corrupt sat upon the dome,  
In suche a wise and hath him pressed,  
That he the soth him hath confessed  
Of all that hath ben spoke and do.  
More fory than the king was tho  
1735 Was never man upon this molde  
And thought in certain, that he wolde  
Vengeaunce take upon this wronge.  
But thother partie was so stronge,  
That for the lawe of no statute  
1740 There may no right ben execute.

- And upon this diuision  
 The lond was torned up fo downe,  
 Wherof his herte is fo distraught,  
 That he for pure sorwe hath caught  
 1745 The maladie, of which nature  
 Is queint in every creature.  
 And whan this king was passed thus,  
 This false tungen Perseus  
 The regiment hath underfonge.  
 1750 But there may nothing stonde longe,  
 Whiche is nought upon trouthe grounded.  
 For god, which hath al thinge bounded  
 And figh the falsehed of his guile,  
 Hath set him but a litel while,  
 1755 That he shall regne upon depose,  
 For sodeinlich right as a rose  
 So sodeinliche down he felle.  
 In thilke time so it befelle  
 This newe king of newe pride  
 1760 With strengthe shope him for to ride  
 And saide he wolde Rome waste,  
 Wherof he made a besy haste,  
 And hath assembled him an host  
 In all that ever he might most,  
 1765 What man that might wepen bere  
 Of all he wolde none forbere.  
 So that it mighte nought be nombred  
 The folke which was after encombred  
 Through him, that god wolde overthrow.  
 1770 Anon it was at Rome know

The pompe, which that Perse lad,  
And the Romans that time had  
A consul, which was cleped thus  
By name Paul Emilius,  
1775 A noble, a worthy knight withalle,  
And he, which chef was of hem alle  
This werre on honde hath undertake.  
And whan he shulde his leve take  
Of a yong doughter, which was his,  
1780 She wepte, and he what cause it is  
Her axeth, and she him answerde,  
That Perse is dede, and he it herde  
And wondreth what she mene wolde.  
And she upon childehod him tolde,  
1785 That Perse her litel hounde is dede.  
With that he pulleth up his hede  
And made right a glad visage  
And said, how it was a presage  
Touchend unto that other Perse,  
1790 Of that fortune him shulde adverse.  
He saith for suche a prenostike  
Most of an hound was to him like,  
For as it is an houndes kinde  
To berke upon a man behinde,  
1795 Right so behinde his brothers bake  
With false wordes whiche he spake  
He hath do slaine, and that is routh.  
But he, whiche hateth all untrouth  
The highe god it shall redresse.  
1800 For so my doughter prophetesse

Forth with her litel houndes dethe  
 Betokeneth, and thus forth he geth  
 Comforted of this evidence  
 With the Romaines in his defence  
 1805 Ayein the Grekes that ben comende.  
 This Perfeus as nought seende  
 This mischef which that him abode  
 With all his multitude rode  
 And prided him upon this thinge,  
 1810 Of that he was become a kinge,  
 And howe he had his regne gete.  
 But he hath all the right foryete,  
 Which longeth unto governaunce,  
 Wherof through goddes ordenaunce  
 1815 It felle upon the winter tide,  
 That with his hoste he shulde ride  
 Over Danubie thilke flood,  
 Whiche all befrofe thanne stood  
 So harde, that he wende wele  
 1820 To passe. But the blinde whele,  
 Which torneth ofte er men be ware,  
 Thilke ice, which that the horsmen bare,  
 To-brake, so that a great partie  
 Was dreint of the chivalrie,  
 1825 The rerewarde it toke aweie,  
 Came none of hem to londe drey.  
 Paulus this worthy knight Romain  
 By his asprie it herde sain,  
 And hasteth him all that he may,  
 1830 So that upon that other day

He came, where he this host behelde,  
And that was in a large felde,  
Where the banners ben displaied.  
He hath anone his men arraied,  
1835 And whan that he was embatailed  
He goth and hath the felde affailed  
And slough and toke all that he fonde,  
Wherof the Macedoine londe,  
Which through king Alifaundre honoured  
1840 Long time stood, tho was devoured  
To Perse and all that infortune  
They wite, so that the comune  
Of all the londe his heire exile,  
And he dispeired for the while  
1845 Desguised in a pouer wede  
To Rome goth, and there for nede  
The craft, which thilke time was,  
To worche in laton and in bras  
He lerneth for his sustenance.  
1850 Such was the fones purveiance.  
And of his fader it is faide,  
In strong prison that he was laide  
In Albe, where that he was dede  
For hunger and default of brede.  
1855 The hounde was token and prophecie,  
That liche an hounde he shulde deie,  
Which lich was of condition,  
Whan he with his detraction  
Barke on his brother so behinde  
1860 Lo, what profit a man may finde,

Confessor.

Which hinder woll an other wight.  
 Forthy with all thin hole might,  
 My sone, escheue thilke vice.

Amans. My fader, elles were I nice.

1865 For ye therfore so well have spoke,  
 That it is in min herte loke  
 And ever shall, but of envie,  
 If there be more in his bailie  
 Towardes love, say me what.

Confessor. My sone, as guile under the hat  
 With fleighes of a tregetour  
 Is hid, envie of such colour  
 Hath yet the fourthe deceivaunt,  
 The whiche is cleped fals semblaunt,  
 1875 Wherof the mater and the forme  
 Nowe herken, and I the shall enforme.

4. *Nil bilinguis aget, nisi duplo concinat ore,  
 Dumque diem loquitur nox sua vota tegit.  
 Vultus habet lucem, tenebras mens, sermo salutem,  
 Aetus sed morbum dat suus esse gravem.  
 Pax tibi, quam spondet, magis est prenostica guerre,  
 Commoda si dederit, disce subesse dolum.  
 Quod patet esse fides, in eo fraus est que politi  
 Principium pacti finis habere negat.  
 O quem condicio talis deformat amantem,  
 Qui magis apparens est in amore nihil.*

Hic tractat confessor super quarta specie invidie, que dissimulacio dicitur, cuius vultus quanto majoris amicitie apparentiam ostendit, tanto subtilioris doli fallacias ad decipi-

Of fals semblaunt if I shall telle  
 Above all other it is the welle,  
 Out of the which decepte floweth.  
 There is no man so wise, that knoweth  
 Of thilke flood, whiche is the tide,  
 Ne howe he shulde him selven guide

endum mens ymaginatur.

To take fauf passage there.  
 And yet the wind to mannes ere  
 1885 Is softe, and as it semeth oute  
 It maketh clere weder all aboute.  
 But though it seme, it is nought so.  
 For fals semblaunt hath ever mo  
 Of his counseil in compaignie  
 1890 The derke untrewe ypocrisie,  
 Whose word discordeth to his thought.  
 Forthy they ben to-gider brought  
 Of one covine, of one housholde,  
 As it shall after this be tolde.  
 1895 Of fals semblaunt it nedeth nought  
 To telle of olde ensamples ought.  
 For all day in experience  
 A man may see thilke evidence  
 Of faire wordes, whiche he hereth.  
 1900 But yet the barge envie stereth  
 And halt it ever fro the londe,  
 Where fals semblaunt with ore in honde  
 It roweth and will nought arrive,  
 But let it on the wawes drive  
 1905 In great tempest and great debate,  
 Wherof that love and his estate  
 Empeireth. And therefore I rede,  
 My sone, that thou fle and drede  
 This vice, and what that other fain  
 1910 Let thy semblaunt be trewe and plein.  
 For fals semblaunt is thilke vice,  
 Which never was without office,

Where that envie thenketh to guile  
He shall be for that ilke while

1915 Of prive counseil messagere.

For whan his semblaunt is most clere  
Than is he most derke in his thought,  
Though men him se they knowe him nought.  
But as it sheweth in the glas

1920 Thing which therinne never was,

So sheweth it in his visage  
That never was in his corage.  
Thus doth he all his thing by sleighte.  
Now lith thy conscience in weighte,

1925 My gode sone, and shrive the here

If thou were ever custumere  
To fals semblaunt in any wise.

Confessio amantis. For ought I can me yet avise,

My gode fader, certes no,

1930 If I for love have ought don so,

Now axeth, I wolde pray you.

For elles I wot never how

Of fals semblaunt that I have gilt.

Confessor. My sone, and sithen that thou wilt,

1935 That I shall axe, gabbe nought,

But telle, if ever was thy thought

With fals semblaunt and coverture

To wite of any creature,

How that he was with love ladde,

1940 So were he fory, were he gladde.

Whan than thou wifest howe it were

All that he rouned in thin ere,



Thou toldest forth in other place  
To setten him fro loves grace,  
1945 Of what woman that the best liste.  
There as no man his counfeil wiste  
But thou, by whom he was deceived  
Of love and from his purpose weived,  
And thoughtest that his disturbaunce  
1950 Thin owne cause shuld avaunce,  
As who faith, I am so fely,  
There may no mannes privete  
Ben heled half so well as min.  
Art thou, my sone, of suche engin?  
1955 Tell on. My gode fader, nay,  
As for the more part I saie.  
But of somedele I am beknowe,  
That I may stonde in thilke rowe  
Amonges hem, that saundres use.  
1960 I woll nought me therof excuse,  
That I with such colour ne steine,  
Whan I my beste semblant feigne  
To my felow, till that I wote  
All his counfeil both colde and hote.  
1965 For by that cause I make him chere,  
Till I his love knowe and here.  
And if so be min herte foucheth,  
That ought unto my lady toucheth  
Of love, that he woll me telle,  
1970 Anon I renne unto the welle  
And caste water in the fire,  
So that his cart amid the mire

Amans.

By that I have his counfeil knowe  
 Full ofte fith I overthrowe,  
 1975 Whan that he weneth best to ftonde.  
 But this I do you underftonde,  
 If that a man love elles where,  
 So that my lady be nought there,  
 And he me tell, I will it hide,  
 1980 There fhall no worde escape afide.  
 For with deceipt of no femblaunt  
 To him breke I no covenaut.  
 Me liketh nought in other place  
 To lette no man of his grace  
 1985 Ne for to ben inquisitife  
 To knowe an other mannes life,  
 Where that he love or love nought,  
 That toucheth nothing to my thought.  
 But all it paffeth through min ere  
 1990 Right as a thing that never were  
 And is foryete and laid beside.  
 But if it toucheth any fide  
 My lady, as I have er fpoken,  
 Min eres ben thanne nought loken.  
 1995 For certes whanne that betit,  
 My will, min herte and all my wit  
 Ben fully fet to herken and fpire,  
 What any man woll fpeke of hire.  
 Thus have I feigned compaignie  
 2000 Full ofte, for I wolde aspie  
 What thinge it is, that any man  
 Tell of my worthy lady can.

And for two causes I do this.  
The firste cause wherof is,  
1005 If that I might of herken and seke  
That any man of her missepeke,  
I woll excuse her so fully,  
That whan she wist it inderly,  
Min hope shulde be the more  
2010 To have her thank for evermore.  
That other cause, I you assure,  
Is, why that I by coverture  
Have feigned semblaunt ofte time  
To hem that passen all day byme  
2015 And ben lovers als well as I.  
For this I wene truely,  
That there is of hem alle none,  
That they ne loven everychone  
My lady. For sothlich I leve  
2020 And durste setten it in preve,  
Is none so wise that shulde asterte,  
But he were lustles in his herte,  
For why and he my lady sigh,  
Her visage and her goodlich eye,  
2025 But he her loved, er he went.  
And for that fuche is min entent,  
That is the cause of min aspie,  
Why that I feigne compaignie  
And make felowe over all.  
2030 For gladly wolde I knowen all  
And holde me covert alway,  
That I full ofte ye or nay

Ne list anfwere in any wife,  
 But feignen semblaunt as the wife  
 2035 And herken tales, till I knowe  
 My ladies lovers all arowe.  
 And whan I here, how they have wrought,  
 I fare as though I herd it nought  
 And as I no worde understood.  
 2040 But that is nothing for her good.  
 For leveth well, the soth is this,  
 That whan I knowe all how it is,  
 I woll but furthren hem a lite,  
 But all the werste I can endite  
 2045 I tell it unto my lady plat  
 For furthering of min own estate  
 And hinder hem all that ever I may.  
 But for all that yet dare I say,  
 I finde unto my self no bote,  
 2050 All though min herte nedes mote  
 Through strength of love al that I here  
 Discover unto my lady dere.  
 For in good feith I have no might  
 To hele fro that fwete wight,  
 2055 If that it toucheth her any thinge.  
 But this wote wel the heven kinge,  
 That fithen first the world began  
 Unto none other straunge man  
 Ne feigned I semblaunt ne chere  
 2060 To wite or axe of his matere,  
 Though that he loved ten or twelve,  
 Whan it was nought my ladies felve.

But if he wold axe any rede  
Alonlich of his owne hede,  
2065 How he with other love ferde,  
His tales with min eres I herde,  
But to min herte came it nought  
Ne fank no deper in my thought  
But held counfeil, as I was bede,  
2070 And tolde it never in other stede,  
But let it passen as it come.  
Now fader, fay, what is thy dome,  
And how thou wolt, that I be peined  
For fuch femblaunt as I have feigned.  
2075 My fone, if refon woll be peised,  
There may no vertue ben unpreised  
Ne vice none be fet in prife.  
Forthy, my fone, if thou be wife  
Do no vifer upon thy face,  
2080 Which wolde nought thin hert embrace.  
For if thou do, within a throwe  
To other men it fhall be knowe,  
So might thou lightly fall in blame  
And lefe a great part of thy name.  
2085 And netheles in this degre  
Full ofte time thou might fe  
Of fuche men, as now a day  
This vice fetten in affay,  
I fpeke it for no mannes blame  
2090 But for to warne the the fame.  
My fone, as I may here talke  
In every place where I walke,

Confeffor.

- I not, if it be so or none,  
 But it is many daies gone,  
 2095 That I first herde telle this,  
 How fals semblaunt hath be and is  
 Most comunly from yere to yere  
 With hem that dwelle among us here,  
 Of fuche as we Lumbardes calle.  
 2100 For they ben the fliest of alle  
 So as men fain in towne about  
 To feigne and sheue thing without,  
 Whiche is revers to that withinne,  
 Wherof that they full ofte winne,  
 2105 Whan they by refon shulde lese.  
 They ben the last and yet they chese,  
 And we the firste and yet behinde  
 We gone, there as we shulden finde  
 The profit of our owne londe,  
 2110 Thus gone they free withouten bonde  
 To done her profit all at large,  
 And other men bere all the charge,  
 Of Lumbardes unto this covine,  
 Whiche alle londes conne engine,  
 2115 May fals semblaunt in especiall  
 Be likened, for they over all,  
 Where that they thenken for to dwelle,  
 Among hem self, so as they telle,  
 First ben enformed for to lere  
 2120 A craft, which cleped is facrere.  
 For if facrere come about,  
 Than afterward hem stant no doubt

To voide with a subtil honde  
 The beste goodes of the londe  
 2125 And bringe chaffe and take corne,  
 Where as facrere goth beforne  
 In all his waie he fint no lette,  
 That dore can none ussher shette,  
 In whiche he list to take entre.  
 2130 And thus the counfeil most secre  
 Of every thing facrere knoweth,  
 Whiche into straunge place he bloweth,  
 Where as he wote it may most greve.  
 And thus facrere maketh beleve,  
 2135 So that full ofte he hath deceived,  
 Er that he may ben apperceived.  
 Thus is this vice for to drede,  
 For who these olde bokes rede  
 Of fuche ensamples as were er,  
 2140 Him oughte be the more ware  
 Of alle tho that feigne chere,  
 Wherof thou shalte a tale here.

Of fals semblant, whiche is beleved,  
 Ful many a worthy wight is greved,  
 2145 And was long time or we were bore.  
 To the, my sone, I will therfore  
 A tale tell of fals semblaunt,\*  
 Which falseth many a covenaut  
 And many a fraude of fals counfeil  
 2150 There ben hangend upon his fail.  
 And that aboughten gilteles  
 Both Deianire and Hercules,

Hic ponit confessi-  
 exemplum contra is-  
 tos, qui sub dissimu-  
 late benivolencie spe-  
 culo alios in amore  
 defraudant, et narrat,  
 qualiter Hercules,  
 cum ipse quoddam  
 fluvium cuius vada  
 non novit cum Dei-  
 anira transmeare pro-  
 posuit, superveniens  
 Nessus gygas ob ami-  
 ciciam Herculis, ut  
 dixit, Deianiram in  
 ulnas suas fuscipiens  
 transripam salvo per-  
 duxit. Et statim cum

\* See Deianire & Hercules, from *Grand Roman de Th.*, a 14th c. giant; the trait of Hercules is considered stolen by Gower.

ad litus pervenisset,  
quam cito currere po-  
tuit, ipsam tanquam  
propriam in prejudi-  
cium Herculis aspor-  
tare fugiens conaba-  
tur. Per quod non  
solum ipsi sed etiam  
Herculi mortis even-  
tum fortuna postmo-  
dum causavit.

The whiche in great difese fell  
Through fals semblaunt, as I shall tell.

Whan Hercules within a throwe

All only hath his herte throwe

Upon this faire Deianire,

It fell him on a day desire,

Upon a river as he stood

2160 That passe he wolde over the flood

Withoute bote and with him lede

His love, but he was in drede

For tendresse of that swete wight,

For he knewe nought the forde aright.

2165 There was a geaunt thanne nigh,

Which Nessus hight, and whan he figh

This Hercules and Deianire,

Within his herte he gan conspire

As he, which through his trecherie

2170 Hath Hercules in great envie,

Whiche he bare in his herte loke,

And than he thought it shall be wroke.

But he ne durste netheles

Ayein this worthie Hercules

2175 Fall in debate as for to feight,

But feigned semblaunt all by sleight

Of frendship and of alle good,

And cometh, where as they both stood,

And maketh hem all the chere he can

2180 And faith, that as her owne man

He is all redy for to do

What thinge he may, and it fel so,



That they upon this semblaunt triste  
And axen him, if that he wiste  
2185 What thinge hem were best to done,  
So that they mighten sauf and sone  
The water passe, he and she.  
And whan Nessus the privete  
Knew of her herte what it ment  
2190 As he, that was of double entent,  
He made hem right a glad visage.  
And whan he herde of the passage  
Of him and her, he thoughte guile  
And feigneth semblant for a while  
2195 To done hem plesaunce and servise,  
But he thought all an other wife.

This Nessus with his wordes fligh  
Yaf such counseil to-fore her eye,  
Which semeth outward profitable  
2200 And was withinne deceivable.  
He bad hem of the streames depe  
That they beware and take kepe,  
So as they knowe nought the pas.  
But for to helpe in suche a cas  
2205 He saith him self, that for her ese  
He wolde, if that it mighte hem plesse,  
The passage of the water take  
And for this lady undertake  
To bere her to that other stronde  
2210 And sauf to set her up a londe,  
And Hercules may than also  
The waie knowe, how he shall go.

And herto they accorden all.

But what as after shall befall

2215 Well paid was Hercules of this.

And this geaunt also glad is

And toke this lady up alofte

And set her on his shulder softe

And in the flood began to wade

2220 As he, which no grucching made,

And bare her over sauf and founde.

But whan he stood on drie grounde

And Hercules was fer behinde,

He set his trouth all out of minde,

2225 Who so therof be lese or loth

With Deianire forth he goth,

As he that thoughte to dissever

The compaignie of hem for ever.

Whan Hercules therof toke hede,

2230 As faste as ever he might him spede

He hieth after in a throwe.

And hapneth that he had a bowe,

The whiche in alle hast he bende,

As he that wolde an arwe sende,

2235 Whiche he to-fore had envenimed.

He hath so well his shotte timed,

That he him through the body smette

And thus the false wight he lette.

But list now, suche a felonie.

2240 Whan Nessus wist he shulde deie,

He toke to Deianire his sherte,

Which with the blood was of his herte

Through out disfeigned over all,  
 And tolde how she it kepe shall  
 1245 And prively to this entent,  
 That if her lorde his herte went  
 To love in any other place,  
 This shert he faith hath suche a grace,  
 That if she may so mochel make,  
 1250 That he the sherte upon him take,  
 He shall all other lette in veine  
 And torne unto her love ayeine.

Who was so glad but Deianire?  
 Her thought her herte was on a fire,  
 1255 Till it was in her cofre loke,  
 So that no word therof was spoke.

The daies gone, the yeres passe,  
 The hertes waxen lasse and lasse  
 Of hem, that ben to love untrewe.  
 1260 This Hercules with herte newe  
 His love hath set on Eolen,  
 And therof speken alle men.  
 This Eolen, this faire maide  
 Was as men thilke time faide

1265 The kinges doughter of Eurice.  
 And she made Hercules so nice  
 Upon her love and so affote,<sup>†</sup>  
 That he him clotheth in her cote,  
 And she in his was clothed ofte.

1270 And thus febleffe is set alofte,  
 And strengthe was put under fote.  
 There can no man therof do bote.

<sup>†</sup> Tale is here confused with the whole of the 1st. See, French, v. 5, 24. 'Ida' daughter of Eurice, King of Oecumenia.  
 'Ida, the 10th'.  
 'Celle Eolen, first fille à l'empereur  
 3. source. Traité, v. 2, 2.

- Whan Deianire hath herd this speche,  
 There was no forwe for to feche,  
 1175 Of other helpe wot she none,  
 But goth unto her cofre anone,  
 With wepend eye and wofull herte  
 She toke out thilke unhappy sherte,  
 As she that wende wel to do,  
 1180 And brought her werke aboute so,  
 That Hercules this shert on dede  
 To fuche entent, and as she was bede  
 Of Nessus, so as I said er.  
 But therof was she nought the ner,  
 1185 As no fortune may be weived,  
 With fals semblant she was deceived.  
 But whan she wende best have wonne,  
 She lost all that she hath begonne.  
 For thilke shert unto the bone  
 1190 His body sette a fire anone  
 And cleveth so, it may nought twinne  
 For the venim, that was therinne.  
 And he than as a wilde man  
 Unto the highe wode he ran,  
 1195 And as the clerke Ovide telleth,  
 The grete trees to grounde he felleth  
 With strengthe of his owne might  
 And made an hughe fire upright  
 And lept therin him self at ones  
 1200 And brent him self both flesh and bones,  
 Which thinge cam through fals semblant,  
 That false Nessus the geaunt

Made unto him and to his wife,  
Wherof that he hath lost his life,

1305 And the sory for evermo.

Forthy my sone, er the be wo  
I rede, be wel ware therfore.

Confessor.

For whan so great a man was lore,  
It ought to yive a great conceipt

1310 To warne all other of such deceipt.

Graunt mercy, fader, I am ware  
So fer, that I no more dare  
Of fals semblaunt take acquaintance.

Amans.

But rather I wol do penaunce,

1315 That I have feigned chere er this.

Now axeth forth, what so there is  
Of that belongeth to my shrifte.

My sone, yet there is the fiste,  
Whiche is conceived of envie

Confessor.

1320 And cleped is supplantarie,

Through whos campassement and guile  
Ful many a man hath lost his while

In love as wel as other wife

Here after as I shall devise.

*Invidus alterius est supplantator honoris*

5.

*Et tua quo vertat culmina subtus arat.*

*Est opus occultum, quasi que latet anguis in herba\**

*Quod facit, et subita sorte nocivus adest.*

*Sic subtilis amans alium supplantat amantem*

*Et capit occulte, quod nequit ipse palam,*

*Sepeque supplantans in plantam plantat amoris,*

*Quod putat in propriis alter habere bonis.*

1325 The vice of supplantacion

With many a fals collacion,

Hic tractat confessor de quinta specie invidie, que sup-

\* Virgil, Eccl. III, 42. See my notes on Shakespeare, Macbeth 2, 5, 26

plantacio dicitur,  
cuius cultor prius-  
quam percipiatur  
aliene dignitatis et  
officii multociens  
intrusor existit.

- Whiche he conspireth all unknowe,  
Full ofte time hath overthrowe  
The worship of another man.  
So wel no life awaite can  
Ayein his sleighte for to caste,  
That he his purpose ate laste  
Ne hath, er that it be withset.  
But most of all his hert is set  
1335 In court upon these great offices  
Of dignities and benefices.  
Thus goth he with his sleighte about  
To hinder and shove another out  
And stonden with his slygh compass  
1340 In stede there another was,  
And so to set him selven inne.  
He recheth nought be so he winne  
Of that another man shall lese,  
And thus full ofte chalk for chese  
1345 He chaungeth with full litel coste,  
Wherof another hath the losse  
And he the profit shall receive.  
For his fortune is to deceive  
And for to chaunge upon the whele  
1350 His wo with other mennes wele,  
Of that another man availeth  
His own estate thus he up haileth  
And taketh the brid to his beyete,  
Where other men the bushes bete.  
1355 My sone, and in the same wise  
There ben lovers of such emprise,

That shapen hem to be relieved,  
 Where it is wronge to ben acheved.  
 For it is other mannes right  
 2360 Whiche he hath taken day and night  
 To kepe for his owne store  
 Toward him self for evermore  
 And is his proper by the lawe,  
 Which thing that axeth no felawe,  
 2365 If love holde his covenaut.  
 But they that worchen by supplant,  
 Yet wolden they a man supplant  
 And take a part of thilke plant,  
 Whiche he hath for him selve fet.  
 2370 And so ful ofte is all unknet,  
 That some man weneth be right faste.  
 For supplaunt with his flie caste  
 Full ofte happeneth for to mowe  
 Thing, which another man hath sowe,  
 2375 And maketh comun of proprete  
 With fleighte and with subtilte,  
 As men may sen from yere to yere.  
 Thus claimeth he the bote to stere,  
 Of whiche another maister is.  
 2380 Forthy my fone, if thou er this  
 Haft ben of such professioun,  
 Discover thy confessioun,  
 Haft thou supplanted any man?  
 For ought that I you telle can,  
 2385 Min holy fader, as of dede  
 I am withouten any drede

Hic in amoris causa  
 opponit confessor  
 amanti super eo-  
 dem.

Confessio amantis.

And gilteles, but of my thought  
 My conscience excuse I nought.  
 For were it wronge or were it right,  
 2390 Me lacketh no thinge but might,  
 That I ne wolde longe er this  
 Of other mannes love iwis  
 By way of supplantation  
 Have made appropriation  
 2395 And holde that I never bought,  
 Though it another man forthought.  
 And all this speke I but of one,  
 For whom I let all other gone.  
 But her I may nought overpasse,  
 2400 That I ne mote alway compasse,  
 Me rought nought by what queintise,  
 So that I might in any wise  
 Fro fuche, that my lady serve,  
 Her herte make for to swerve  
 2405 Withoute any part of love.  
 For by the goddes alle above  
 I wolde it mighte so befall,  
 That I alone shuld hem alle  
 Supplant and welde her at my wille.  
 2410 And that thing may I nought fulfille,  
 But if I shulde strengthe make.  
 And that I dare nought undertake,  
 Though I were as was Alifaunder,  
 For therof might arise a sclaunder.  
 2415 And certes that shall I do never,  
 For in good feith yet had I lever



1425 I am all redy to redresse  
The guilt, of whiche I me confesse.

My gode sone, as of supplant  
The there nought drede tant ne quant,  
As for no thing that I have herde,  
1430 But only that thou hast misferde  
Thenkend and that me liketh nought.  
For god beholt a mannes thought.  
And if thou understood in soth  
In loves cause what it doth

First for thin own estate to kepe  
To be thy self so well bethought,  
2440 That thou supplanted were nought.

1445 That in awaite at all affaies  
Supplant of love in our waies

The lief full ofte for the lever  
 Forsaketh, and so it hath done ever.  
 Ensamble I finde therupon,

Qualiter Agamem-  
 non de amore Brex-  
 eide Achillem, et  
 Diomedes de amo-  
 re Crifeide Troi-  
 lum supplantavit.

At Troie how that Agamemnon  
 Supplanted the worthy knight  
 Achilles for that swete wight,  
 Which named was Briffeida,  
 And also of Crifeida,

2455 Whom Troilus to love ches,  
 Supplanted hath Diomedes,

Qualiter Amphi-  
 trion socium suum  
 Getam, qui Alcme-  
 nam peramavit, se  
 ipsum loco alterius  
 cautelosa supplan-  
 tacione substituit.

Of Geta and Amphitrione,  
 That whilom were both as one  
 Of frendship and of compaignie,  
 I rede how that supplantarie  
 In love, as it betid tho,  
 Beguiled hath one of hem two.  
 For this Geta, that I of mene,  
 To whom the lusty faire Alcmene

2465 Affured was by way of love,  
 Whan he best wende have ben above  
 And sikereft of that he hadde,  
 Cupido so the cause ladde,  
 That while he was out of the way,

2470 Amphitrion her love away  
 Hath take and in this forme he wrought.  
 By night unto the chambre he sought,  
 Where that she lay, and with a wile  
 He counterfeteth for the while.

2475 The vois of Get in suche a wife,  
 That made her of her bedde arise

Wenende, that it were he,  
 And lete him in, and whan they be  
 To-gider a bedde in armes faſte,  
 2480 This Geta cam than ate laſte  
 Unto the dore and faide : undo.  
 And ſhe anſwerd and badde him go  
 And faide, how that abed all warme  
 Her lief lay naked in her arme.  
 2485 She wende, that it were ſoth.  
 Lo, what ſupplant of love doth.  
 This Geta forth bejaped went,  
 And yet ne wiſt he, what it ment.  
 Amphitrion him hath ſupplanted  
 2490 With ſleight of love and her enchanted,  
 And thus put every man out other.  
 The ſhip of love hath loſt his rother,  
 So that he can no reſon ſtere.  
 And for to ſpeke of this matere  
 2495 Touchende love and his ſupplaunt  
 A tale, whiche is accordaunt,  
 Unto thin ere I thenke enforme.  
 Now herken, for this is the forme.  
 Of thilke citee chefe of alle,  
 2500 Which men the noble Rome calle,  
 Er it was ſet to Criſtes feith,  
 There was, as the cronique ſaith,  
 An emperour, the whiche it ladde  
 In pees, that he no werres hadde.  
 2505 There was no thing diſobeiſaunt,  
 Which was to Rome appertenaunt,

Hic in amoris cauſa  
 contra fraudem de-  
 tractionis ponit con-  
 feſſor exemplum et  
 narrat de quodam  
 Romani imperatoris  
 filio, qui probitates  
 armorum ſuper omnia  
 exercere affectans  
 neſciente patre ultra  
 mare in partes Perſie  
 ad deſerviendum ſol-  
 dano ſuper guerras  
 cum ſolo milite tan-

quam focio suo igno-  
tus se tranſtulit, et  
cum ipſius milicie fa-  
ma ſuper alios ibidem  
ceſſior accreviſſet, con-  
tingit, ut in quodam  
bello contra caliphum  
Egipti inito ſoldanus  
a ſagitta mortaliter  
vulneratus priuſquam  
moreretur quendam  
annulum filie ſue ſe-  
cretiſſimum iſto nobili  
Romano tradidit di-  
cens, qualiter filia ſua  
ſub paterne benedic-  
tionis vinculo adju-  
rata eſt, quod quicum-  
que dictum annulum  
ei afferret, ipſum in  
conjugem pre omni-  
bus ſuſciperet. De-  
functo autem ſoldano  
verſus civitatem, que  
Kaire dicitur, itine-  
rantes iſte Romanus  
commilitoni ſuo hu-  
ius miſterii ſecretum  
revelavit, qui noctan-  
ter a burſa domini ſui  
annulum furto ſurri-  
piens hec, que audivit,  
uſui proprio falſiſſima  
ſupplancione appli-  
cuit, et ſic ſervus pro  
domino deſponſata  
ſibi ſoldani filia coro-  
natus Perſie regna-  
vit.

But all was torned into reſt.  
To ſome it thought hem for the beſt,  
To ſome it thought nothinge ſo.  
And that was only unto tho,  
Whoſe herte ſtood upon knighthode.  
But moſt of alle his manhode  
The worthy ſone of themperour,  
Which wolde ben a werriour,  
As he, that was chivalrous  
Of worldes fame and deſirous,  
Began his fader to beſeche,  
That he the werres mighte ſeche  
In ſtraunge marches for to ride.  
His fader ſaide he ſhulde abide  
And wolde graunte him no leve.  
But he, which wolde nought beleve,  
A knight of his, to whom he triſt,  
So that his fader nothing wiſt,  
He toke and tolde him his corage,  
That he purpoſeth a viage,  
If that fortune with him ſtonde.  
He ſaid how that he wolde fonde  
The grete ſee to paſſe unknowe  
1530 And there abide for a throwe  
Upon the werres to travaile.  
And to this point withoute faile  
This knight, whan he hath herde his lorde,  
Is ſwore and ſtant of his accorde.  
1535 And they that bothe yonge were,  
So that in prive counſeil there

They ben affented for to wende  
And therupon to make an ende  
Trefure inough with hem they token.  
1540 And whan the time is best they loken  
That sodeinlich in a galeie  
Fro Rome-lond they went their waie  
And londed upon that other fide.  
The worlde fell so thilke tide,  
1545 Whiche ever his happes hath diverse,  
The grete souldan than of Perse  
Ayein the caliphe of Egipte  
A werre, which that him beclipte,  
Hath in a marche costeaut.  
1550 And he, which was a pursiuaunt  
Worship of armes to atteigne,  
This Romain let anon ordeigne,  
That he was redy every dele.  
And whan he was arraied wele  
1555 Of every thing, which him belongeth,  
Straught unto Kaire his wey he fongeth,  
Wher he the souldan thanne fonde  
And axeth, that within his londe  
He might him for the werre serve  
1560 As he, which woll his thank deserve.  
The souldan was right glad withall  
And well the more in speciall,  
Whan that he wist he was Romain.  
But what was elles incertain  
1565 That might he wite by no way.  
And thus the knight of whom I say

*Alphonse el, was the capital of Persia by Gower*

Toward the fouldan is belefte  
 And in the marches now and efte,  
 Where that the dedly werres were,  
 2570 He wroughte fuch knighthode there,  
 That every man fpake of him good.  
 And thilke time fo it ftood,  
 This mighty fouldan by his wife  
 A doughter hath, that in this life  
 2575 Men faide there was none fo faire,  
 She fhulde ben her faders heire,  
 And was of yeres ripe inough,  
 Her beaute many an herte drough  
 To bowen to that ilke lawe,  
 2580 Fro which no life may be withdrawe.  
 And that is love, whose nature  
 Set life and deth in a venture  
 Of hem, that knighthode undertake.  
 This luftey peine hath overtake  
 2585 The hert of this Romain fo fore,  
 That to knighthode more and more  
 Proweffe avaunteth his corage.  
 Lich to the leon in his rage,  
 Fro whom that alle beftes fle,  
 2590 Such was this knight in his degre.  
 Where he was armed in the felde,  
 Ther durfte none abide his fhelde.  
 Great price upon the werre he hadde.  
 But she, whiche all the chaunce ladde,  
 2595 Fortune fhope the marches fo,  
 That by thaffent of bothe two

The fouldan and the caliphe eke  
Bataile upon a day they feke,  
Which was in fuche a wise fet,  
1600 That lenger fhulde it nought be let.  
They made hem ftronge on every fide,  
And whan it drough toward the tide,  
That the bataile fhulde be,  
The fouldan in great privete  
1605 A gold ringe of his doughter toke  
And made her fwere upon a boke  
And eke upon the goddes all,  
That if fortune fo befall  
In the bataile that he deie,  
1610 That ſhe ſhall thilke man obeie  
And take him to her huſebonde,  
Which thilke fame ring to honde  
Her fhulde bringe after his deth.  
This hath ſhe fwore, and forth he geth  
1615 With all the power of his londe  
Unto the marche, where he fonde  
His enemy full embatailed.  
The fouldan hath the feld affailed.  
They that ben hardy ſone aſſemblen,  
1620 Wherof the dredfull hertes tremblen.  
That one fleeth, and that other ſterveth,  
But aboven all his priſe deſerveth  
This knightly Romain, where he rode  
His dedly ſwerd no man abode,  
1625 Ayein the which was no defence,  
Egipte fledde in his prefence,

And they of Perfe upon the chace  
 Purfuen, but I not what grace  
 Befell, an arwe out of a bowe  
 2630 All fodeinly within a throwe  
 The fouldan fmote, and there he lay.  
 The chas is left for thilke day,  
 And he was bore into a tent.  
 The fouldan figh how that it went,  
 2635 And that he fhulde algate deie.  
 And to this knight of Romainie,  
 As unto him, whome he moft trifte,  
 His doughters ring that none it wifte  
 He toke and tolde him all the cas,  
 2640 Upon her othe what token it was,  
 Of that ſhe fhulde ben his wife.  
 Whan this was ſaid, the hertes life  
 Of this fouldan departeth ſone.  
 And therupon, as was to done,  
 2645 The dede body well and faire,  
 They carry till they come at Kaire,  
 There he was worthely begrave.  
 The lordes, whiche as wolden ſave  
 The regne, which was defolate,  
 2650 To bringe it into good eſtate  
 A parlement they fet anone.  
 Now herken what fell therupon.  
 This yonge lord, this worthy knight  
 Of Rome upon the ſame night,  
 2655 That they a morwe trete ſholde,  
 Unto his bacheler he tolde



His counfeil and the ring with al  
He fheweth, through which that he fhall,  
He faith, the kinges doughter wedde,  
2660 For fo the ring was leid to wedde,  
He tolde, into her faders honde,  
That with what man that ſhe it fonde  
She ſhulde him take unto her lorde.  
And thus, he faith, ſtant of recorde.  
2665 But no man wot who hath this ring.  
This bacheler upon this thing  
His ere and his entente laid  
And thoughte more than he ſaid  
And feigneth with a fals viſage,  
2670 That he was glad, but his corage  
Was all ſet in another wife.  
Theſe olde philoſophres wiſe  
They writen upon thilke while,  
That he may beſt a man beguile  
2675 In whom the man hath moſt credence.  
And this befell in evidence  
Toward this yonge lord of Rome.  
His bacheler, which hadde come,  
Whan that his lorde by night flepte,  
2680 This ring, the which his maiſter kepte,  
Out of his purs away he dede  
And put another in the ſtede.  
A morwe whan the court is ſet  
The yonge lady was forth ſet,  
2685 To whom the lordes done homage,  
And after that of mariage

They treten and axen of her wille.  
 But she, which thoughte to fulfille  
 Her faders heft in this matere,  
 2690 Said openly, that men may here,  
 The charge whiche her fader bad.  
 Tho was this lorde of Rome glad  
 And drough toward his purs anone,  
 But all for nought, it was agone.  
 2695 His bacheler it hath forth drawe  
 And axeth therupon the lawe,  
 That she him holde covenaut.  
 The token was so suffisaunt,  
 That it ne mighte be forsake.  
 2700 And netheles his lorde hath take  
 Quarele ayein his owne man,  
 But for no thing that ever he can  
 He might as thanne nought be herde,  
 So that his claime is unanswerde,  
 2705 And he hath of his purpos failed.  
 This bacheler was tho counseiled  
 And wedded and of thilke empire  
 He was corowned lord and fire,  
 And all the lond him hath received,  
 2710 Wherof his lord, which was deceived,  
 A fiknesse er the thridde morwe  
 Conceived hath of dedly forwe.  
 And as he lay upon his deth,  
 There while him lasteth speche and breth  
 2715 He sende for the worthiest  
 Of all the londe and eke the best

And tolde hem all the sothe tho,  
That he was sone and heire also  
Of temperour of grete Rome,  
1720 And how that they to-gider come  
This knight and he, right as it was  
He tolde hem all the pleine cas.  
And for that he his counfeil tolde,  
That other hath all that he wolde  
1725 And he hath failed of his mede.  
As for the good he taketh none hede,  
He saith, but only of the love,  
Of which he wend have ben above.  
And therupon by letter write  
1730 He doth his fader for to wite  
Of all the mater how it stode.  
And thanne with an hertely mode  
Unto the lordes he besought  
To tell his lady howe he bought  
1735 Her love, of whiche another gladdeth.  
And with that worde his hewe fadeth  
And saide: a dieu my lady fwete.  
The life hath lost his kindely hete,  
And he lay dede as any ston<sup>e</sup>,  
1740 Wherof was fory many one,  
But none of alle so as she.  
This false knight in his degre  
Arested was and put in holde.  
For openly whan it was tolde  
1745 Of the treson, whiche is befall<sup>e</sup>,  
Throughout the lond they saiden alle,

If it be soth, that men suppose  
 His owne untrouth him shall depose.  
 And for to seche an evidence  
 2750 With honour and great reverence,  
 Wherof they mighte knowe an ende,  
 To themperour anon they sende  
 The letter, whiche his sone wrote.  
 And whan that he the sothe wote,  
 2755 To tell his forwe is endeles,  
 But yet in haste netheles,  
 Upon the tale, whiche he herde,  
 His steward into Perse ferde  
 With many a worthy Romain eke  
 2760 His lege tretour for to seke.  
 And whan they thider come were,  
 This knight him hath confessed there,  
 How falsly that he hath him bore,  
 Wherof his worthy lord was lore.  
 2765 Tho saiden some he shulde deie,  
 But yet they founden such a weie,  
 That he shall nought be dede in Perse.  
 And thus the skilles ben diverse  
 By cause that he was coroned,  
 2770 Of that the lond was abandoned  
 To him, all though it were unright.  
 There is no peine for him dight,  
 But to this point and to this ende  
 They graunten wel, that he shall wende  
 2775 With the Romains to Rome ayein.  
 And thus accorded full and plein

- The quicke body with the dede  
 With leve take forth they lede,  
 Where that supplant hath his juise.  
 2780 Wherof that thou the might avise  
 Upon this enformacion  
 Touchend of supplantacion,  
 That thou, my sone, do nought fo,  
 And for to take hede also  
 2785 What supplant doth in other halve  
 There is no man can finde a falve  
 Pleinly to helen fuche a fore.  
 It hath and shall ben evermore,  
 Whan pride is with envie joint,  
 2790 He suffreth no man in good point,  
 Where that he may his honour let.  
 And therupon if I shall set  
 Ensamble, in holy chirche I finde  
 How that supplant is nought behinde.  
 2795 God wote, if that it now be fo.  
 For in cronique of time ago  
 I finde a tale concordable  
 Of supplant, which that is no fable,  
 In the maner as I shall telle  
 2800 So as whilom the thinges felle.  
 \* At Rome as it hath ofte falle  
 The viker generall of alle  
 Of hem that leven Cristes feith  
 His laste day, which none with-faith,  
 2805 Hath shette as to the worldes eye,  
 Whos name, if I shall specife,

Hic ponit confessor  
 exemplum contra if-  
 tos in causa digni-  
 tatis adquirende sup-  
 plantatores. Et nar-  
 rat, qualiter papa Bo-  
 nefacius predecesso-  
 rem suum Celestinum  
 a papatu contrajec-  
 tata circumvencione

fraudulenter supplantavit. Sed qui potentes a sede deponit, huiusmodi supplantationis fraudem non sustinens, ipsum sic in sublimi exaltatum postea in profundi carceris miseriam proici fameque siti cruciari nec non et ab huius vite gaudiis dolorosa morte supplantari finali conclusione permisit.

- He highte pope Nicholas.  
 And thus whan that he passed was,  
 The cardinals, that wolden save  
 The forme of lawe in the conclave,  
 Gon for to chese a newe pope,  
 And after that they couthe agrope  
 Hath eche of hem said his entent.  
 Til ate laste they assent  
 Upon an holy clerk recluse,  
 Which full was of gostly vertuse.  
 His pacience and his simplesse  
 Hath set him into highe nobleffe.  
 Thus was he pope canonised  
 With great honour and intronised.  
 And upon chaunce, as it is falle,  
 His name Celestin men calle,  
 Which notified was by bulle  
 To holy chirche and to the fulle  
 In alle londes magnified.  
 But every worship is envied,  
 And that was thilke time sene.  
 For whan this pope, of whome I mene,  
 Was chose and other set beside,  
 A cardinal was thilke tide,  
 Which the papate long hath desired  
 And therupon gretely conspired.  
 But whan he sigh fortune is failed,  
 For which long time he hath travailed,  
 That ilke fire, whiche Ethna brenneth,  
 Throughout his wofull herte renneth,

Whiche is refembled to envie,  
Wherof fupplant and trecherie  
Engendred is. And netheles

1840 He feigneth love, he feigneth pees.

Outward he doth the reverence,  
But all within his confcience  
Through fals ymaginacion  
He thoughte fupplantacion.

1845 And therupon a wonder wile

He wrought. For at thilke while

It fel fo, that of his lignage

He hadde a clergeon of yonge age,

Whom he hath in his chambre affaited.

1850 This cardinal his time hath waited

And with his wordes fly and queint,

The whiche he couthe wifely peint,

He fhope this clerke, of whiche I telle,

Toward the pope for to dwelle,

1855 So that within his chamber a night

He lay, and was a prive wight

Toward the pope on nightes tide.

May no man fle, that fhall betide.

This cardinal, which thoughte guile,

1860 Upon a day, whan he hath while,

This yonge clerke unto him toke

And made him fwere upon a boke

And tolde him what his wille was.

And forth with al a trompe of bras

1865 He hath him take and bad him this :

Thou fhalt, he faide, whan time is

Awaite and take right good kepe,  
 Whan that the pope is fast aslepe  
 And that none other man be nigh.  
 1870 And thanne that thou be so fligh  
 Through out the trompe into his ere,  
 Fro heven as though a vois it were,  
 To sounne of such prolacion,  
 That he his meditacion  
 1875 Therof may take and understonde,  
 As though it were of goddes sonde.  
 And in this wise thou shalt say,  
 That he do thilk estate away  
 Of pope, of whiche he stant honoured,  
 1880 So shall his soule be focoured  
 Of thilke worship ate last  
 In heven, which shall ever last.

This clerk, whan he hath herd the form,  
 How he the pope shuld enform,  
 1885 Toke of the cardinal his leve  
 And goth him home, till it was eve.  
 And prively the trompe he hadde,  
 Til that the pope was a bedde.  
 And at the midnight, whan he knewe  
 1890 The pope slepte, than he blewe  
 Within his trompe through the wall  
 And tolde, in what maner he shall  
 His papacie leve and take  
 His firste estate. And thus awake  
 1895 This holy pope he made thries,  
 Wherof diverse fantasies



Upon his grete holineſſe  
Within his hert he gan impreſſe.  
The pope full of innocence  
2900 Conceiveth in his conſcience  
That it is goddes wil, he ceſſe.  
But in what wiſe he may releſſe  
His highe eſtate, that wote he nought.  
And thus within him ſelfe be thought,  
2905 He bare it ſtille in his memoire,  
Till he cam to the conſiſtoire,  
And there in preſence of hem alle  
He axeth if it ſo beſalle,  
That any pope ceſſe wolde,  
2910 How that the lawe it ſuffre ſholde.  
They ſeten alle ſtille, and herde  
Was none, which to the point anſwerde.  
For to what purpoſ that it ment,  
There was no man knew his entent  
2915 But only he, which ſhop the guile.  
This cardinal the ſame while  
All openly with wordes pleine  
Saith if the pope woll ordeigne,  
That there be ſuche a lawe wrought,  
2920 Than might he ceſſe, and elles nought.  
And as he ſaide, done it was.  
The pope anone upon the caſ  
Of his papall auctorite  
Hath made and yove the decre.  
2925 And whan the lawe was conſermed  
In due forme and all aſſermed,

This innocent, which was deceived,  
 His papacie anone hath weived,  
 Renounced and resigned eke.\*

2930 That other was no thing to feke,  
 But undernethe fuche a jape  
 He hath so for him selfe shape,  
 That how as ever it him beseme  
 The mitre with the diademe

2935 He hath through supplantacion  
 And in his confirmacion  
 Upon the fortune of his grace.  
 His name was cleped Boneface.

Under the vifer of envie

2940 Lo, thus was hid the trecherie,  
 Whiche hath beguiled many one.  
 But such counfeil there may be none  
 Which trefon, whan it is conspired,  
 That it nis lich the sparke fired

2945 Up in the roof, which for a throwe  
 Lith hid, til whan the windes blowe,  
 It blasfeth out on every fide.

This Boneface, which can nought hide  
 The trecherie of his supplaunt,

2950 Hath openly made his avaunt,  
 How he the papacie hath wonne.  
 But thing which is with wrong begonne  
 May never stonde wel at ende.

Where pride shall the bowe bende,

2955 He shet ful oft out of the way.

And thus the pope, of whom I say,

Whan that he stood on high the whele,  
He can nought suffre himself be wele.  
Envie, whiche is loveles,  
2960 And pride, whiche is laweles,  
With such tempeste made him erre,  
That charite goth out of herre.  
So that upon misgovernaunce  
Ayein Lewis the king of Fraunce\*  
2965 He toke quarell of his outrage  
And said, he shulde don homage  
Unto the chirche bodely.  
But he, that wist no thinge why  
He shulde do so great service  
2970 After the worlde in suche a wise,  
Withstood the wrong of that demaunde,  
For nought the pope may commaunde  
The king woll nought the pope obeie.  
This pope tho by alle weie,  
2975 That he may worche of violence,  
Hath sent the bulle of his sentence  
With cursinge and enterdite.  
The king upon this wrongfull plite  
To kepe his regne from servage,  
2980 Counseiled was of his barnage,  
That might with might shall be withstond.  
Thus was the cause tak on hond,  
And faiden, that the papacie  
They wolden honour and magnifie  
2985 In all that ever is spirituall,  
But thilke pride temporall

Of Boneface in his persone  
 Ayein that ilke wronge alone  
 They wolden ftonde in debate,  
 2990 And thus the man and nought the fstate  
 The Frensfhe fhopen by her might  
 To greve. And fel there was a knight  
 Sire Guilliam de Langharet,\*  
 Which was upon this caufe fet.  
 2995 And therupon he toke a route  
 Of men of armes and rode oute  
 So longe and in a waite he lay,  
 That he afpied upon a day  
 The pope was at Avinon  
 3000 And fhulde ride out of the town  
 Unto Pontforge, the whiche is  
 A caftell in Provence of his.  
 Upon the way and as he rode,  
 This knight, whiche hoved and abode  
 3005 Embuifhed upon horfebake,  
 All fodeinlich upon him brake,  
 And hath him by the bridell fefed  
 And faid: O thou, which haft difefed  
 The courte of Fraunce by thy wronge,  
 3010 Now fhalt thou finge an other fonge.  
 Thin enterdite and thy fentence  
 Ayein thin owne confcience  
 Hereafter thou fhalt fele and grope.  
 We pleigne nought ayein the pope,  
 3015 For tilke name is honourable,  
 But thou, whiche haft be deceivable

And trecherous in all thy werke,  
Thou Boneface, thou proude clerke,  
Mileder of the papacie,

3020 Thy false body shall abie  
And suffre, that it hath deserved.

Lo, thus this supplantor was served.  
For they him ladde into Fraunce  
And setten him to his penaunce

3025 Within a toure in harde bondes,  
Where he for hunger both his hondes  
Ete of and died, god wote how.

Of whome the writinge is yet now  
Registred as a man may here,

3030 Which speketh and faith in this maner :

Thin entre lich a fox was fligh,  
Thy regne also with pride on high  
Was lich the leon in his rage,  
But ate laste of thy passage

3035 Thy deth was to the houndes like.

Suche is the letter of his cronique  
Proclamed in the court of Rome,  
Wherof the wise ensample nome.  
And yet as ferforth as I dare,

3040 I rede all other men beware  
And that they loke well algate,  
That none his owne estate translate  
Of holy chirche in no degre  
By fraude ne by subtilte.

3045 For thilke honour whiche Aaron toke  
Shall none receive as faith the boke,

Chronica Bonefa-  
cii. Intraſti ut  
vulpis, regnaſti ut  
leo, et mortuus es  
ut canis, etc.

cardano 1013 Celeſtine prophecia de ſeipſo. In ſcriptis, l. 2. c. 2. p. 102.  
"Vulpes intraſti, tunc leo pontificatus."  
Exultat ſuper canis de hunc poſterum. J. de monacho.  
Innoſ details vire arceſſit d. 100. Bon. l. 2. c. 2. p. 102. Bone. 101. c. 2.

But he becleped as he was.  
What shall I thenken in this cas  
Of that I here nowe a day?

3050 I not, but he which can and may  
By reson both and by nature  
The helpe of every mannes cure  
He kepe Simon fro the folde.

Nota de propheta  
Joachim abbatis.  
Quanti mercenarii  
erunt in ovile dei,  
tuas aures meis nar-  
racionibus fedare  
volo.

\* For Joachim, thilke abbot tolde,  
How fuche daies shulden falle,  
That comunlich in places alle  
The chapmen of fuch mercerie  
With fraude and with supplantarie  
So many shulden beie and felle,  
3060 That he ne may for shame telle  
So foule a finne in mannes ere.  
But god forbede, that it were  
In oure daies, that he faith.  
For if the clerk beware his faith,  
3065 In chapmanhode at fuche a faire  
The remenaunt mot nede empeire  
Of all that to the world belongeth.  
For whan that holy chirche wrongeth,  
I not what other thing shall righte.  
3070 And netheles at mannes fighte  
Envie for to be preferred  
Hath conscience so differred,  
That no man loketh to the vice,  
Whiche is the moder of malice,  
3075 And that is thilke fals envie,  
Which causeth many a trecherie.



And that by wordes but a fewē  
I shall by reason prove and shewe.

6.      *Invidie stimulus sine causa ledit abortus,  
         Nam sine temptante crimine crimen habet.  
         Non est huius opus temptare Cupidinis archum,  
         Dumque faces Veneris Ethnica flamma vorat,  
         Absque rubore gene pallor, quas fuscus obumbrat,  
         Frigida nature cetera membra docent.*

Hic describit con-  
fessor naturam in-  
vidie tam in amore  
quam aliter secun-  
dum proprietatem  
vicii sub compen-  
dio.

- Envie if that I shall describe,  
He is nought shaply for to wive  
In erth among the women here.  
For there is in him no matere,  
Wherof he mighte do plesauce.  
First for his hevy contenance  
3115 Of that he semeth ever unglad  
He is nought able to be hadde  
And eke he brenneth so withinne,  
That kinde may no profit winne,  
Wherof he shulde his love plesē.  
3120 For thilke blood, which shuld have ese  
To regne among the moiste veines,  
Is drie of thilke unkindly peines  
Through which envie is fired ay.  
And this by reason prove I may,  
3125 That toward love envie is nought,  
And other wise if it be sought,  
Upon what side as ever it falle  
It is the werste vice of alle,  
Which of him self hath most malice.  
3130 For understond that every vice  
Some cause hath, wherof it groweth.  
But of envie no man knoweth



Fro whenne he cam, but out of helle.  
For thus the wise clerkes telle,  
3135 That no spirit but of malice  
By way of kinde upon a vice  
Is tempted, and by such a way  
Envie hath kinde put away  
And of malice hath his sfering,  
3140 Wherof he maketh his bakbiting,  
And is him self therof difesed.  
So may there be no kinde plesed.  
For ay the more that he envieth,  
The more ayein him self he plieth.  
3145 Thus stant envie in good espeire  
To ben him self the divels heire  
As he, whiche is his nexte liche  
And furthest from the heven riche.  
For there may he never wone.  
3150 Forthy my gode dere sone,  
If thou wolt finde a fiker way  
To love, put envie away.  
Min holy fader, reson wolde,  
That I this vice escheue sholde.  
3155 But yet to strengthen my corage  
If that ye wolde in avauntage  
Therof set a recoverir,  
It were to me a great desir,  
That I this vice mighte flee.  
3160 Now understond, my sone, and see,  
There is phisique for the seke  
And vertues for the vices eke.

Who that the vices wolde escheue,  
He mot by reson thanne sue  
3165 The vertues. For by thilke way  
He may the vices done away.  
For they to-gider may nought dwelle.  
For as the water of the welle  
Of fire abateth the malice,  
3170 Right so vertu fordoth the vice.  
Ayein envie is charite,  
Whiche is the moder of pite,  
That maketh a mannes herte tender,  
That it may no malice engender  
3175 In him, that is inclined therto.  
For his corage is tempred so,  
That though he might him self releve  
Yet wolde he nought another greve,  
But rather for to do plesaunce  
3180 He bereth him selven the grevaunce,  
So fain he wolde another ese.  
Wherof, my sone, for thin ese  
Now herken a tale, whiche I rede,  
And understonde it well I rede.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum de virtute charitatis contra invidiam et narrat de Constantino Elene filio, qui cum imperii Romani dignitatem obtinuerat, a morbo lepre infectus, medici pro sanitate recuperanda ipsum in sanguine puerorum masculinorum balneare proposuerant, sed cum

\* Among the booke of latin  
I finde it writ of Constantin,  
The worthy emperour of Rome,  
Such infortunes to him come,  
Whan he was in his lusty age,  
The lepre caught in his visage  
And so forth over all aboute,  
That he ne mighte riden oute.

So left he bothe shield and spere,  
 As he that might him nought bestere,  
 3195 And helde him in his chamber close.  
 Through all the world the fame arose.  
 The grete clerkes ben assent  
 And com at his commaundement  
 To tret upon this lordes hele.  
 3200 So longe they to-gider dele,  
 That they upon this medicine  
 Appointen hem and determine,  
 That in the maner as it stood  
 They wolde him bath in childes blood  
 3205 Withinne seven winter age.  
 For as they sain, that shulde assuage  
 The leper and all the violence,  
 Which that they knewe of accidence  
 And nought by way of kinde is falle.  
 3210 And therto they accorden alle  
 As for finall conclusion  
 And tolden her opinion  
 To themperour. And he anone  
 His counseil toke, and therupon  
 3215 With letters and with seales out  
 They send in every londe about  
 The yonge children for to seche,  
 Whose blood, they said, shulde be leche  
 For themperours maladie.  
 3220 There was inough to wepe and crie  
 Among the moders, whan they herde,  
 How wofully this cause ferde.

innumera multitudo  
 matrum cum filiis hui-  
 usmodi medicine cau-  
 sa in circuitu palatii  
 affuisset imperator-  
 que eorum gemitus et  
 clamores percepisset,  
 charitate motus inge-  
 miscens sic ait: O vere  
 est ipse dominus, qui  
 se facit servum pieta-  
 tis. Et his dictis sta-  
 tum suum cunctipoten-  
 tentis medele com-  
 mittens, sui ipsius  
 morbum potius quam  
 infancium mortem  
 benignius elegit, unde  
 ipse, qui antea paga-  
 nus et leprosus exti-  
 terat, ex unda baptis-  
 matis renatus utrius-  
 que materie tam cor-  
 poris quam anime  
 divino miraculo con-  
 secutus est salutem.

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But netheles they moten bowe,  
 And thus women there come inowe,  
 3125 With children foukend on the tete  
 Tho was there many teres lete.

But were hem liefte or were hem loth,  
 The women and the children both  
 Into the paleis forth be brought  
 3130 With many a fory hertes thought  
 Of hem, whiche of her body bore  
 The children hadde, and so forlore  
 Within a while shulden fe.

The moders wepe in her degre  
 3135 And many of hem a swoune falle,  
 The yonge babies crieden alle.  
 This noyse arofe, this lorde it herde  
 And loked out, and how it ferde  
 He figh, and as who faith abraide  
 3140 Out of his flepe and thus he saide :

O thou divine purveaunce,  
 Which every man in the balaunce  
 Of kinde hast formed to be liche,  
 The pouer is bore as is the riche  
 3145 And dieth in the same wise,  
 Upon the fole, upon the wise  
 Sikneffe and hele enter comune,  
 May none escheue that fortune,  
 Which kinde in her lawe hath sette.  
 3150 Her strengthe and beaute ben besette  
 To every man aliche free,  
 That she preferreth no degree

As in the disposicion

Of bodely complexion.

3255 And eke of soule resonable

The pouer childe is bore as able

To vertue as the kinges sone.

For every man his owne wone

After the lust of his assay

3260 The vice or vertue chese may.

Thus stonden alle men fraunchised,

But in estate they ben devised,

To some worship and richeffe,

To some pouerte and distresse.

3265 One lordeth and an other serveth,

But yet as every man deserveth

The world yeveth nought his yestes here.

But certes he hath great matere

To ben of good condicion,

3270 Whiche hath in his subjection

The men, that ben of his semblaunce.

And eke he toke his remembraunce,

How he that made lawe of kinde

Wolde every man to lawe binde

3275 And bad a man, fuche as he wolde,

Toward him self right such he sholde

Toward an other done also.

And thus this worthy lord as tho

Set in balaunce his owne estate

3280 And with him self stood in debate

And thoughte, howe it was nought good

To se so mochel mannes blood

Be spilt by cause of him alone.

He figh also the grete mone

3185 Of that the moders were unglad  
And of the wo the children made,  
Wherof that all his herte tendreth  
And fuch pite within engendreth,  
That him was lever for to chese

3190 His owne body for to lese,  
Than se so great a mordre wrought  
Upon the blood, which gilteth nought.  
Thus for the pite, whiche he toke,  
All other leches he forfoke

3195 And put him out of aventure  
Alonly into goddes cure  
And faith: who that woll maister be  
He mot be fervaunt to pite.\*  
So ferforth he was overcome

3200 With charite, that he hath nome  
His counseil and his officers,  
And badde unto his treforers,  
That they his trefour all about  
Depart among the pouer route  
3205 Of women and of children both,  
Wherof they might hem fede and cloth  
And fauflly tornen home ayein  
Withoute losf of any grein.

Through charite thus he dispendeth  
3210 His good, wherof that he amendeth  
The pouer people and countrevailleth  
The harm, that he hem so travaileth.

And thus the wofull nightes forwe  
To joie is torned on the morwe.

3315 All was thanking, all was bleffing,  
Whiche erst was wepinge and curfing.  
Thefe women gone home glad inough,  
Echone for joie on other lough  
And praiden for this lordes hele,  
3320 Whiche hath relefed the quarele  
And hath his owne will forfake  
In charite for goddes fake.

But now hereafter thou fhalt here  
What god hath wrought in this matere,  
3325 As he that doth all equite.

To him that wroughte charite  
He was ayeinward charitous  
And to pite he was pitous.  
For it was never knowe yit,

3330 That charite goth unaquit.  
The night whan he was laid to flepe,  
The highe god, which wold him kepe,  
Saint Peter and faint Poule him fende,  
By whom he wolde his lepre amende.

3335 They two to him fleepend appere  
Fro god and faid in this manere :

O Constantin, for thou haft served  
Pite, thou haft pite deferved.

Forthy thou fhalt fuch pite have,  
3340 That god through pite woll the fave.  
So fhalt thou double hele finde,  
Firft for thy bodeliche kinde,

- And for thy wofull soule also.  
 Thou shalt ben hole of bothe two.  
 3345 And for thou shalt the nought despeire,  
 Thy lepre shall no more empeire  
 Till thou wolt fende therupon  
 Unto the mount of Celion,  
 Where that Silvester and his clergie  
 3350 To-gider dwelle in compaignie  
 For drede of the, which many a day  
 Haft ben a fo to Cristes lay  
 And haft destrued to mochel shame  
 The prechours of his holy name.  
 3355 But now thou hast somdele appesed.  
 Thy god and with good dede plesed,  
 That thou thy pite hast bewared  
 Upon the blood, which thou hast spared.  
 Forthy to thy salvacion  
 3360 Thou shalt have informacion,  
 Such as Silvester shall the teche,  
 The nedeth of none other leche.  
 This emperour, whiche all this herde :  
 Graunt mercy lorde, he answerde,  
 3365 I woll do so as ye me say.  
 But of o thing I wolde pray,  
 What shall I telle unto Silvestre  
 Or of your name or of your estre?  
 And they him tolden what they hight  
 3370 And forth with all oute of his sight  
 They passen up into the heven.  
 And he awoke out of his sweven



And clepeth, and men come anone  
And tolde his dreame, and therupon  
3375 In fuche a wise as he hem telleth  
The mount, wher that Silvester dwelleth,  
They have in alle haste fought,  
And founde he was, and with hem brought  
To themperour, which to him tolde  
3380 His sweven and elles what he wolde.  
And whan Silvester hath herd the king,  
He was right joyfull of this thing  
And him began with all his wit  
To techen upon holy writ.  
3385 First how mankinde was forlore,  
And how the highe god therfore  
His sone sende from above,  
Which bore was for mannes love,  
And after of his owne chois  
3390 He toke his deth upon the crois.  
And how in grave he was beloke,  
And how that he hath helle broke  
And toke hem out, that were him leve.  
And for to make us full beleve  
3395 That he was verray goddes sone  
Ayein the kinde of mannes wone  
Fro deth he rose the thridde day.  
And whan he wolde, as he well may,  
He stigh up to his father even  
3400 With flesh and blood into the heven.  
And right so in the same forme  
In flesh and blood he shall reforme,

Whan time cometh, the quicke and dede  
At thilke wofull day of drede,

3405 Where every man shall take his dome  
Als well the maister as the grome.

The mighty kinges retenue  
That day may stonde of no value  
With worldes strengthe to defende.

3410 For every man mot than entende  
To stond upon his owne dedes  
And leve all other mennes nedes.  
That day may no counfeil availe,  
The pledour and the plee shall faile

3415 The sentence of that ilke day,  
May none appele sette in delay.  
There may no gold the juge plie,  
That he ne shall the sothe trie  
And setten every man upright,

3420 As well the plowman as the knight.  
The leude man, the grete clerke  
Shall stonde upon his owne werke,  
And fuche as he is founde tho,  
Such shall he be for evermo.

3425 There may no peine be relefed,  
There may no joie ben encresed,  
But endeles as they have do  
He shall receive one of two.

And thus Silvester with his sawe  
3430 The ground of all the newe lawe  
With great devocion he precheth  
Fro point to point and plainly techeth

Unto this hethen emperour  
And faith : the highe creatour  
3435 Hath underfonge his charite  
Of that he wroughte fuche pite,  
Whan he the children had on honde.

Thus whan this lord hath understonde  
Of all this thing how that it ferde,  
3440 Unto Silvester he than answerde  
With all his hole herte and faith,  
That he is redy to the feith.  
And so the vessell, which for blood  
Was made, Silvester, there it stood  
3445 With clene water of the welle  
In alle haste he let do felle  
And sette Constantin therinne  
All naked up unto the chinne.  
And in the while it was begunne  
3450 A light, as though it were a sunne,  
Fro heven into the place come,  
Where that he toke his christendome,  
And ever amonge the holy tales  
Lich as they weren fishes scales  
3455 They fellen from him now and este,  
Till that there was nothing belefte  
Of all this grete maladie.  
For he that wolde him purifie  
The highe god hath made him clene,  
3460 So that there lefte nothing sene.  
He hath him clenfed bothe two  
The body and the foule also.

- Tho knew this emperour in dede,  
 That Cristes feith was for to drede,  
 3465 And fende anone his letters out  
 And let do crien all aboute  
 Up pein of deth, that no man weive,  
 That he baptisme ne receive.  
 After his moder quene Eleine  
 3470 He fende, and so betwene hem tweine  
 They treten, that the citee all  
 Was christned, and she forth with all.  
 This emperour, which hele hath found,  
 Withinne Rome anone let founde  
 3475 Two churches, whiche he did make  
 For Peter and for Poules sake,  
 Of whom he hadde a vision  
 And yaf therto possession  
 Of lordship and of worldes good.  
 3480 But how so that his will was good  
 Toward the pope and his fraunchise,  
 Yet hath it proved otherwise  
 To se the worching of the dede.  
 For in cronique thus I rede  
 3485 Anone as he hath made the yeste  
 A vois was herde on high the lefte,  
 Of which all Rome was adradde  
 And said: this day is venim shadde  
 In holy chirche of temporall,  
 3490 Which medleth with the spirituall.  
 And how it stant of that degre  
 Yet a man may the sothe se,

God may amende it, whan he wille,  
I can therto none other skille.

3495 But for to go there I began,  
How charite may helpe a man  
To bothe worldes, I have faide.  
And if thou have an ere laide,  
My sone, thou might understonde,  
3500 If charite be take on honde,  
There folweth after mochel grace.  
Forthy if that thou wolt purchace  
How that thou might envie flee,  
Acqueinte the with charite,  
3505 Whiche is the vertue fovereine.

Confessor.

My fader, I shall do my peine.  
For this ensample whiche ye tolde  
With all min herte I have witholde,  
So that I shall for evermore  
3510 Escheue envie well the more.  
And that I have er this misdo  
Yive me my penaunce er I go.  
And over that to my matere  
Of shrifte, why we sitten here  
3515 In privete betwene us twey,  
Now axeth, what there is I prey.

Amans.

My gode sone, and for thy lore  
I woll the telle, what is more,  
So that thou shalt the vices knowe.  
3520 For whan they be to the full knowe,  
Thou might hem wel the better eschue.  
And for this cause I thenke sue

Confessor.

The forme bothe and the matere,  
As now fuende thou shalt here,  
3525 Which vice stant nexte after this.  
And whan thou wost, how that it is,  
As thou shalt here my devise,  
3528 Thou might thy self the better avise.

*Explicit liber secundus.*



## Incipit Liber Tercius.

*Ira suis paribus est par furiis Acherontis,  
 Quo furor ad tempus nil pietatis habet.  
 Ira malencolicos animos perturbat, ut equo  
 Fure sui pondus nulla statera tenet.  
 Omnibus in causis gravat ira sed inter amantes,  
 Illa magis facili sorte gravamen agit.  
 Est ubi vir discors leviterque repugnat amori,  
 Sepe loco ludi fletus ad ora venit.*

1.



F thou the vices list to knowe,  
 My sone, it hath nought be  
 unknowe  
 Fro first, that men their  
 swerdes grounde,

That there nis one upon this grounde  
 5 A vice foreine fro the lawe,  
 Wherof that many a good felawe  
 Hath be destraught by sodein chaunce.  
 And yet to kinde no plesauce  
 It doth, but where he most acheveth  
 10 His purpose most to kinde he greveth  
 As he, whiche out of conscience  
 Is enemy unto pacience.  
 And is by name one of the seven,  
 14 Whiche oft hath set the world uneven,

Hic in tercio libro  
 tractat super quin-  
 que speciebus ire,  
 quarum prima ma-  
 lencolia dicitur,  
 cuius vicium con-  
 fessor primo descri-  
 bens amanti super  
 eodem consequen-  
 ter opponit.

15 And cleped is the cruel ire,  
Whose herte is evermore on fire  
To speke amis and to do bothe,  
For his seruaunts ben ever wrothe.

Amans.

My gode fader, tell me this

Confessor.

What thinge is ire? Sone, it is  
That in our english wrath is hote,  
Whiche hath his wordes ay so hote,  
That all a mannes pacience  
Is fired of the violence.

15 For he with him hath ever five  
 Servaunts, that helpen him to strive.  
 The first of hem malencoly  
 Is cleped, whiche in compaignie  
 An hundred times in an houre

30 Woll as an angry beste loure,  
And no man wot the cause why.  
My sone, thrive the now forthy,  
Hast thou be malencolien ?

Amans.

Ye fader, by faint Julien.

35 But I untrewed wordes use  
I may me nought therof excuse.  
And all maketh love well I wote,  
Of which min herte is ever hote,  
So that I brenne as dothe a glede  
40 For wrathe, that I may nought spede.  
And thus full oft a day for nought  
Saufe onlich of min owne thought  
I am so with my selven wroth,  
That how so that the game goth



- 45 With other men I am nought glad.  
But I am well the more unglad,  
For that is other mennes game  
It torneth me to pure grame.  
Thus am I with my self oppressed  
50 Of thought the whiche I have impressed,  
That all wakend I dreme and mete,  
That I with her alone mete  
And pray her of some good answere.  
But for she wol nought gladly fwere,  
55 She faith me nay withouten othe.  
And thus waxe I withinne wrothe  
That outward I am all affraied  
And so distempred and so esmaied.  
A thousand times on a day  
60 There souneth in min eres nay,  
The which she faide me to-fore.  
Thus be my wittes all forlore.  
And namely whan I beginne  
To reken with my self withinne,  
65 How many yeres ben agone,  
Sith I have truely loved one  
And never toke of her other hede  
And ever a liche for to spede,  
I am, the more I with her dele,  
70 So that min hap and all min hele  
Me thenketh is ay the lenger the ferre.  
That bringeth my gladship out of erre,  
Wherof my wittes ben empeired  
74 And I, as who faith, all dispeired,

- 75 For finally whan that I muse  
 And thenke, how she woll me refuse,  
 I am with anger so bestad,  
 For al this world might I be glad.  
 And for the while that it lasteth  
 80 All up so down my joie it casteth,  
 And ay the further that I be  
 Whan I ne may my lady se,  
 The more I am redy to wrathe,  
 That for the touching of a lath  
 85 Or for the torning of a stre  
 I wode as doth the wilde see  
 And am so malencolious,  
 That there nis servaunt in min house  
 Ne none of tho, that be aboute,  
 90 That eche of hem ne stant in doute  
 And wenen, that I shulde rave  
 For anger, that they se me have.  
 And so they wonder more and lasse,  
 Til that they seen it overpasse.  
 95 But fader, if it so betide,  
 That I approche at any tide  
 The place, where my lady is,  
 And thanne that her like iwis  
 To speke a goodly word unto me,  
 100 For all the gold that is in Rome  
 Ne couth I after that be wroth,  
 But all min anger overgoth.  
 So glad I am of the presence  
 Of her, that I all offence

- 105 Foryete, as though it were nought  
So over glad is my thought.  
And netheles, the soth to telle,  
Ayeinward if it so befelle,  
That I at thilke time figh,  
110 On me that she miscaste her eye  
Or that she liste nought to loke  
And I therof good hede toke,  
Anone into my first estate  
I torne and am with that so mate,  
115 That ever it is a liche wicke.  
And thus min honde ayein the pricke  
I hurte and have don many a day  
And go so forth as I go may  
Full ofte biting on my lippe  
120 And make unto my self a whippe,  
With whiche in many a chele and hete  
My wofull herte is so to bete,  
That all my wittes ben unsofte  
And I am wrothe, I not how ofte.  
125 And all it is malencolie,  
Which groweth on the fantasie  
Of love, that me woll nought loute.  
So bere I forth an angry snoute  
Full many times in a yere.  
130 But fader, now ye sitten here  
In loves stede, I you beseche,  
That some enfample ye me teche,  
Wherof I may my self appese.  
134 My sone, for thin hertes ese

<sup>135</sup> I shall fulfille thy praier,  
 So that thou might the better lere,  
 What mischefe that this vice stereth,  
 Whiche in his anger nought forbereth,  
 Wherof that after him forthenketh,  
<sup>140</sup> Whan he is sobre, and that he thenketh  
 Upon the folie of his dede.  
 And of this point a tale I rede.

Hic ponit confessor  
 exemplum contra istos,  
 qui cum vires amoris  
 non sunt realiter experti  
 contra alios amantes  
 malencolica feveritate  
 ad iracundiam vindictę  
 provocantur, et narrat,  
 qualiter rex Eolus filium  
 nomine Macharium  
 et filiam nomine Canacem  
 habuit, qui cum ab infanzia  
 usque ad pubertatem invicem  
 educati fuerant, Cupido  
 tandem cum ignito jaculo  
 amorum cordis desideria  
 penetravit, itaque Canacis  
 natura cooperante a fratre  
 suo inpregnata parturit,  
 super quo pater intolerabilem  
 juventutis concupiscenciam  
 ignorans nimiaque furoris  
 malencolia preventus dictam  
 filiam cum partu dolorosissimo  
 casu interfici adjudicavit.

<sup>1</sup> There was a king, whiche Eolus  
 Was hote, and it befell him thus,  
 That he two children hadde faire,  
 The sone cleped was Machaire,  
 The doughter eke Canace hight.  
 By day bothe and eke by night  
 While they be yonge of comun wone  
 In chambre they to-gider wone,  
 And as they shulden pleid hem ofte,  
 Till they be growen up alofte  
 In the youthe of lusty age,  
 Whan kind assaileth the corage  
 With love and doth him for to bowe,  
 That he no reson can allowe,  
 But halt the lawes of nature,  
 For whom that love hath under cure  
 As he is blinde him self, right so  
 He maketh his client blinde also.  
 In such maner, as I you telle,  
 As they all day to-gider dwelle,  
 This brother might it nought asterte,  
 That he with all his hole herte

- 165 His love upon his fuster caſt.  
And ſo it felle hem ate laſt,  
That this Machaire with Canace,  
Whan they were in a prive place  
Cupide bad hem firſt to keſſe,  
170 And after ſhe, whiche is maiſtreſſe  
In kinde and techeth every life  
Withoute lawe poſitife,  
Of which ſhe taketh no maner charge,  
But kepe her lawes all at large,  
175 Nature toke hem into lore  
And taught hem ſo, that overmore,  
She hath hem in ſuch wiſe daunted,  
That they were, as who faith, enchaunted.  
And as the blinde an other ledeth  
180 And till they falle nothing dredeth,  
Right ſo they hadde none inſight,  
But as a brid, which woll alight  
And ſeeth the mete and nought the nette,  
Whiche in deceit of him is fette,  
185 Theſe yonge folk no perill figh,  
But that was liking in her eye.  
So that they fell upon the chaunce,  
Where wit hath lore his remembraunce,  
So longe they to-gider aſſemble.  
190 The wombe aroſe, and ſhe gan tremble  
And helde her in her chambre cloſe  
For drede it ſhulde be diſcloſe.  
And come unto her faders ere,  
194 Wherof the ſone had alſo fere,

- 195 And feigneth cause for to ride,  
 For longe durst he nought abide  
 In aunter if men wolde fain,  
 That he his suster hath forlain.  
 For yet she had it nought beknowe,  
 200 Whose was the childe at thilke throwe.  
 Machaire goth, Canace abit,  
 The which was nought delivered yit,  
 But right sone after that she was.  
 Now list and herken a wofull cas.  
 205 The sothe which may nought ben hid,  
 Was ate laste knowe and kid  
 Unto the king, how that it stood.  
 And whan that he it understood,  
 Anone into malencolie,  
 210 As though it were a frenesie,  
 He fell, as he which nothing couthe,  
 How maisterfull love is in youthe.  
 And for he was to love straunge  
 He wolde nought his herte chaunge  
 215 To be benigne and favourable  
 To love, but unmerciabie  
 Betwene the wawe of wode and wroth.  
 Into his doughters chambre he goth  
 And sigh the childe was late bore,  
 220 Wherof he hath his othes swore,  
 That she it shall full fore abie.  
 And she began mercy to crie  
 Upon her bare knees and praide  
 And to her fader thus she saide :

- 225 Have mercy fader, thenke I am  
 Thy childe, and of thy blood I cam,  
 That I misdede, youth it made  
 And in the floodes bad me wade,  
 Where that I figh no peril tho.
- 230 But nowe it is befalle fo,  
 Mercy my fader, do no wreche.  
 And with that worde she lost speche  
 And fell down fwounend at his fote,  
 As she for forwe nedes mote.
- 235 But his horrible crueltie  
 There might attempre no pite.  
 Out of her chambre forth he wente  
 All full of wrath in his entente  
 And toke the counfeil in his herte,
- 240 That she shall nought the deth afterte.  
 And he, whiche is malencolien,  
 Of pacience hath nought lien  
 Wherof his wrath he may restreigne.  
 And in this wilde wode peine,
- 245 Whan all his reson was untame,  
 A knight he cleped by his name  
 And toke him as by way of fonde  
 A naked fwerde to bere on honde,  
 And said him, that he shulde go
- 250 And telle unto his doughter fo  
 In the maner as he him bade,  
 How she that sharpe fwerdes blade  
 Receive shulde and do withall,
- 254 So that she wot whereto she shall.

- 155 Forth in meſſage goth this knight  
 Unto this wofull yonge wight,  
 This ſharpe ſwerd to her he toke,  
 Wherof that all her body quoke.  
 For well ſhe wiſte what it ment  
 160 And that it was to thilke entent,  
 That ſhe her ſelven ſhulde flee.  
 And to the knight ſhe ſaide : ye,  
 Now that I wot my faders will,  
 That I ſhall in this wiſe ſpill,  
 165 I woll obeie me therto,  
 And as he woll it ſhall be do.  
 But now this thing may be none other,  
 I woll a letter unto my brother,  
 So as my feble hond may write,  
 170 With all my wofull herte endite.  
 She toke a penne on honde tho  
 Fro point to point and all the wo  
 Als ferforth as her ſelf it wote  
 Unto her dedly frend ſhe wrote  
 175 And told, how that her faders grace  
 She mighte for nothing purchace.  
 And over that, as thou ſhalt here,  
 She wrote and ſaid in this manere :  
 O thou my ſorwe and my gladneſſe,  
 180 O thou my hele and my ſikeneſſe,  
 O thou my wanhope and my truſt,  
 O thou my diſeſe and all my luſt,  
 O thou my wele, O thou my wo,  
 O thou my frende, O thou my fo,



285 O thou my love, O thou my hate,  
For the mote I be dede algate.  
Thilk ende may I nought asterte,  
And yet with all min hole herte,  
While that there lasteth me any breth,  
290 I woll the love unto my deth.  
But of o thinge I shall the preie,  
If that my litel sone deie,  
Let him be buried in my grave  
Beside me, so shalt thou have  
295 Upon us bothe remembraunce.  
For thus it stondeth of my grevaunce,  
Now at this time, as thou shalt wite,  
With teres and with inke write  
This letter I have in cares colde.  
300 In my right hond my penne I holde,  
And in my lefte my swerde I kepe,  
And in my barme there lith to wepe  
Thy childe and min, which sobbeth fast.  
Nowe am I come unto my last,  
305 Fare well, for I shall sone deie,  
And thenke, how I thy love abeie.

The pomel of the sward to grounde  
She fet, and with the point a wounde  
Through out her hert anone she made  
310 And forth with that all pale and fade  
She fell down dede fro ther she stood.  
The child lay bathend in her blood  
Out rolled fro the mother barme.  
314 And for the blood was hote and warme,

U

\* Nuevo de 7' 3-4

✓ For under case - Subsidy, see Page 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 84

- 315 He basketh him about therinne.  
 Ther was no bote for to winne,  
 For he which can no pite knowe,  
 The king cam in the same throwe  
 And figh, how that his doughter died  
 320 And how this babe all bloody cried.  
 But all that might him nought suffice,  
 That he ne bad to do iuise  
 Upon the childe and bere him out  
 And seche in the forest about  
 325 Som wilde place, that it were  
 To cast him out of honde there,  
 So that some beste him may deuoure,  
 Where as no man him shall focoure.  
 All that he bad was done in dede.  
 330 Ha, who herd ever sing or rede  
 Of fuche a thinge, as that was do.  
 But he, which lad his wrathe so,  
 Hath knowe of love but a lite,  
 But for all that he was to wite  
 335 Through his fodein malencolie  
 To do so great a felonie.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, how so it stonde,  
 By this cas thou might understonde,  
 That if thou ever in cause of love  
 340 Shalt deme and thou be so above,  
 That thou might lede it at thy wille,  
 Let never through thy wrathe spille,  
 Whiche every kinde shulde save.  
 For it fit every man to have

- 345 Reward to love and to his might,  
 Ayein whos strengthe may no wight.  
 And fith an hert is so constreigned,  
 The reddour ought to be restreigned  
 To him that may us bet away,  
 350 Whan he mot to nature obey.  
 For it is said thus overall,  
 That nedes mot, that nedes shall  
 Of that a life doth after kinde,  
 Wherof he may no bote finde.  
 355 What nature hath set in her lawe,  
 Ther may no mannes might withdrawe,  
 And who that worcheth there ayein,  
 Full ofte time it hath be fein,  
 There hath befallle great vengeaunce,  
 360 Wherof I finde a remembraunce.

- Ovide<sup>\*</sup> after the time tho  
 Tolde an enfample and faide so,  
 How that whilom Tiresias,  
 As he walkend goth par cas  
 365 Upon an high mountein he figh  
 Two serpentes in his waie nigh.  
 And they so, as nature hem taught,  
 Asssembled were, and he tho cought  
 A yerde, which he bare on honde,  
 370 And thoughte, that he wolde fonde  
 To letten hem, and smote hem bothe,  
 Wherof the goddes weren wrothe.  
 And for he hath destourbed kinde  
 374 And was so to nature unkinde,

Hic narrat, qualiter  
 Tiresias in quodam  
 monte duos serpen-  
 tes invenit pariter  
 commiscentes, quos  
 cum virga percus-  
 sit. Irati dii ob hoc,  
 quod naturam im-  
 pedivit, ipsum con-  
 tra naturam a for-  
 ma virili in mulie-  
 brem transmuta-  
 runt.

<sup>\*</sup> Metamorphoses III, 323-326. Theseus, slaying the female snake, became a woman, later by slaying a male  
 became a man again.

375 Unkindelich he was transformed,  
 That he, which erst a man was formed,  
 Into a woman was forshape,  
 That was to him an angry jape.  
 But for that he with anger wrought  
 380 His anger angerliche he bought.

Confessor. Lo, thus my sone, Ovide hath write,  
 Wherof thou might by reson wite,  
 More is a man than suche a beste,  
 So might it never ben honest  
 385 A man to wrathen him to fore  
 Of that another doth the lore  
 Of kinde, in whiche is no malice,  
 But only that it is a vice.  
 And though a man be resonable,  
 390 Yet after kinde he is mevable  
 To love, where he woll or none.  
 Thenk thou, my sone, therupon  
 And do malencolie away,  
 For love hath ever his lust to pley  
 395 As he, which wold no life greve.

Amans. My fader, that I may well leve  
 All that ye tellen it is skille,  
 Let every man love as he wille,  
 Be so it be nought my lady.  
 400 For I shall nought be wroth thereby.  
 But that I wrath and fare amis  
 Alone upon my self it is,  
 That I with bothe love and kinde  
 Am so bestad, that I can finde

405 No wey, howe I it may aſtert,  
 Which ſtant upon min owne hert  
 And toucheth to none other life  
 Sauſ onely to that ſwete wife,  
 For whom, but if it be amended,  
 410 My gladde daies ben diſpended.  
 That I my ſelf ſhall nought forbere  
 The wrath the whiche I now bere,  
 For therof is none other liche,  
 Nowe axeth forth I you beſeche  
 415 Of wrathe, if there ought elles is,  
 Wherof to ſhrive. Sone yis.

Confefſor.

*Ira movet litem, que lingue frena reſolvens  
 Laxa per infames currit ubique vias.  
 Rixarum nutrix quos educat iſta loquaces,  
 Hos Venus a latere linquit habere vagos.  
 Sed patienter agens taciturno qui celat ore,  
 Vincet et optati carpit amoris iter.*

2.

Of wrathe the ſecond is cheſt,  
 Which hath the windes of tempeſt  
 To kepe, and many a ſodein blaſt  
 420 He bloweth, wherof ben agaſt  
 They, that deſiren pees and reſt.  
 He is that ilke ungoodlieſt,  
 Which many a luſty love hath twinned,  
 For he bereth ever his mouth unpinned,  
 425 So that his lippes ben unloke  
 And his corage is all to-broke,  
 That every thing, whiche he can telle,  
 It ſpringeth up as doth a welle,  
 Which may none of his ſtremes hide,  
 430 But renneth out on every ſide.

Hic tractat confeſ-  
 ſor ſuper ſecunda  
 ſpecie ire, que liſ  
 dicitur, ex cuius  
 contumeliis innu-  
 meroſa dolorum  
 occaſio tam in a-  
 moris cauſa quam  
 aliter in quam plu-  
 ribus ſepiſſime ex-  
 orta eſt.

- . So boilen up the foule fawes,  
 That cheste wote of his felawes.  
 For as a five kepeth ale,  
 Right so can cheste kepe a tale,  
 435 All that he wote, he woll disclose  
 And speke er any man oppose.  
 As a citee withoute a walle,  
 Where men may gon out overalle  
 Withouten any resistence,  
 440 So with his croked eloquence  
 He speketh all, that he wot withinne,  
 Wherof men lese more than winne.  
 For often time of his chiding  
 He bringeth to hause such tiding,  
 445 That maketh werre at beddes hede.  
 He is the levein of the brede,  
 Which foureth all the past about.  
 Men ought well fuche one to doute.  
 For ever his bowe is redy bent,  
 450 And whome he hit I tell him shent,  
 If he may perce him with his tonge.  
 And eke so loude his belle is ronge,  
 That of the noise and of the soun  
 Men feren him in all the towne,  
 455 Well more than they done of thonder.  
 For that is cause of more wonder.  
 For with the windes, which he bloweth,  
 Full ofte sith he overthroweth  
 The citees and the polecie,  
 460 That I have herd the people crie

And echone faide in his degre :

Ha, wicke tunge, wo thou be.

For men fain, that the harde bone

All though him felve have none,

465 A tunge braketh it all to pieces.

He hath so many fondry spieces

Of vice, that I may nought wele

Describe hem by a thousand dele.

But whan that he to cheste falleth,

470 Full many a wonder thing befalleth,

For he ne can no thing forbere.

Now tell, my sone, thin answer,

If it hath ever so betid,

That thou at any time hast chid

475 Toward thy love. Fader nay.

Such cheste yet unto this day

Ne made I never, god forbede.

For er I finge fuche a crede,

I hadde lever to be lewed,

480 For thanne were I all beshrewed

And worthy to be put abacke

With all the sorwe upon my backe,

That any man ordeigne couthe.

But I spake never yet by mouthe

485 That unto cheste mighte touche.

And that I durst right wel avouche

Upon her felfe, as for witnesse.

For I wote of her gentileffe,

That she me wolde wel excuse,

490 That I no fuche thinges use.

*Confessio amantis.*

And if it shulde so betid,  
 That I algates must chid,  
 It mighte nought be to my love.  
 For so yet was I never above  
 495 For all this wide world to winne,  
 That I durst any word beginne,  
 By which she might have ben amoved,  
 And I of cheste also reproved.  
 But rather if it might her like,  
 500 The beste wordes wolde I pike,  
 Whiche I couthe in min herte chese  
 And serve hem forth in stede of chese.  
 For that is helpelich to desie,  
 And so I wolde my wordes plie,  
 505 That mighten wrath and cheste avale  
 With telling of my softe tale.  
 Thus dar I make a forward,  
 That never unto my lady ward  
 Yet spake I word in fuche a wise,  
 510 Wherof that cheste shulde arise.  
 Thus say I nought, that I full ofte  
 Ne have, whan I spake most softe,  
 Par cas said more than inough,  
 But so well halt no man the plough,  
 515 That he ne balketh other while.  
 Ne so wel can no man affile  
 His tunge, that somtime in rape  
 Him may some light word overscape,  
 And yet ne meneth he no cheste.  
 520 But that I have ayein her heste



Full ofte spoke, I am beknowe.  
And how my wille is that ye knowe,  
For whan my time cometh about,  
That I dar speke and fay all out  
525 My longe love, of which she wot,  
That ever in one aliche hot  
Me greveth, than all my disese  
I telle, and though it her displese  
I speke it forth and nought ne leve.  
530 And though it be beside her leve  
I hope and trowe netheles,  
That I do nought ayein the pees.  
For though I telle her all my thought,  
She wot well, that I chide nought.  
535 Men may the highe god besече,  
And he wol here a mannes speche  
And be nought wroth of that he saith,  
So yiveth it me the more feith  
And maketh me hardy soth to fay,  
540 That I dar wel the better prey  
My lady, whiche a woman is.  
For though I telle her that er is  
Of love, which me greveth fore,  
Her ought nought be wroth the more,  
545 For I withoute noife or cry  
My plaint make all buxomly  
To putten alle wrath away,  
Thus dar I say unto this day  
Of cheste, in ernest or in game,  
550 My lady shall me no thing blame.

But ofte time it hath betid,  
 That with my felven I have chid,  
 That no man couthe better chide,  
 And that hath ben at every tide,  
 555 Whan I cam to my felve alone.  
 For than I made a prive mone  
 And every tale by and by,  
 Whiche as I spake to my lady,  
 I thenke and peise in my balaunce  
 560 And drawe into my remembraunce.  
 And than, if that I finde a lacke  
 Of any word, that I misspake,  
 Which was to moche in any wise,  
 Anone my wittes I despise  
 565 And make a chiding in min herte,  
 That any word me shulde asterte,  
 Whiche as I shulde have holden inne.  
 And so forth after I beginne  
 And loke if there was elles ought  
 570 To speke, and I ne spake it nought.  
 And than if I may feche and finde,  
 That any word ben left behinde,  
 Whiche as I shuld more have spoke,  
 I wold upon my self be wroke  
 575 And chide with my felven so,  
 That all my wit is over-go.  
 For no man may his time lore  
 Recover, and thus I am therefore  
 So overwroth in all my thought,  
 580 That I my self chide all to nought.

585 But oule on ftoke and ftoke on oule,

600 Thou woldest flee his knowleching

605 Full many a man, as it is knowe,  
Whiche elles shuld have ben right lowe  
And failed mochel of his wille.

610 So that thou falle nought in cheste,

[illegible]

Whiche is the source of great distaunce,  
 And take into thy remembraunce,  
 If thou might gete pacience,  
 Whiche is the leche of all offence,

615 As tellen us these olde wise.

Seneca. Paciencia  
 est vindicta omni-  
 um injuriarum.

For whan nought elles may suffice  
 By strengthe ne by mannes wit,  
 Than pacience it over fit  
 And over cometh it at laste.

620 But he may never longe laste,  
 Which woll nought bow er that he breke.  
 Take hede, sone, of that I speke.

Amans. My fader, of your goodly speche  
 And of the wit, whiche ye me teche,

625 I thonke you with all min hert.  
 For that word shall me never astert,  
 That I ne shall your wordes holde  
 Of pacience, as ye me tolde,  
 Als ferforth as min herte thenketh

630 And of my wrath it me forthenketh.  
 But fader, if ye forth with all  
 Some good ensample in speciall  
 Me wolden teche of some cronique,  
 It shulde well min herte like

635 Of pacience for to here,  
 So that I might in my matere  
 The more unto my love obey  
 And putten my disese away.

Hic ponit confessor  
 exemplum de pacien-  
 cia in amore contra

My sone, a man to bye him pees  
 Behoveth suffre as Socrates

Enfample left, whiche is write,\*  
 And for thou shalt the sothe wite  
 Of this enfample, what I mene,  
 All though it be now litel sene  
 645 Among the men thilke evidence,  
 Yet he was upon pacience  
 So set, that he him self assay  
 In thing, which might him most mispay,  
 Desireth and a wicked wife  
 650 He weddeth, which in sorwe and strife  
 Ayein his ese was contraire.  
 But he spake ever soft and faire,  
 Till it befell, as it is tolde,  
 In winter, whan the day is colde,  
 655 This wife was fro the welle come,  
 Where that a pot with water nome  
 She hath and brought it into house,  
 And sigh, how that her sely spouse  
 Was set and lokend on a boke  
 660 Nigh to the fire as he, which toke  
 His ese as for a man of age.  
 And she began the wode rage  
 And axeth him, what diuel he thought  
 And bare on hond, that him ne rought  
 665 What labour that she toke on honde,  
 And faith, that suche an husbonde  
 Was to a wife nought worth a stre.  
 He saide nouthen nay ne ye,  
 But helde him stille and lete her chide.  
 670 And she, which may her self nought hide,

lites habenda, et nar-  
 rat, qualiter uxor So-  
 cratis ipsum quodam  
 die multis sermonibus  
 litigavit, sed cum ipse  
 absque ulla respon-  
 sione omnia probra  
 pacienter sustulit, in-  
 dignata uxor quan-  
 dam ydriam plenam  
 aque, quam in manu  
 tenebat, super caput  
 viri sui subito effudit,  
 dicens: evigila et lo-  
 quere, qui respondens  
 tunc ait: O vere jam  
 scio et expertus sum,  
 quod post ventorum  
 rabiem sequuntur ym-  
 bres. Et isto modo  
 litis contumeliam sua  
 paciencia devicit.



To suffre, as Socrates dede.  
 And if it fal in any stede  
 A man to lese so his galle,  
 Him ought among the women alle  
 705 In loves court by jugement  
 The name bere of pacient  
 To yive ensample to the good  
 Of pacience how that it stood,  
 That other men it mighte knowe.  
 710 And sone, if thou at any throwe  
 Be tempted ayein pacience,  
 Take hede upon this evidence,  
 It shall par cas the lasse greve.

My fader, so as I beleve

*Amans.*

715 Of that shall be no maner nede,  
 For I woll take so good hede,  
 That er I fall in suche assay  
 I thenke escheue, if that I may.  
 But if there be ought elles more,  
 720 Wherof I mighte take lore  
 I praie you, so as I dare,  
 Now telleth, that I may beware,  
 Some other tale of this mater.

Sone, it is ever good to lere,

*Confessor.*

725 Wherof thou might thy word restreigne,  
 Er that thou falle in any peine.  
 For who that can no counseil hide,  
 He may nought faile of wo beside,  
 Which shall befalle, er he it wite,  
 730 As I finde in the bokes write.

Hic ponit confessor  
exemplum, quod de  
alterius lite intromit-  
tere cavendum est.  
Et narrat, qualiter  
Jupiter cum Junone  
super quadam ques-  
tione litigabat, vide-  
licet utrum vir an  
mulier in amoris con-  
cupiscencia fervenci-  
us ardebat, super quo  
Tiresiam eorum ju-  
dicem constituebant.  
Et quia ille contra  
Junonem in dicte litis  
causa sententiam dif-  
finivit, irata dea ipsum  
amborum oculorum  
lumine claritatis ab-  
que remissione priva-  
vit.

Yet cam there never good of strife  
To seche in all a mannes life,  
Though it beginne on pure game,  
Full ofte it torneth into grame  
And doth grevaunce on som side.  
Wherof the grete clerk Ovide<sup>\*</sup>  
After the lawe, which was tho,  
Of Jupiter and of Juno  
Maketh in his bokes mencion,  
How they felle at diffencion  
In maner as it were a borde,  
As they begunne for to worde  
Among hem self in privete.  
And that was upon this degre,  
745 Whiche of the two more amorous is  
Or man or wife. And upon this  
They mighten nought accorde in one  
And toke a juge therupon,  
Which cleped is Tiresias  
750 And bede him demen in this cas.  
And he withoute avisement  
Ayein Juno yaf jugement.  
This goddesse upon his answere  
Was wroth and wolde nought forbere,  
755 But toke away for evermo  
The light from both his eyen two.  
Whan Jupiter this harm hath sein  
Another bienfait there ayein  
He yaf and suche a grace him doth,  
760 That for he wiste he saide soth



A soth-faier he was for ever.  
 But yet that other were lever  
 Have had the loking of his eye  
 Than of his word the prophecie.

765 But how so that the sothe went,  
 Strife was the cause, of that he hent  
 So great a peine bodily.

My sone, be thou ware thereby  
 And hold thy tunge stille close,  
 770 For who that hath his word disclose  
 Er that he wite what he mene  
 He is full ofte nigh his tene  
 And leseth full many time grace,  
 Wher that he wold his thank purchase.

775 And over this, my sone dere,  
 Of other men, if thou might here  
 In privite, what they have wrought,  
 Hold counseil and discover it nought,  
 For cheste can no counseil hele,  
 780 Or be it wo or be it wele,  
 And take a tale into thy minde,  
 The which of olde ensample I finde.

\* Phebus, which maketh the daies light,  
 A love he hadde, which tho hight  
 785 Cornide, whom aboven alle  
 He pleseth. But what shall befall  
 Of love, there is no man knoweth.  
 But as fortune her happes throweth,  
 So it befell upon a chaunce  
 790 A yonge knight toke her acqueintaunce

Confessor.

Quia litigantes ora sua  
 cohibere nequeunt,  
 hic ponit confessor  
 exemplum contra il-  
 los, qui in amoris  
 causa alterius confi-  
 lium revelare presu-  
 munt. Et narrat,  
 qualiter quedam avis  
 tunc albissima nomine  
 Corvus, consilium do-  
 mine sue Cornide  
 Phebo denudavit,  
 unde contigit non fo-

lum ipsam Cornidem  
interfici, sed et Cor-  
vum, qui antea tan-  
quam nix albus fuit,  
in piceum colorem  
pro perpetuo trans-  
mutari.

And had of her all that he wolde.  
But a fals bird, which she hath holde  
And kept in chambre of pure youthe  
Discovereth all that ever he couthe.

795 The briddes name was as tho  
Corvus, the which was than also  
Well more white than any swan,  
And he the shrewe all that he can  
Of his lady to Phebus saide.

800 And he for wrath his swerd out braide,  
With which Cornide anone he slough,  
But after him was wo inough  
And toke a full great repentaunce,  
Wherof in token and remembraunce

805 Of hem, whiche usen wicke speche,  
Upon this brid he toke his wreche,  
That there he was snow-white to-fore  
Ever afterward cole black therfore  
He was transformed, as it sheweth.

810 And many a man yet him beshreweth  
And clepen him into this day  
A raven, by whom yet men may  
Take evidence, whan he crieth,  
That some mishap it signifieth.

815 Beware therfore and say the best,  
If thou wolt be thy self in rest,  
My gode sone, as I the rede.

Hic loquitur super  
eodem et narrat, qua-  
liter Laar nimpha eo,  
quod Jupiter Jutur-  
nam adulteravit, Ju-

For in another place I rede  
Of thilke nimphe, which Laar hight.  
For she the privete by night,

How Jupiter lay by Jutorne,  
 Hath told, god made her overtorne,  
 Her tunge he cut and into helle  
 For ever he sent her for to dwelle,  
 825 As she that was nought worthy here  
 To ben of love a chamberere,  
 For she no counfeil couthe hele.  
 And fuche a daies be now fele  
 In loves courte, as it is faide,  
 830 That let her tungen gone unteide.  
 My sone, be thou none of tho  
 To jangle and telle tales so,  
 And namely that thou ne chide,  
 For cheste can no counfeil hide,  
 835 For wrathe faide never wele.  
 My fader, sothe is every dele,  
 That ye me teche, and I woll holde  
 The reule to whiche I am holde,  
 To fle the cheste, as ye me bidde.  
 840 For well is him, that never chidde.  
 Now telle me forth if there be more,  
 As touchinge unto wrathes lore.

*Demonis est odium quasi scriba, cui dabit ira  
 Materiam scripti cordis ad antra sui.  
 Non laxabit amor, odii quem frena restringunt  
 Nec secreta sui juris adire scivit.*

Of wrathe yet there is another,  
 Whiche is to cheste his owne brother,  
 845 And is by name cleped hate,  
 That suffreth nought within his gate,

noni Jovis uxori se-  
 cretum revelavit.  
 Quapropter Jupiter  
 ira commotus lingua  
 Laaris prius abscissa  
 ipsam postea in pro-  
 fundum Acherontis  
 exulem pro perpetuo  
 mancipavit.

Amans.

3.

Hic tractat confes-  
 sor de tercia specie  
 ire, que odium di-  
 citur, cuius natu-  
 ra omnes ire inimi-  
 cicias ad mentem  
 reducens illas usque

ad tempus vindictę  
velut scriba demonis  
in cordis papiro  
commemorandas  
inferit.

That there come other love or pees,  
For he woll make no relese  
Of no debate, whiche is befallē.

850 Now speke, if thou arte one of alle,  
That with this vice hath be witholde.

Amans. As yet for ought that ye me tolde,  
My fader, I not what it is.

Confessor. In good feith, sone, I trowe yis.

Amans. My fader, nay, but ye me lere.

Confessor. Now list, my sone, and thou shalt here.  
Hate is a wrathe nought shewend,  
But of long time gaderend,  
And dwelleth in the herte loken

860 Till he se time to be wroken.  
And than he sheweth his tempest  
More sodein than the wilde beste,  
Which wot nothing, what mercy is.  
My sone, art thou knowen of this?

Confessio amantis. My gode fader, as I wene,  
Now wote I somedele what ye mene,  
But I dare fausly make an othe,  
My lady was me never lothe.  
I woll nought swere netheles,

870 That I of hate am gilteles.  
For whan I to my lady ply  
Fro day to day and mercy cry,  
And she no mercy on me laith,  
But shorte wordes to me faith,  
875 Though I my lady love algate,  
Tho wordes mote I nedes hate

And wolde they were all dispent  
Or so fer out of londe went,  
That I never after shuld hem here.  
880 And yet love I my lady dere.  
Thus is there hate, as ye may se,  
Betwene my ladies word and me.  
The worde I hate and her I love,  
What so me shall betide of love.  
885 But furthermore I woll me thrive,  
That I have hated all my live  
These janglers, whiche of her envie  
Ben ever redy for to lie.  
For with her fals compassment  
890 Full often they have made me shent  
And hindred me full ofte time,  
Whan they no cause wisten byme,  
But onlich of her owne thought.  
And thus full ofte have I bought  
895 The lie and drank nought of the wine.  
I wolde her hap were such as mine.  
For how so that I be now thrive,  
To hem ne may I nought foryive,  
Till I se hem at debate  
900 With love, and thanne min estate  
They mighten by her owne deme  
And loke, how wel it shuld hem queme  
To hinder a man, that loveth fore.  
And thus I hate hem evermore,  
905 Til love on hem wold done his wreche,  
For that I shall alway beseche

Unto the mighty Cupido,  
 That he so mochel wolde do,  
 So as he is of love a god,  
 910 To smite hem with the same rod,  
 With whiche I am of love smiten,  
 So that they mighten know and witen,  
 How hindring is a wofull peine  
 To him, that love wold atteigne.  
 915 Thus ever on hem I wait and hope,  
 Till I may se hem lepe a lope  
 And halten on the same fore,  
 Whiche I do now for evermore.  
 I wolde thanne do my might  
 920 So for to stonden in her light,  
 That they ne shulden have a wey  
 To that they wolden put away.  
 I wolde hem put out of the stede  
 Fro love, right as they me dede  
 925 With that they speke of me by mouthe,  
 So wolde I do, if that I couthe  
 Of hem, and thus so god me save  
 Is all the hate that I have  
 Toward these janglers every dele,  
 930 I wolde all other ferde wele.  
 Thus have I, fader, said my wille.  
 Say ye now forth, for I am stille.

Confessor. My sone, of that thou hast me said  
 I holde me nought fully paid,  
 935 That thou wold haten any man  
 To that accorden I ne can,

Though he have hindred the to-fore.  
But this I telle the therfore,  
Thou might upon my benifon  
940 Well haten the condicion  
Of tho janglers, as thou me toldest,  
But furthermore, of that thou woldest  
Hem hinder in any other wise,  
Suche hate is ever to despise.  
945 Forthy my sone, I wold the rede,  
That thou drawe in by frendly hede,  
That thou ne might nought do by hate,  
So might thou gete love algate  
And sette the, my sone, in rest.  
950 For thou shalt finde it for the best,  
And over this so as I dare  
I rede, that thou be right ware  
Of other mennes hate about,  
Whiche every wise man shulde dout,  
955 For hate is ever upon await.  
And as the fissher on his bait  
Sleeth, whan he seeth the fishes faste,  
So whan he seeth time ate last,  
That he may worche an other wo,  
960 Shall no man tornen him ther fro,  
That hate nill his felonie  
Fulfill and feigne compaignie.  
Yet netheles for fals semblaunt  
Is toward him of covenaut  
965 Witholde, so that under bothe  
The prive wrathe can him clothe,

That he shall seme a great beleve.  
But ware the well; that thou ne leve  
All that thou seest to-fore thin eye,  
So as the Gregois whilom figh,  
The boke of Troie who so rede,  
There may he finde ensample in dede.

Hic ponit confessor exemplum contra illos, qui cum ire sue odium aperte vindicare non possint, ficta dissimulatione vindictam subdole assequuntur. Et narrat, quod cum Palamides princeps Grecorum in obsidione Troie a quibusdam suis emulis proditorie interfectus fuisset paterque suus rex Nanplus in patria sua tunc existens huiusmodi eventus certitudinem scivisset, Grecos in sui cordis odium super omnia recollegit, unde contigit, quod cum Greci devicta Troia per altum mare versus Greciam navigio remeantes obscurissimo noctis tempore nimia ventorum tempestate iactabantur, rex Nanplus in terra sua contra litus maris, ubi maiora faxorum eminebant pericula super cacumina moncium, grandissimos noctanter fecit ignes, quos Greci aspicientes saluum portum ibidem invenire certissime putabant, et terram approximantes disruptis navibus magna pars Grecorum periclitata-

Sone, after the destruction,  
 Whan Troy was alle bete down  
 And flain was Priamus the king,  
 The Gregois, which of all this thing  
 Ben cause, tornen home ayein.  
 There may no man his hap withfain,  
 It hath ben sene and felt full ofte,  
 The harde time after the softe.  
 By see as they forth homeward went,  
 A rage of great tempest hem hent.  
 Juno let bende her partie bow,  
 The sky wax derke, the wind gan blow,  
 The firy welken gan to thonder,  
 As though the world shuld al afonder.  
 From heven out of the water gates  
 The reiny storm fell down algates,  
 And all her tacle made unwelde,  
 That no man might him self bewelde.  
 There may men here shipmen crie,  
 That stood in aunter for to die.  
 He that behinde sat to stere  
 May nought the fore stempne here,  
 The ship arose ayein the wawes,  
 The lodesman hath lost his lawes,



batur. Et sic, quod  
Nanplus viribus ne-  
quiit, odio latitante  
per dissimulacionis  
fraudem vendicavit.

The fee bet in on every fide,  
They nisten what fortune abide,  
But setten hem all in goddes will,  
1000 Where he wolde hem save or spill.  
And it fell thilke time thus,  
There was a kinge, which Nanplus  
Was hote, and he a sone hadde  
At Troie, which the Gregois ladde  
1005 As he, that was made prince of alle,  
Till that fortune let him falle.  
His name was Palamides,  
But through an hate netheles  
Of som of hem his deth was caste  
1010 And he by trefon overcaste.  
His fader, whan he herde it telle,  
He swore, if ever his time felle,  
He wolde him venge if that he might,  
And therto his avow he hight.  
1015 And thus this king through prive hate  
Abode upon a waite algate,  
For he was nought of fuche emprise,  
To vengen him in open wise.

The fame, which goth wide where,  
1020 Maketh knowe, how that the Gregois were  
Homward with al the felaship  
Fro Troy upon the see by ship.  
Nanplus, whan he this understood  
And knew the tides of the flood  
1025 And figh the wind blow to the londe,  
A great deceit anone he fonde

Of prive hate, as thou shalte here,  
Wherof I telle all this matere.

This king the wēder gan beholde  
 1030 And wiste well, they moten holde  
 Her cours endlonge his marche right,  
 And made upon the derke night  
 Of grete shides and of blockes  
 Great fire ayeine the great rockes,  
 1035 To shew upon the hilles high,  
 So that the flete of Grece it figh.  
 And so it fell right as he thought,  
 This flete, which an haven sought,  
 The brighte fires fighe a fer,  
 1040 And they ben drawn ner and ner  
 And wende well and understood,  
 How all that fire was made for good  
 To shewe where men shulde arrive.  
 And thiderward they hasten blive.  
 1045 In semblaunt as men fain is guile.  
 And that was proved thilke while.  
 The ship, which wend his helpe accroche,  
 Drof all to pieces on the roche.  
 And so there deden ten or twelve  
 1055 There no man mighte helpe him selve,  
 For there they wenden deth escape  
 Withouten helpe her deth was shape.  
 Thus they that comen first to-fore  
 Upon the rockes ben forlore.  
 1055 But through the noise and through the cry  
 The other weren ware therby,

And whan the day began to rowe,  
 Tho mighten they the sothe knowe,  
 That where they wenden frendes finde,  
 1060 They fonde frendship all behinde.

The londe than was sone weived,  
 Where that they hadden be deceived,  
 And toke hem to the highe see,  
 Therto they faiden alle ye,  
 1065 Fro that day forthe and ware they were  
 Of that they had assaied there.

My sone, wherof thou might avise,  
 How fraude stant in many wise  
 Among hem, that guile thinke.

Confessor.

1070 There is no scrivener with his inke,  
 Whiche half the fraude write can,  
 That stant in fuche a maner man.  
 Forthy the wise men ne demen  
 The thinges after that they semen,\*

1075 But after that they knowe and finde.  
 The mirrour sheweth in his kinde,  
 As he had all the world withinne  
 And is in soth nothing therinne.

And so fareth hate for a throwe,  
 1080 Till he a man hath overthrowe,  
 Shall no man knowe by his chere,  
 Whiche is avaunt, ne whiche arere.  
 Forthy my sone, thenke on this.

My fader, so I woll iwis,  
 1085 And if there more of wrathe be,  
 Nowe axeth forth pour charite,

Amans.

\* See my notes on *Shakespeare*, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

As ye by your bokes knowe,  
And I the sothe shall beknowe.

4. *Qui cohibere manum nequit et sic spem eius  
Naribus hic populo sepe timendus erit.  
Sapius in luctum Venus et sua gaudia transfert,  
Cumque suis thalamis talis amicus adest.  
Est amor amplexu non iectibus alliciendus,  
Frangit amicicias impetuosa manus.*

Hic tractat confessor super quarta et quinta specie ire, que impetuositas et homicidium dicuntur. Sed primo de impetuositate specialiter tractare intendit, cuius naturam spiritum in naribus gestando ad omnes ire mociones in vindictam parata paciencia nullatenus observat.

- My sone, thou shalt understonde,  
That yet towarde wrathe stonde  
Of dedly vices other two.  
And for to telle her names so  
It is contek and homicide,  
That ben to drede on every side.  
Contek so as the bokes sain  
Foolhaft hath to his chamberlain,  
By whose counseil all unavised  
Is pacience most despised,  
Till homicide with him mete.  
1100 Fro mercy they ben all unmete  
And thus ben they the worst of alle  
Of hem, whiche unto wrathe falle  
In dede both and eke in thought.  
For they accompte her wrath at nought,  
1105 But if there be sheding of blood.  
And thus liche to a beste wode  
They knowen nought the god of life,  
Be so they have swerde or knife  
Her dedly wrathe for to wreke,  
1110 Of pite list hem nought to speke.  
None other reson they ne fonge,  
But that they ben of mightes stronge.

But ware hem well in other place,  
Where every man behoveth grace.

1115 But there I trowe it shall him faile,  
To whom no mercy might availe,  
But wroughten upon tirannie,  
That no pite ne might hem plie.  
Now tell, my fone. My fader, what?

Opponit confessor.

1120 If thou hast be coupable of that?

My fader, nay, Crist me forbede,  
I speke onliche of the dede,  
Of which I was never coupable  
Without cause resonable.

Confessio amantis.

1125 But this is nought to my matere  
Of shrifte, why we sitten here.  
For we ben set to thrive of love,  
As we beganne first above.

And netheles I am beknowe,

1130 That as touchend of loves throwe,  
Whan I my wittes overwende,  
Min hertes kontek hath none ende,  
But ever stant upon debate  
To great disese of min estate,

1135 As for the time that it lasteth.

For whan my fortune overcasteth  
Her whele and is to me so straunge  
And that I se, she woll nought chaunge,  
Than cast I all the worlde about

1140 And thenk, howe I at home in dout  
Have all my time in vein despended  
And se nought how to be amended,

- But rather for to be empeired,  
 As he that is well nigh despeired.  
 1145 For I ne may no thank deserve,  
 And ever I love and ever I ferve  
 And ever I am a liche nere,  
 Thus, for I stonde in fuche a were,  
 I am as who faith out of herre.  
 1150 And thus upon my self I werre,  
 I bringe and put out alle pees,  
 That I full ofte in such a rees  
 Am wery of min owne life,  
 So that of contek and of strife  
 1155 I am beknowe and have answerde,  
 As ye, my fader, now have herde.  
 Min herte is wonderly begone  
 With counseil,\* wherof wit is one,  
 Whiche hath reson in compaignie  
 1160 Ayein the whiche stant partie  
 Will, which hath hope of his accorde.  
 And thus they bringen up discorde,  
 Witte and reson counseilen ofte,  
 That I min herte shulde softe  
 1165 And that I shulde will remue  
 And put him out of retenue  
 Or elles holde him under fote.  
 For as they fain, if that he mote,  
 His owne reule have upon honde,  
 1170 There shall no wit ben understonde  
 Of hope, also they tellen this,  
 That over all where that he is

He fet the herte in jeopartie  
 With wisshing and with fantasie,  
 1175 And is nought trewe of that he faith,  
 So that there is on him no feith.  
 Thus with reson and witte avised  
 Is will and hope all day despised.  
 Reson faith, that I shulde leve  
 1180 To love, where there is no leve  
 To spede, and will faith there ayein,  
 That such an herte is to villain,  
 Which dare nought love, till that he spede.  
 Let hope serve at fuche nede.  
 1185 He faith eke, where an herte fit  
 All hole governed upon wit,  
 He hath this lives lust forlore.  
 And thus min herte is all to-tore  
 Of fuche a kontek, as they make.  
 1190 But yet I may nought will forsake,  
 That he nis maister of my thought,  
 Or that I spede, or spede nought.

Thou dost, my sone, ayeinst the right,  
 But love is of so great a might,

Confessor.

1195 His lawe may no man refuse,  
 So might thou there the better excuse.  
 And netheles thou shalt be lerned,  
 That will shulde be governed  
 Of reson more than of kinde,  
 1200 Wherof a tale write I finde.

A philosophre of which men tolde  
 There was whilom by daies olde,

Hic ponit confessor  
 exemplum, quod  
 omnis impetuosa

voluntas fit discre-  
cionis moderamine  
gubernanda. Et  
narrat, qualiter Di-  
ogenes, qui motus  
animi sui rationi  
subjugaverat, re-  
gem Alexandrum  
super isto facto sibi  
opponente plenius  
informavit.

- And Diogenes than he hight.\*  
So olde he was, that he ne might  
The world travaile, and for the best  
He shope him for to take his rest  
And dwelle at home in fuche a wise,  
That nigh his house he let devise  
Endlonge upon an axel tree  
1210 To set a tonne in fuche degree,  
That he it mighte torne aboute,†  
Wherof one heed was taken oute,  
For he therinne fitte shulde  
And torne him selve as he wolde  
1215 And take the eire and se the heven  
And deme of the planetes seven  
As he, which couthe mochel what.  
And thus full ofte there he sat  
To muse in his philosophie  
1220 Sole withouten compaignie,  
So that upon a morwe tide  
A thing, which shulde tho betide,  
Whan he was fette, here as him list  
To loke upon the sonne arift,  
1225 Wherof the propertie he sigh,  
It felle, there cam ridend nigh  
King Alisaundre with a route.  
And as he cast his eye aboute  
He sigh this tonne, and what it ment  
1230 He wolde wite, and thider sent  
A knight, by whom he might it knowe.  
And he him self that ilke throwe



Abode and hoveth there stille.  
This knight after the kinges wille  
1235 With spore made his horse to gone  
And to the tonne he cam anone,  
Where that he fonde a man of age,  
And he him tolde the message,  
Suche as the kinge him had bede,  
1240 And axeth why in thilke stede  
The tonne stood and what it was.  
And he, which understood the cas,  
Sat still and spake no worde ayein.  
The knight bad speke and faith : Vilain,  
1245 Thou shalt me telle, er that I go,  
It is thy king, whiche axeth so.  
My king, quod he, that were unright.  
What is he thanne ? faith the knight,  
Is he thy man ? That say I nought,  
1250 Quod he, but this I am bethought,  
My mannes man how that he is.  
Thou liest, false cherle, iwis,  
The knight him said and was right wroth,  
And to the kinge ayein he goth  
1255 And told him, how this man answerde.  
The king, whan he this tale herde,  
Bad that they shulden all abide,  
For he him self wold thider ride.  
And whan he came to-fore the tonne,  
1260 He hath his tale thus begonne :  
Al heil, he faith, what man art thou ?  
Quod he : Such one as thou seest now.

- The king, which hadde wordes wise,  
 His age wolde nought despise  
 1265 But faith: My fader, I the pray,  
 That thou me wolt the cause say,  
 How that I am thy mannes man?  
 Sire king, quod he, and that I can,  
 If thou wilt. Yes, faith the king.  
 1270 Quod he: This is the soth thing  
 Sith I first reson understood  
 And knew what thing was evil and good,  
 The will, whiche of my body moveth,  
 Whos werkes that the god reproveth,  
 1275 I have restreigned evermore  
 Of him, which stant under the lore  
 Of reson, whos subiect he is,  
 So that he may nought done amis.  
 And thus by wey of covenant  
 1280 Will is my man and my servaunt  
 And ever hath be and ever shall.  
 And thy will is thy principal  
 And hath the lordship of thy wit,  
 So that thou coutheft never yit  
 1285 Take a day rest of thy labour.  
 But for to be a conquerour  
 Of worldes good, which may nought laste,  
 Thou hieft ever a liche faste,  
 Where thou no reson hast to winne.  
 1290 And thus thy will is cause of finne  
 And is thy lord to whom thou serveft,  
 Wherof thou litel thank deserveft.

The king, of that he thus answerd,  
Was nothing wroth, but when he herd  
1295 The highe wisedom, whiche he saide,  
With goodly wordes this he praide,  
That he him wolde tell his name.  
I am, quod he, that ilke fame,  
Which men Diogenes calle.  
1300 Tho was the king right glad with alle,  
For he had herd ofte to-fore  
What man he was, so that therfore  
He saide: O wise Diogene,  
Now shall thy grete wit be sene,  
1305 For thou shalt of my yifte have,  
What worldes thinge thou wolt crave.  
Quod he: Than hove out of my sonne  
And lete it shine into my tonne,  
For thou benimst me thilke yifte,  
1310 Which lith nought in thy might to shifte,  
None other good of the me nedeth.

The king, whom every contre dredeth,  
Lo, thus he was enformed there,  
Wherof, my sone, thou might lere,  
1315 How that thy wil shal nought be leved,  
Where it is nought of wit releved.  
And thou hast said thy self er this,  
How that thy wil thy maister is,  
Through which thin hertes thought with-  
1320 Is ever of contek to beginne, [inne  
So that it is greatly to drede,  
That it no homicide brede.

For love is of a wonder kinde  
 And hath his wittes ofte blinde,  
 1325 That they fro mannes reson falle.  
 But whan that it is so befallē,  
 That will shall his corage lede  
 In loves cause, it is to drede,  
 Wherof I finde ensample write,  
 1330 Whiche is behovely for to wite.  
 \* I rede a tale, and telleth this,  
 The citee, which Semiramis  
 Enclosed hath with walle about  
 Of worthy folk with many a rout  
 Was inhabited here and there.  
 Amonge the which two there were  
 Aboven all other noble and great,  
 Dwellend tho within a strete  
 So nigh to-gider, as it was sene,  
 That there was nothing hem betwene  
 But wowe to wowe and walle to walle.  
 This o lord hath in speciale  
 A sone, a lusty bacheler,  
 In all the towne was none his pere.  
 That other had a doughter eke  
 In all the lond that for to seke  
 Men wisten none so faire as she.  
 And fell so, as it shulde be,  
 This faire doughter nigh this sone,  
 1350 As they to-gider thanne wone,  
 Cupid hath so the thinges shape,  
 That they ne might his honds escape,

Hic in amoris causa  
 ponit confessor exem-  
 plum contra illos, qui  
 in sua dampna nimis  
 accelerantes ex impe-  
 tuositate se ipsos mul-  
 tociens offendunt. Et  
 narrat, qualiter Pira-  
 mus cum ipse Tisbe  
 amicam suam in loco  
 inter eosdem deputato  
 tempore adventus sui  
 promptam non inve-  
 nit, animo impetuoso  
 se ipsum pre dolore  
 extracto gladio mor-  
 taliter transfodit, que  
 postea infra breve ve-  
 niens cum ipsum sic  
 mortuum invenisset,  
 eciam et illa in sue  
 ipsius mortem impe-  
 tuose festinans eius-  
 dem gladii cuspidē  
 sui cordis intima per  
 medium penetravit.

That he his fire on hem ne caste,  
Wherof her herts he overcaste  
1355 To folwe thilke lore and sue,  
Which never man yet might escheue.  
And that was love, as it is happed,  
Whiche hath her hertes so betrapped,  
That they by alle waies seche,  
1360 How that they mighten winne a speche  
Her wofull peine for to lesse.  
Who loveth wel, it may nought misse.  
And namely whan there ben two  
Of one accord, how so it go,  
1365 But if that they some waie finde,  
For love is ever of fuche a kinde  
And hath his folk so wel affaited,  
That how so that it be awaited,  
There may no man the purpos let.  
1370 And thus betwene hem two they set  
An hole upon a wal to make,  
Through which they have her counseil take  
At alle times, whan they might.  
This faire maiden Tisbe hight  
1375 And he, whom she loved hote,  
Was Piramus by name hote.  
So longe her lesson they recorden,  
Til ate laste they accorden  
By nightes time for to wende  
1380 Alone out fro the townes ende,  
Where was a welle under a tree,  
And who cam first or she or he

He shulde stille there abide.  
 So it befell the nightes tide  
 1385 This maiden, which desguised was,  
 All prively the softe pas  
 Goth through the large town unknowe,  
 Till that she cam within a throwe,  
 Where that she liked for to dwelle  
 1390 At thilke unhappy freshe welle,  
 Which was also the forest nigh,  
 Where she comend a leon figh  
 Into the feld to take his pray  
 In haste. And she tho fledde away,  
 1395 So as fortune shulde falle,  
 For fere and let her wimpel falle  
 Nigh to the wel upon therbage.  
 This wilde leon in his rage  
 A beste, whiche he found there out,  
 1400 Hath slain and with his bloody snout,  
 Whan he hath eten what he wolde,  
 To drinke of thilke stremes colde  
 Come unto the welle, where he fonde  
 The wimpel, whiche out of her honde  
 1405 Was falle, and he it hath to-drawe,  
 Bebledde aboute and all forgnawe.  
 And than he straught him for to drinke  
 Upon the freshe welles brinke,  
 And after that out of the plein  
 1410 He torneth to the wode ayein.  
 And Tisbe durste nought remewe,  
 But as a brid, which were in mewe,

Within a bussh ſhe kept her cloſe  
 So ſtill that ſhe nought aroſe  
 1415 Unto her ſelf and pleigneth ay.  
 And fell, while that ſhe there lay,  
 This Piramus cam after ſone  
 Unto the welle and by the mone  
 He found her wimpel bloody there.  
 1420 Cam never yet to mannes ere  
 Tidinge ne to mannes fight  
 Merveille, which ſo ſore afflight  
 A mannes herte, as it tho dede  
 To him, whiche in the ſame ſtede  
 1425 With many a woful compleigninge  
 Began his hondes for to wringe  
 As he, which demeth fikerly,  
 That ſhe be dede. And ſodeinly  
 His ſwerd all naked out he braide  
 1430 In his fool haſte and thus he ſaide :  
 I am cauſe of this felonie,  
 So it is reſon, that I deie,  
 And ſhe is dede by cauſe of me.  
 And with that worde upon his kne  
 1435 He fell, and to the goddes alle  
 Up to the heven he gan to calle  
 And praide ſithen it was ſo,  
 That he may nought his love as tho  
 Have in this world, that of her grace  
 1440 He might her have in other place,  
 For here wolde he nought abide,  
 He ſaith. But as it ſhall betide,

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The pomel of his sward to ground  
 He fet and through his hert a wound  
 1445 He made up to the bare hilte  
 And in this wise him self spilte  
 With his foolhafte and deth he nam.  
 For she within a while cam,  
 Where he lay dede upon his knife,  
 1450 So woful yet was never life  
 As Tisbe was. Whan she him sigh,  
 She mighte nought one worde on high  
 Speke out, for her herte shette,  
 That of her life no pris she sette,  
 1455 But dede swounend down she felle,  
 Till after whan it so befelle,  
 That she out of her traunce awoke,  
 With many a wofull pitous loke  
 Her eye alwey among she caste  
 1460 Upon her love and ate laste  
 She caught breth and saide thus :  
 O thou, which cleped art Venus,  
 Goddesse of love, and thou Cupide,  
 Which loves cause hast for to guide,  
 1465 I wot now wel, that ye be blinde  
 Of thilke unhap, whiche I now finde  
 Only betwene my love and me.  
 This Piramus, whiche here I se  
 Bledend, what hath he deserved ?  
 1470 For he your hest hath kept and served,  
 And was yonge and I both also,  
 Alas, why do ye with us so ?



Ye set our hertes both on fire  
And made us suche thing desire,  
1475 Wherof that we no skille couthe.  
But thus our freshe lusty youthe  
Withouten joy is all despended,  
Which thing may never ben amended.  
For as for me this woll I say,  
1480 That me is lever for to deie  
Than live after this forwefull day.  
And with this word where as he lay  
Her love in armes she embraseth  
Her owne deth and so purchaseth,  
1485 That now she wepte and now she kiste,  
Till ate laste, er she it wiste,  
So great a forwe is to her falle,  
Whiche overgoth her wittes alle,  
And she, which mighte nought afterte,  
1490 The swerdes pointe ayein her herte  
She set and fell down therupon,  
Wherof that she was dede anone.  
And thus both on a swerd bledend  
They were found dede liggend.  
1495 Now thou, my sone, hast herd this tale    Confessor.  
Beware that of thin owne bale  
Thou be nought cause in thy foolhaste,  
And kepe that thou thy wit ne waste  
Upon thy thought in aventure,  
1500 Wherof thy lives forfeiture  
May falle. And if thou have so thought  
Er this, tell on and hide it nought.

Amans. My fader, upon loves fide  
 My conscience I wol nought hide,  
 1505 How that for love of pure wo  
 I have ben ofte moved so,  
 That with my wishes if I might  
 A thousand times, I you plight,  
 I hadde storven in a day.  
 1510 And therof I me thrive may,  
 Though love fully me ne slough,  
 My will to deie was inough.  
 So am I of my will coupable  
 And yet is she nought merciable,  
 1515 Which may me yive life and hele,  
 But that her list nought with me dele,  
 I wot by whos counseil it is  
 And him wolde I long time er this,  
 And yet I wolde and ever shall,  
 1520 Sleen and destruie in speciall.  
 The golde of nine kinges londes  
 Ne shulde him save fro min hondes,  
 In my power if that he were.  
 But yet him stant of me no fere,  
 1525 For nought that ever I can manace,  
 He is the hinderer of my grace,  
 Til he be dede I may nought spede.  
 So mote I nedes taken hede  
 And shape, how that he were away,  
 1530 If I therto may finde a wey.  
 Confessor. My sone, tell me now forthy,  
 Whiche is that mortal enemy,

That thou manaceſt to be dede.

My fader, it is fuche a quede,

Amans.

1535 That where I come, he is to-fore  
And doth ſo, that my cauſe is lore.

What is his name? It is daunger,  
Whiche is my ladies counſeiler.

Confefſor.  
Amans.

For I was never yet ſo fligh  
1540 To come in any place nigh,  
Where as ſhe was by night or day,  
That daunger ne was redy ay,  
With whom for ſpeche ne for mede  
Yet might I never of love ſpede.

1545 For ever this finde I ſoth,  
All that my lady faith or doth  
To me daunger ſhall make an ende.  
And that maketh al my world miſwende,  
And ever I axe his helpe, but he  
1550 May be wel cleped fauns pite.

For ay the more I to him bowe,  
The laſſe he woll my tale allowe.  
He hath my lady ſo engleued,  
She woll nought, that he be remeued.

1555 For ever he hongeth on her faile  
And is ſo prive of counſeile,  
That ever whan I have ought bede,  
I finde daunger in her ſtede  
And min anſwere of him I have.

1560 But for no mercy, that I crave,  
Of mercy never a point I hadde.  
I find his anſwer ay ſo badde,

That worfe might it never be.  
 And thus betwen daunger and me  
 1565 Is ever werre til he deie.  
 But might I ben of fuch maiftrie,  
 That I daunger had overcome,  
 With that were all my joie come.  
 Thus wolde I wonde for no finne  
 1570 Ne yet for all this world to winne,  
 If that I might finde a fleight  
 To lay all min eftate in weight,  
 I wolde him fro the court defever,  
 So that he come ayeinward never,  
 1575 Therfore I wifhe and wolde fain,  
 That he were in fome wife flain.  
 For while he ftant in thilke place  
 Ne gete I nought my ladies grace.  
 Thus hate I dedely thilke vice  
 1580 And wolde he ftood in none office  
 In place, where my lady is.  
 For if he do, I wot wel this,  
 That outhen he fhall deie or I  
 Within a while, and nought forthy  
 1585 On my lady full ofte I mufe,  
 Now that fhe may her felf excufe.  
 For if that I deie in fuche a plite  
 Me thenketh fhe might nought be quite,  
 That fhe ne were an homicide.  
 1590 And if it fhulde fo betide,  
 As god forbede it fhulde be,  
 By double way it is pite.

For I, which all my will and wit  
 Have yove and served ever yit,  
 1595 And than I shuld in fuche a wife  
 In rewarding of my service  
 Be dede, me thenketh it were routh.  
 And furthermore I telle trouth,  
 She that hath ever be wel named,  
 1600 She were worthy than to be blamed  
 And of reson to ben appeled,  
 Whan with o word she might have heled  
 A man, and suffreth him to deie.  
 Ha, who sigh ever such a way?  
 1605 Ha, who sigh ever such destresse?  
 Withoute pite gentileffe,  
 Withoute mercy womanhede,  
 That woll so quite a man his mede,  
 Whiche ever hath be to love trewe.  
 1610 My gode fader, if ye rewe  
 Upon my tale, tell me now,  
 And I wol stinte and herken you.

My fone, attempre thy corage  
 Fro wrath and let thin hert assuage,  
 1615 For who so wol him underfonge,  
 He may his grace abide longe,  
 Or he of love be received  
 And eke also, but it be weived,  
 There mighte mochel thing befall,  
 1620 That shulde make a man to falle  
 Fro love, that never afterwarde  
 Ne durst he loke thiderwarde.

Confessor.

In harde waies men gon softe,  
 And er they climbe avise hem ofte,  
 1625 And men seen all day, that rape reweth.  
 And who so wicked ale breweth,  
 Full ofte he mot the worse drinke.  
 Better it is to flete than sinke,  
 Better is upon the bridel chewe  
 1630 Than if he fel and overthrewe  
 The hors and sticked in the mire.  
 To cast water in the fire  
 Better is than brenne up al the hous.  
 The man whiche is malicious  
 1635 And foolhastif, full ofte he falleth.  
 And selden is, whan love him calleth.  
 Forthy better is to suffre a throwe  
 Than to be wilde and overthrowe.  
 Suffraunce hath ever be the best  
 1640 To wishen him that secheth rest.  
 And thus if thou wolt love spede,  
 My sone, suffre, as I the rede.  
 What may the mous ayein the cat?  
 And for this cause I axe that,  
 1645 Who may to love make a werre,  
 That he ne hath him self the werre?  
 Love axeth pees and ever shall.  
 And who that fighteth most withall,  
 Shall lest conquere of his emprise.  
 1650 For this they tellen that ben wise,  
 Whiche is to strive and have the werse  
 To hasten, is nought worth a kerse.

- Thinge that a man may nought acheve,  
That may nought wel be done at eve,  
1655 It mot abide till the morwe.  
Ne haſte nought thine owne forwe,  
My ſone, and take this in thy witte,  
He hath nought loſt that wel abitte.  
Enſample, that it falleth thus,  
1660 Thou might well take of Piramus,  
Whan he in haſte his ſwerd out drough  
And on the point him ſelven ſlough  
For love of Tiſbe pitouſly,  
For he her wimpel fond bloody  
1665 And wende a beſte her hadde ſlain,  
Where as him ought have be right fain,  
For ſhe was there al fauf beſide.  
But for he wolde nought abide,  
This miſchef fell. Forthy beware,  
1670 My ſone, as I the warne dare,  
Do thou no thinge in ſuche a rees,  
For ſuffraunce is the well of pees,  
Though thou to loves court purſue,  
Yet ſit it wel, that thou eſcheue,  
1675 That thou the court nought overhaſte.  
For ſo thou might thy time waſte,  
But if thin hap therto be ſhape,  
It may nought helpe for to rape.  
Therefore attempre thy corage,  
1680 Foolhaſte doth none avauntage,  
But ofte it ſet a man behinde  
In cauſe of love, and I finde
- line 1624

By olde ensample as thou shalt here  
Touchend of love in this matere.

Hic ponit confessor  
exemplum contra il-  
los, qui in amoris cau-  
sa nimia festinacione  
concupiscentes tar-  
dius expediunt, et  
narrat, qualiter pro  
eo, quod Phebus  
quandam virginem  
pulcherrimam nomi-  
ne Daphnem nimia  
amoris acceleracione  
insequebatur, iratus  
Cupido cor Phebi sa-  
gitta aurea ignita ar-  
dencius vulneravit et  
econtra cor Daphne  
quadam sagitta plum-  
bea, que frigidissima  
fuit, sobrius perfora-  
vit, et sic quanto ma-  
gis Phebus ardencior  
in amore Daphnem  
persecutus est, tanto  
magis ipsa frigidior  
Phebi concupiscen-  
ciam toto corde fugi-  
tiva dedignabatur.

\* A maiden whilom there was one,  
Which Daphne hight, and such was none  
Of beaute than, as it was saide.

Phebus his love hath on her laide,  
And therupon to her he fought  
In his foolhafte and so besought,  
That she with him no reste hadde,  
For ever upon her love he gradde,  
And she said ever unto him nay.

So it befelle upon a day  
Cupide, whiche hath every chaunce  
Of love under his governaunce,  
Sigh Phebus hasten him so fore,  
And for he shulde him haste more  
And yet nought spedden ate laste  
A dart throughout his hert he caste,  
Which was of golde and all a fire,  
That made him many fold desire  
Of love more than he dede.

To Daphne eke in the same stede  
1705 A dart of led he caste and smote,  
Which was all colde and no thing hote.  
And thus Phebus in love brenneth  
And in his haste aboute renneth  
To loke, if that he might winne.

1710 But he was ever to beginne,  
For ever away fro him she fled,  
So that he never his love sped.



And for to make him full beleve,  
 That no foolhafte might acheve  
 1715 To gete love in fuch degre,  
 This Daphne into a lorer tre  
 Was torned, whiche is ever grene  
 In token, as yet it may be fene,\*  
 That ſhe ſhall dwelle a maiden ſtille  
 1720 And Phebus failen of his wille.  
 By ſuche enfamples as they ſtonde,  
 My ſone, thou might underſtonde  
 To haſten love is thing in vein,  
 Whan that fortune is there ayein,  
 1725 To take where a man hath leve  
 Good is, and elles he mot leve.  
 For whan a mannes happes failen,  
 There is none haſte may availen.

My fader, graunt mercy of this.

Amans.

1730 But while I ſe my lady is  
 No tree, but holde her owne forme,  
 There may me no man ſo enforme,  
 To whether part fortune wende,  
 That I unto my lives ende  
 1735 Ne wol her ſerve evermo.

My ſone, ſithen it is ſo,  
 I ſay no more, but in this cas  
 Beware, howe it with Phebus was.  
 Nought only upon loves chaunce,  
 1740 But upon every governaunce,  
 Which falleth unto mannes dede,  
 Foolhafte is ever for to drede,

Confellor.

And that a man good counfeil take,  
Er he his purpose undertake,

1745 For counfeil put foolhafte away.

Amans. Now gode fader, I you prey,  
That for to wisse me the more,  
Some good ensample upon this lore  
Ye wold me telle, of that is writ,

1750 That I the better mighte wit,  
Howe I foolhafte shulde escheue  
And the wisdome of counfeil sue.

Confessor. My sone, that thou might enforme  
Thy pacience upon the forme  
1755 Of olde ensamples as they felle,  
Nowe understond, what I shall telle.

Hic ponit confessor  
exemplum contra il-  
los, qui nimio furore  
accensi vindictam ire  
sue ultra quam decet  
consequi affectant. Et  
narrat, qualiter Athe-  
mas et Demophon re-  
ges, cum ipsi a bello  
Trojano ad propria  
remeassent et a suis  
ibidem pacifice recep-  
ti non fuissent, con-  
gregato aliunde pug-  
natorum exercitu re-  
giones suas non solum  
incendio vastare sed  
et omnes in eisdem  
habitantes a minimo  
usque ad majorem in  
perpetuam vindictæ  
memoriam gladio in-  
terficere fervore ira-  
cundie proposuerunt.  
Sed rex Nestor, qui  
senex et sapiens fuit,  
ex paciencia tractatus  
inter ipsos reges et

\* When noble Troie was belein  
And overcome, and home ayein  
The Gregois torned fro the siege,  
The kinges found her owne liege  
In many place, as men saide,  
That hem forfoke and disobeide.  
Among the whiche fell this case  
To Demophon and Athemas,  
That weren kinges bothe two  
And bothe weren served so,  
Her leges wolde hem nought receive,  
So that they mote algates weive  
To seche londe in other place.  
For there founde they no grace,  
Wherof they token hem to rede  
And foughten frendes ate nede,

of Demophon & Athemas, from Benoît de St Maure's *Geste of Troie*. It is not classical, but Demophon of Athens figures at  
Athemas seems to be Alcamos, who is one of the Greeks in the *Eclogues* in Virgil, *Eclogues* II 263. A little more of the  
text is given in the 28025.

eorum regna inita  
pace et concordia hu-  
iusmodi impetuofita-  
tem micus pacifica-  
vit.

And eche of hem affureth other  
To helpe as to his owne brother  
1775 To vengen hem of thilke oultrage  
And winne ayein her heritage.  
And thus they ride aboute faſte  
To geten hem helpe, and ate laſte  
They hadden power ſuffiſaunt  
1780 And maden than a covenaut,  
That they ne ſhulde no life ſave,  
Ne preſt, ne clerk, ne lord, ne knave,  
Ne wife, ne childe of that they finde,  
Which berth viſage of mannes kinde,  
1785 So that no life ſhall be ſocoured,  
But with the dedely ſwerd devoured.  
In ſuch foolhaſte her ordinaunce  
They ſhapen for to do vengeaunce.  
Whan this purpoſe was wiſt and knowe  
1790 Among here hoſt, tho was there blowe  
Of wordes many a ſpeche aboute.  
Of yonge men the luſty route  
Were of this tale glad inough.  
There was no care for the plough,  
1795 As they that weren foolhaſtif  
They ben accorded to the ſtrife  
And ſain, it may nought ben to great  
To vengen hem of ſuch forfeit.  
Thus faith the wilde unwiſe tonge  
1800 Of hem, that there weren yonge.

But Neſtor, which was olde and hore,  
The ſalve figh to-fore the fore

As he, that was of counfeil wife.  
So that anone by his advife

1805 There was a prive counfeil nome,  
The lordes ben to-gider come.

This Demephon and Athemas  
Her purpos tolden, as it was.

They fetten alle still and herde,  
1810 Was non but Nestor hem answerde.

He badde hem, if they wol winne,  
They shulden se, er they beginne,  
Her ende and fet her first entent,  
That they hem after ne repent.

1815 And axeth hem this question,

To what finall conclusion

They wolde regne kinges there,

If that no people in londe were?

And faith, it were a wonder wierd

1820 To seen a king become an hierd,

Where no life is but only beste

Under the legeaunce of his heste.

For who that is of man no kinge

The remenaunt is as no thinge.

1825 He faith eke, if they pourpouse holde

To flee the people, as they two wolde,

Whan they it mighte nought restore,

All Grece it shulde abegge fore

To se the wilde beste wone,

1830 Where whilom dwelt a mannes sone.

And for that cause he bad hem trete

And stint of tho manaces grete.

Better is to winne by faire speche,  
He faith, than such vengeaunce feche.

1835 For whan a man is most above,  
Him nedeth most to gete him love.

Whan Nestor hath this tale faide,  
Ayein him was no word withfaide.  
It thought hem all he faide wele.

1840 And thus fortune her dedly whele  
Fro werre torneth into pees.

But forth they wenten netheles.  
And whan the contrees herde fain,  
How that her kinges be besein

1845 Of fuche a power as they ladde,  
Was none so bold, that hem ne dradde  
And for to feche pees and grith  
They sende and praide anon forthwith,  
So that the kinges ben appesed

1850 And every mannes hert is esed.  
All was foryete and nought recorded,  
And thus they ben to-gider accorded.  
The kinges were ayein received,  
And pees was take and wrathe weived

1855 And all through counseil, which was good  
Of him that reson understood.

By this ensample, sone, attempre  
Thin hert and let no will distempre  
Thy wit and do no thing by might,  
1860 Which may be do by love and right.  
Foolhaste is cause of mochel wo,  
Forthy my sone, do nought so.

Confessor.



This thinge is knowen overall,  
 But yet I thenke in speciall  
 1895 To my matere therupon  
 Telle in what wise Agamenon  
 Through chaunce, which may nought be  
 Of love untrewē was deceived. [weived,  
 An olde sawe is: who that is fligh  
 1900 In place were he may be nigh  
 He maketh the ferre leve loth  
 Of love, and thus ful ofte it goth.  
 There while Agamenon batailleth  
 To winne Troie and it affaileth  
 1905 From home and was long time fer,  
 Egistus drough his quene ner  
 And with the leifer, whiche he hadde,  
 This lady at his will he ladde.  
 Climestre was her righte name,  
 1910 She was therof greatly to blame  
 To love there it may nought laste,  
 But fell to mischefe ate laste.  
 For whan this noble worthy knight  
 Fro Troie came the firste night,  
 1915 That he at home a bedde lay  
 Egistus longe er it was day,  
 As this Climestre him had assent,  
 And werē bothe of one assent,  
 By treson slough him in his bed.  
 1920 But morder, which may nought ben hed,  
 Sprong out to every mannes ere,  
 Wherof the lond was full of fere.

lencio trucidabat, cui-  
 us mortem filius eius  
 Horestes tunc junioris  
 etatis postea diis ad-  
 monitus crudelissima  
 severitate vindicavit.

Agamenon hath by this queene  
 A sone, and that was after sene.  
 1925 But yet as than he was of youth,  
 A babe, which no reson couth:  
 And as god wolde, it felle him thus,  
 A worthy knight Taltibius  
 This yonge childe hath in keping.  
 1930 And whan he herde of this tiding,  
 Of this treson, of this misdede,  
 He gan within him self to drede  
 In aunter if this false Egiste  
 Upon him come er he it wiste  
 1935 To take and morthor of his malice  
 This child, whiche he hath to norice,  
 And for that cause in alle haste  
 Out of the londe he gan him haste  
 And to the kinge of Crete he straught  
 1940 And him this yonge lorde betaught  
 And praid him for his faders sake,  
 That he this child wolde undertake  
 And kepe him till he be of age,  
 So as he was of his lignage,  
 1945 And told him over all the cas,  
 How that his fader morthred was,  
 And how Egistus, as men saide,  
 Was king, to whom the londe obeide.  
 And whan Ydomeneus the kinge  
 1950 Hath understanding of this thinge,  
 Which that this knight him hadde told,  
 He made forwe manyfold



And toke the childe unto his warde  
And saide he wolde him kepe and warde,  
1955 Till that he were of such a might  
To handle a fwerde and ben a knight  
To vengen him at his owne will.  
And thus Horestes dwelleth still.  
Such was the childes righte name,  
1960 Whiche after wroughte mochel shame  
In vengeaunce of his faders deth.  
The time of yeres overgeth,  
That he was man of brede and lengthe,  
Of wit, of manhode and of strengthe,  
1965 A fair persone amonges alle.  
And he began to clepe and calle  
As he, which come was to man,  
Unto the kinge of Crete than  
Praiende, that he wold him make  
1970 A knight and power with him take,  
For lenger wolde he nought beleve,  
He faith, but praith the kinge of leve  
To gone and claim his heritage  
And vengen him of thilke oultrage,  
1975 Which was unto his fader do.  
The kinge assenteth well therto  
With great honour and knight him maketh  
And great power to him betaketh.  
And gan his journe for to caste,  
1980 So that Horestes ate laste  
His leve toke and forth he goth  
As he, that was in his hert wroth.

His firste pleinte to bemene  
 Unto the citee of Athene  
 1985 He goth him forth and was received,  
 So there was he nought deceived.  
 The duke and tho that weren wise  
 They profren hem to his service,  
 And he hem thonketh of her proffer  
 1990 And faith him self he wol gone offer  
 Unto the goddes for his spede,  
 And alle men him yive rede.  
 So goth he to the temple forth,  
 Of yiftes, that be mochel worth,  
 1995 His sacrifice and his offringe  
 He made. And after his axinge  
 He was answerde, if that he wolde  
 His state recover, than he sholde  
 Upon his moder do vengeance  
 2000 So cruel, that the remembraunce  
 Therof might evermore abide,  
 As she, that was an homicide  
 And of her owne lord mordrice.  
 Horestes, whiche of thilke office  
 2005 Was nothing glad, as than he praide  
 Unto the goddes there and saide,  
 That they the jugement devise,  
 How she shall take the juise.  
 And therupon he had answerde,  
 2010 That he her pappes shulde of-tere  
 Out of her breast his owne hondes  
 And for ensample of alle londes

With hors she shulde be to-drawe,  
Till houndes had her bones gnawe

2015 Withouten any sepulture.

This was a wofull aventure.

And whan Horestes hath all herde,  
How that the goddes have answerde,  
Forth with the strengthe, whiche he lad,

2020 The duke and his power he had

And to a citee forth they gone,

The which was cleped Cropheone,

Where as Phoicus was lord and fire,

Which profreth him withouten hire

2025 His helpe and all that he may do

As he, that was right glad therto

To greve his mortal enemy

And tolde him certain cause why,

How that Egiste in mariage

2030 His doughter whilom of full age

Forlay and afterward forfoke,

Whan he Horestes moder toke.

Men fain : olde fin newe shame.

Thus more and more arose the blame

2035 Ayein Egiste on every fide.

Horestes with his host to ride

Began, and Phoicus with him wente,

I trowe Egist him shall repente.

They riden forth unto Micene,

2040 There lay Climestre thilke quene,

The whiche Horestes moder is.

And whan she herde telle of this,

*Original & Pseudo on p. 1040: 'Tropion' & 'Florentes': quodam 'Thoresen' & 'Florentes'. All this line  
is an understanding of Dict. Gall. Rom. II, 3: 'natus cum predicta matre ad Thoresen' & 'Florentes' & 'Thoresen' & 'Florentes'.*

*This is a reduplicated addition.*

The gates were faste shette,  
 And they were of her entre lette.

1045 Anone this citee was withoute  
 Belain and sieged all aboute,  
 And ever among they it assaile  
 Fro day to night and so travaile,  
 Till ate laste they it wonne,  
 1050 Tho was there forwe inough begonne.

Horestes did his moder calle  
 Anone to-fore the lordes alle  
 And eke to-fore the people also,  
 To her and tolde his tale tho  
 1055 And saide : O cruel beste unkinde,  
 How mightest thou thin herte finde  
 For any luste of loves draught,  
 That thou accordedst to the slaught  
 Of him, which was thin owne lorde ?

1060 Thy trefon stant of such recorde,  
 Thou might thy werkes nought forsake,  
 So mote I for my faders sake  
 Vengeaunce upon thy body do,  
 As I commaunded am therto.

1065 Unkindely for thou hast wrought,  
 Unkindelich it shall be bought,  
 The sone shall the moder flee,  
 For that whilom thou saidest ye  
 To that thou shuldest nay have said.

1070 And he with that his honds hath laid  
 Upon his moder breast anone  
 And rent out from the bare bone

Her pappes both and caste away  
Amiddes in the carte way  
2075 And after toke the dede cors  
And lete it be drawe away with hors  
Unto the hounde, unto the raven,  
She was none other wife graven.  
Egistus, which was elles where,  
2080 Tidinges comen to his ere,  
How that Micene was belain,  
But what was more herd he nought fain.  
With great manace and mochel bofte  
He drough power and made an hoste  
2085 And came in the rescouffe of the town.  
But all the sleight of his trefon  
Horestes wist it by a spie  
And of his men a great partie  
He made in busshement abide  
2090 To waite on him in fuche a tide,  
That he ne might her hond escape.  
And in this wise, as he hath shape,  
The thing befell, so that Egist  
Was take, er he him felfe it wist,  
2095 And was forth brought his hondes bonde,  
As whan men have a traitor fonde.  
And tho that weren with him take,  
Whiche of trefon were overtake,  
To-gider in one sentence falle.  
2100 But false Egiste above hem alle  
Was demed to diverse peine,  
The worste that men couthe ordeigne,

And so forth after by the lawe  
He was unto the gibet drawe,  
2105 Where he above all other hongeth,  
As to a traitor it belongeth.  
The same with her swifte winges  
Aboute fligh and bare tidinges  
And made it couth in alle londes,  
2110 How that Horestes with his hondes  
Climestre his owne moder slough.  
Some fain, he dide well inough,  
And some fain, he did amis.  
Divers opinion there is,  
2115 That she is dede they speken alle,  
But plainly howe it is befall  
The matere is so litel throwe  
In sothe there might no man knowe,  
But they that weren at the dede.  
2120 And comunlich in every nede  
The worste speche is rathest herde  
And leved, till it be answerde.  
The kinges and the lordes great  
Begonne Horestes for to threat  
2125 To putten him out of his regne,  
He is nought worthy for to regne,  
The child, which slough his moder so,  
They said, and therupon also  
The lordes of comun assent  
2130 The time sette of parlement,  
And to Athenes king and lorde  
To-gider come of one accorde,

To knowe how that the sothe was,  
 So that Horestes in this cas  
 2135 They senden after, and he come.

King Menelay the wordes nome  
 And axeth him of this matere.

And he, that all it mighten here,  
 Answerde and tolde his tale at large,

2140 And how the goddes in his charge  
 Commaunded him in fuche a wise  
 His owne hond to do iuise.

And with this tale a duke arose,  
 Which was a worthy knight of lose,

2145 His name was Menesteus,\*

And saide unto the lordes thus :  
 The wreche, whiche Horestes dede,  
 It was thinge of the goddes bede,  
 And nothinge of his cruelte.

2150 And if there were of my degre  
 In all this place fuche a knight,  
 That wolde fain, it was no right,  
 I woll it with my body prove.  
 And therupon he cast his glove

2155 And eke this noble duke alleide  
 Full many an other skill and saide,  
 She hadde well deserved wreche,  
 First for the cause of spouse breche,  
 And after wrought in fuche a wise,

2160 That all the worlde it ought agrise,  
 Whan that she for so foul a vice  
 Was of her owne lord mordrice.

They fitten alle still and herde,  
 But therto was no man answerde,  
 2165 It thought hem all, he saide skille,  
 There is no man withsay it wille.  
 Whan they upon the reson musen,  
 Horestes alle they excusen,  
 So that with great solempnite  
 2170 He was unto his dignite  
 Received and corouned kinge.  
 And tho befell a wonder thinge.  
 Egiona whan she it wiste,  
 Which was the doughter of Egiste  
 2175 And sufter on the moder side  
 To this Horest, at thilke tide,  
 Whan she herde how her brother sped,  
 For pure forwe, whiche her led,  
 That he ne hadde ben exiled,  
 2180 She hath her owne life beguiled  
 Anone and henge her self tho.  
 It hath and shall ben evermo  
 To mordre who that woll assente  
 He may nought faile to repente.  
 2185 This false Egiona was one,  
 Which to mordre Agamenon  
 Yaf her accorde and her assent,  
 So that by goddes jugement,  
 Though none other man it wolde,  
 2190 She toke her iuise as she sholde,  
 And as she to an other wrought  
 Vengeance upon her self she sought



And hath of her unhappy wit

A modre with a modre quit.

1195 Suche is of modre the vengeaunce.

Forthy my sone, in remembraunce

Confessor.

Of this ensample take good hede.

For who that thenketh his love spede

With mordre, he shal with worldes shame

1200 Him self and eke his love shame.

My fader, of this aventure,

Amans.

Whiche ye have tolde, I you assure

My herte is fory for to here,

But onely for I wolde lere

1205 What is to done, and what to leue,

And over this now by your leue.

That ye me wolde telle I pray,

If there be leful any way

Withoute finne a man may flee.

Hic queritur, quibus de causis licet hominem occidere.

1210 My sone, in sondry wise ye.

Confessor.

What man that is of traiterie

Of mordre or elles robberie

Atteint, the juge shal not let,

But he shal seen of pure det

1215 And doth great finne, if that he wonde.

For who, that lawe hath upon honde,

And spareth for to do justice

For mercy, doth nought his office,

That he his mercy so bewareth,

1220 Whan for o shrewe, whiche he spareth,

A thousand gode men he greveth.

With such mercy who that beleveth

Seneca. Judex, qui  
parcit ulcisci, mul-  
tos improbos facit.

To please god, he is deceived  
Or elles reason not be weived.

1225

Apostolus. Non  
fine causa judex  
gladium portat.

The lawe stode or we were bore,  
How that a kinges fwerde is bore  
In signe, that he shall defende  
His true people and make an ende  
Of such, as wolden hem deuoure.

Confessor.

Lo, thus my sone, to succour  
The lawe and comun right to winne  
A man may flee withoute sinne  
And do therof a great almesse  
So for to kepe rightwisnesse.

1235

And over this for his contree  
In time of werre a man is free  
Him self, his house and eke his londe  
Defende with his owne honde  
And flee, if that he may no bet

1240

After the lawe, whiche is set.

Amans.

Now fader, than I you beseeche  
Of hem, that dedly werres seeche  
In worldes cause and sheden blood,  
If such an homicide is good?

Confessor.

My sone, upon thy question  
The trouth of min opinion,  
Als forth as my wit arecheth  
And as the pleine lawe techeth,  
I wol the telle in evidence

1250

To reule with thy conscience.

5.

*Quod creat ipse deus, necat hoc homicida creatum,  
Ultor et humano sanguine spargit humum.*

*Ut pecoris sic est hominis cruor heu modo fusus,  
 Vieta jacet pietas, et furor urget opus.  
 Angelus in terra pax dixit, et ultima Christi  
 Verba sonant pacem, quam modo guerra fugat.*

The highe god of his justice  
 That ilke foul horrible vice  
 Of homicide he hath forbede  
 By Moises, as it was bede.

Hic loquitur contra motores guerre, que non solum homicidii sed uniuersi mundi defolationis mater existit.

- 2155 Whan goddes sone also was bore,  
 He sent his aungel down therfore,  
 Whom the shepherdes herden singe :  
 Pees to the men of welwillinge  
 In erthe be amonge us here.
- 2260 So for to speke in this matere  
 After the lawe of charite,  
 There shall no dedly werre be.  
 And eke nature it hath defended  
 And in her lawe pees commended,
- 2265 Whiche is the chefe of mannes welth,  
 Of mannes life, of mannes helth.  
 But dedly werre hath his covine  
 Of pestilence and of famine,  
 Of pouerte and of alle wo,
- 2270 Wherof this world we blamen so,  
 Which now the werre hath under fote,  
 Till god him self therof do bote.  
 For alle thing, which god hath wrought,  
 In erthe, werre it bringeth to nought.
- 2275 The chirche is brent, the preft is slain,  
 The wife, the maide is eke forlain,  
 The lawe is lore and god unserved,  
 I not what mede he hath deserved,

'Pees is the cheaf of al the worldes welthe'. Given in Parage of Peesce, 170.

That fuche werres ledeth inne.

1280 If that he do it for to winne,  
First to accompte his grete cofte,  
Forth with the folke that he hath lofte  
As to the worldes reckeninge,  
There shall he finde no winninge.

1285 And if he do it to purchace  
The heven, mede of fuche a grace  
I can nought speke, and netheles  
Crist hath commaunded love and pees.  
And who that worcheth the revers,

1290 I trowe his mede is full divers.  
And fithen thanne that we finde,  
That werres in her owne kinde  
Ben toward god of no deferte  
And eke they bringen in pouerte  
1295 Of worldes good,\* it is merveile  
Among the men what it may eile,  
That they a pees ne connen sette.  
I trowe finne be the lette,  
And every mede of finne is deth.

Apostolus. Sti-  
pendium peccati  
mors est.

So wote I never howe it geth.  
But we, that ben of o beleve  
Among us self, this wolde I leve,  
That better it were pees to chese  
Than so by double weie lese.

2305 I not if that it now so stonde,  
But this a man may understonde,  
Who that these olde bokes redeth,  
That covetise is one, which ledeth

And broughte first the werres inne.

2310 At Grece if that I shall beginne,  
There was it proved howe it stood  
To Perse, whiche was full of good.  
They maden werre in speciall  
And so they didden over all,  
2315 Where great richesse was in londe,  
So that they lesten nothing stonde  
Unwerred, but onliche Archade.

For there they no werres made  
Because it was barein and pouer,  
2320 Wherof they mighte nought recouer  
And thus pouerte was forbore.  
He that nought had nought hath lore.  
But yet it is a wonder thinge,  
Whan that a riche worthy kinge  
2325 Or other lord, what so he be,  
Woll axe and claime properte  
In thing, to whiche he hath no right,  
But only of his grete might.

For this may every man well wite,  
2330 That bothe kinde and lawe write  
Expressely stonden there ayein.  
But he mot nedes somewhat fain,  
All though there be no reson inne,  
Which secheth cause for to winne.

2335 For wit, that is with will oppressed,  
Whan covetise him hath adressed  
And alle reson put away,  
He can well finde such a way

Nota, quod Greci  
omnem terram fer-  
tilem debellabant,  
sed tantum Archad-  
iam pro eo, quod  
pauper et sterilis  
fuit, pacifice dimi-  
serunt.

To werre, where as ever him liketh,  
 2340 Wherof that he the worde entriketh,  
 That many a man of him compleigneth.  
 But yet alway some cause he feigneth  
 And of his wrongfull herte he demeth,  
 That all is well, what ever him semeth,  
 2345 Be so that he may winne inough.  
 For as the true man to the plough  
 Only to the gaignage entendeth,  
 Right so the werriour despendeth  
 His time and hath no conscience.  
 2350 And in this point for evidence  
 Of hem that suche werres make,  
 Thou might a great ensample take,  
 How they her tirannie excusen  
 Of that they wrongful werres usen,  
 2355 And how they stonde of one accorde,  
 The fouldeour forth with the lorde,  
 The pouer man forth with the riche,  
 As of corage they ben liche  
 To make werres and to pille  
 2360 For lucre, and for none other skille,  
 Wherof a propre tale I rede,  
 As it whilom befelle in dede.

Hic declarat per exemplum contra istos principes seu alios quoscumque illicite guerre motores, et narrat de quodam pirata in partibus marinis spoliatore notissimo, qui cum captus fuisset, et in iudicium

\* Of him, whom all this erthe dradde,  
 Whan he the world so overladde  
 Through werre, as it fortunèd is,  
 King Alifaundre, I rede this,  
 How in a marche, where he lay,  
 It fell parchaunce upon a day

Alexander & the pirate, Bionardo, fo. 20. A. 1. 2. 3. 4. 5. 6. 7. 8. 9. 10. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

A rover of the see was nome,  
 2370 Which many a man had overcome  
 And flain and take her good away.  
 This pilour as the bokes fay,  
 A famous man in sondry stede  
 Was of the werkes, whiche he dede.  
 2375 This prifoner to-fore the kinge  
 Was brought, and therupon this thinge  
 In audience he was accused,  
 And he his dede hath nought excused  
 And praid the king to done him right  
 2380 And said : Sire, if I were of might,  
 I have an herte liche unto thine,  
 For if thy power were mine,  
 My wille is most in speciall  
 To rife and geten over all  
 2385 The large worldes good about.  
 But for I lede a pouer route  
 And am as who faith at mischefe,  
 The name of pilour and of these  
 I bere, and thou which routes great  
 2390 Might lede and take thy beyete  
 And dost right as I wolde do,  
 Thy name is nothing cleped so,  
 But thou art named emperour.  
 Our dedes ben of one colour  
 2395 And in effecte of one deserte,  
 But thy richeffe and my pouerte  
 They be nought taken evenliche,  
 And netheles he that is riche

coram rege Alexandro productus et de latricino accusatus dixit : O Alexander, vere quia cum paucis fociis spoliolum causa naves tantum exploro, ego latrunculus vocor, tu autem quia cum infinita bellatorum multitudine universam terram subjugando spoliasti, imperator diceris, itaque status tuus a statu meo differt, sed eodem animo condicionem parilem habemus. Alexander vero eius audaciam in responsione comprobans ipsum penes se familiarem retinuit. Et sic bellicosus bellatori complacuit.

This day, to morwe he may be pouer  
 1400 And in contrarie also recouer  
 A pouer man to grete richeſſe.  
 Men fain forthy let rightwiſeneſſe  
 Be peiſed even in the balaunce.

The king his hardy contenance  
 2405 Behelde, and herd his wordes wiſe  
 And ſaid unto him in this wiſe :  
 Thin anſwere I have underſtonde,  
 Wherof my will is, that thou ſtonde  
 In my ſervice and ſtill abide.

2410 And forth with al the ſame tide  
 He hath him terme of life witholde  
 The more and for he ſhuld ben holde,  
 He made him knight and yaf him lond,  
 Whiche afterward was of his honde

2415 An orped knight in many a ſtede  
 And great prowefſe of armes dede,  
 As the croniques it recorden.  
 And in this wiſe they accorden,  
 The whiche of condicion

2420 Be ſet upon deſtruction.  
 Such capitain ſuch retenue.  
 But for to ſee to what iſſue  
 The king befalleth at the laſte,  
 It is great wonder that men caſte

2425 Her herte upon ſuch wrong to winne,  
 Where no beyete may ben inne,  
 And doth diſeſe on every ſide,  
 But whan reſon is put aſide



And will governeth the corage,  
 2430 The faucon which fleeth ramage  
 And suffreth no thing in the way,  
 Wherof that he may take his pray,  
 Is nought more set upon ravine  
 Than thilke man, whiche his covine  
 2435 Hath set in fuche a maner wise.  
 For all the world ne may suffice  
 To wil, whiche is nought resonable.

Wherof ensample concordable  
 Lich to this point, of which I mene,  
 2440 Was upon Alisaundre sene,  
 Whiche hadde set all his entent  
 So as fortune with him went,  
 That reson might him non governe,  
 But of his wille he was so sterne,  
 2445 That all the worlde he overran  
 And what him list he toke and wan.  
 In Ynde the superiour  
 Whan that he was full conquerour  
 And had his wilfull pourpos wonne  
 2450 Of all this erth under the sonne  
 This king homward to Macedoine  
 Whan that he cam to Babiloine  
 And wende moſte in his empire  
 As he, which was hole lorde and fire,  
 2455 In honour for to be received,  
 Moſt ſodenliche he was deceived  
 And with ſtrong poiſon envenimed.  
 And as he hath the world miſtimed

Hic ſecundum geſta Alexandri de guerris illicitis ponit confeſſor exemplum dicens, quod quamvis Alexander ſua potencia totius mundi victor ſibi ſubjugarat imperium, ipſe tandem mortis victoria ſubjugatus cuncti-potentis ſententiam evadere non potuit.

Nought as he shulde with his wit,  
 2460 Nought as he wolde, it was acquit.  
 Thus was he slain, that whilom flough,  
 And he, which riche was inough  
 This day, to morwe he hadde nought.  
 And in such wise as he hath wrought  
 2465 In disturbaunce of worldes pees,  
 His werre he fond than endeles,  
 In which for ever discomfite  
 He was. Lo, now for what profite  
 Of werre it helpeth for to ride,  
 2470 For covetise and worldes pride  
 To flee the worldes men aboute  
 As bestes, whiche gone there oute.  
 For every life, which reson can,  
 Oweth wel to knowe, that a man  
 2475 Ne shulde through no tirannie  
 Lich to these other bestes deie,  
 Til kinde wolde for him sende.  
 I not how he it might amende,  
 Which taketh away for evermore  
 2480 The life, that he may nought restore.

Confessor. Forthy my sone, in alle wey  
 Be wel avised I the prey  
 Of slaughter that thou be coupable  
 Withoute cause resonable.

Amans. My fader, understonde it is,  
 That ye have said, but over this  
 I pray you telle me nay or ye,  
 To passe over the great fee

Confessor.

To werre and fle the Sarafin  
2490 Is that the lawe? Sone min,  
To preche and suffre for the feith  
That I have herd the gospel faith,  
But for to fle that here I nought,  
Crist with his owne deth hath bought  
2495 All other men and made hem fre  
In token of parfit charite,  
And after that he taught him selve  
Whan he was dede these other twelve  
Of his apostles went aboute  
2500 The holy feith to prechen oute,  
Wherof the deth in sondry place  
They suffre, and so god of his grace  
The feith of Crist hath made arise.  
But if they wolde in other wise  
2505 By werre have brought in the creaunce,  
It hadde yet stonde in balaunce.  
And that may proven in the dede  
For what man the croniques rede,  
Fro first that holy chirche hath weived  
2510 To preche and hath the swerd received,  
Wherof the werres ben begonne,  
A great partie of that was wonne  
To Cristes feith stant now miswent.  
God dō therof amendement  
2515 So as he wot what is the best.  
But sone, if thou wilt live in rest  
Of conscience well affised,  
Er that thou flee, be wel avised,

For man, as tellen us the clerkes,  
 1510 Hath god above all erthly werkes  
 Ordeigned to be principall,  
 And eke of foule in speciall  
 He is made lich to the godhede,  
 So fit it wel to taken hede  
 1525 And for to loke on every fide,  
 Er that thou falle on homicide,  
 Which sinne is now so generall,  
 That it wel nigh stant overall  
 In holy chirche and elles where.  
 1530 But all the while it is so there,  
 The world mot nede fare amis.  
 For whan the well of pite is  
 Through covetise of worldes good  
 Defouled with sheding of blood,  
 1535 The remenaunte of folke about  
 Unnethe stonden in any doubt  
 To werre eche other and to flee,  
 So it is all nought worth a stre  
 The charite, wherof we prechen,  
 1540 For we do no thing as we techen.  
 And thus the blinde conscience  
 Of pees hath lost thilke evidence,  
 Which Crist upon this erthe taught.  
 Now may men se mordre and manslaught  
 1545 Liche as it was by daies olde,  
 Whan men the finnes bought and solde.  
 In Grece afore Cristes feith,  
 I rede as the cronique faith

Facilitas venie oc-  
 casionem prebet  
 delinquendi.

Touchend of this matere thus,  
 1550 In thilke time how Peleus  
 His owne brother Phocus slough.  
 But for he hadde gold inough  
 To yive, his sinne was despenfed  
 With golde, wherof it was compenfed.  
 1555 Achastus which with Venus was  
 Her prest affoiled in that cas  
 Al were there no repentaunce.\*  
 And as the boke maketh remembraunce,  
 It telleth of Medee also,  
 1560 Of that she slough her sones two  
 Egeus in the same plite  
 Hath made her of her sinne quite.†  
 The sone eke of Amphioras,  
 Whos righte name Almeus was,  
 1565 His moder slough Eriphiele.  
 But Achilo the prest and he,  
 So as the bokes it recorden,  
 For certain some of golde accorden  
 That thilke horrible finfull dede  
 1570 Affoiled was,‡ and thus for mede  
 Of worldes good it falleth ofte,  
 That homicide is set alofte  
 Here in this life, but after this  
 There shall be knowe, how that it is  
 1575 Of hem that suche thinges wirche,  
 And how also that holy chirche  
 Let suche finnes passe quite,  
 And how they wolde hem self acquite

\* From Ovid, Fasti, II, 39-40, but confused. Peleus, after slaying his mother Pelous, was advised by Eurykle, his mother's daughter, to be wedded. He afterwards accidentally killed Eurykle & was atoned by Atreus, king of Mycenae, who married his daughter to him. (See also Ovid, Fasti, II, 39-40.)

† Achastus of Athens was atoned Medea = Apollodorus, II, 9.

‡ From Statius, Thebaid, II, but confused. Alceus was son of Amphicreon, who was murdered by his mother Eriphile. She was atoned by her husband, but Pelous, king of Mycenae, did so. (See also Ovid, Fasti, II, 39-40.)

Of dedely werres, that they make.

1580 For who that wold enfample take,

The lawe, whiche is naturel,

By wey of kinde sheweth wel,

That homicide in no degre,

Which werreth ayein charite,

1585 Among the menne shulde dwelle.

For after that the bokes telle,

To feche in all the worlde riche

Men shall nought finde upon his liche

A beste for to take his prey,

2590 And sithen kind hath suche a wey,

Than is it wonder of a man,

Which kinde hath and reson can,

That he woll outhere more or lasse

His kinde and reson overpasse

2595 And flee that is to him semblable.

So is the man nought resonable

Ne kinde, and that is nought honeste,

Whan he is worse than a beste.

Nota secundum Solinum contra homicidas de natura cuiusdam avis faciem ad similitudinem humanam habentis, que cum de preda sua hominem iuxta fluvium occiderit videritque in aqua similem sibi occisum, statim pre dolore moritur.

Among the bokes, which I finde,

Solins speketh of a wonder kinde

And faith of foules there is one,

Whiche hath a face of blood and bone

Like to a man in ressemblaunce.

And if it falle so parchaunce

As he, whiche is a foule of pray,

That he a man finde in his way,

He woll him fleen, if that he may.

But afterward the same day,

1580 For who that wold enfample take, The lawe, whiche is naturel, By wey of kinde sheweth wel, That homicide in no degre, Which werreth ayein charite, Among the menne shulde dwelle. For after that the bokes telle, To feche in all the worlde riche Men shall nought finde upon his liche A beste for to take his prey, 2590 And sithen kind hath suche a wey, Than is it wonder of a man, Which kinde hath and reson can, That he woll outhere more or lasse His kinde and reson overpasse 2595 And flee that is to him semblable. So is the man nought resonable Ne kinde, and that is nought honeste, Whan he is worse than a beste. Among the bokes, which I finde, Solins speketh of a wonder kinde And faith of foules there is one, Whiche hath a face of blood and bone Like to a man in ressemblaunce. And if it falle so parchaunce As he, whiche is a foule of pray, That he a man finde in his way, He woll him fleen, if that he may. But afterward the same day,

Whan he hath eten all his felle  
2610 And that shall be beside a welle,  
In whiche he woll drinke take  
Of his visage and seeth the make,  
That he hath slain, anone he thenketh  
Of his misdede, and it forthenketh  
2615 So greatly, that for pure sorwe  
He liveth nought till on the morwe.  
By this ensample it may well sue,  
That man shall homicide escheue,  
For ever is mercy good to take.  
2620 But if the lawe it hath forsake  
And that justice is there ayein,  
Ful oftetime I have herd sain  
Amonges hem that werres hadden,  
That they somwhile her cause ladden  
2625 By mercy, whan they might have slain,  
Wherof that they were after sain.  
And sone, if that thou wolt recorde  
The vertue of misericorde,  
Thou sighe never thilke place,  
2630 Where it was used, lacke grace,  
For every lawe and every kinde  
The mannes wit to mercy binde,  
And namely the worthy knightes,  
Whan that they stonden most uprightes  
2635 And ben most mighty for to greve,  
They shulden thanne most releve  
Him, whom they mighten overthrowe,  
And by ensample a man may knowe,

Hic ponit confessor  
exemplum de pietate  
contra homicidium  
in guerris habenda,  
et narrat, qualiter A-  
chilles una cum filio  
suo Thelapho contra  
regem Mese, qui  
tunc Theucer voca-  
batur, bellum inie-  
runt, et cum Achilles  
dictum regem in bello  
prostratum occidere  
voluisset, Thelaphus  
pietate motus ipsum  
clipeo cooperiens ve-  
niam pro rege a patre  
postulavit, pro quo  
facto ipse rex adhuc  
vivens Thephalum  
regni sui heredem li-  
bera voluntate con-  
stituit.

He may nought failen of his mede  
That hath mercy. For this I rede,  
In a cronique I finde thus,  
Whan Achilles with Thelaphus  
His sone toward Troie were,  
It fell hem er they comen there  
Ayein Theucer the kinge of Mese  
To make werre and for to sese  
His lond, as they that wolden regne  
And Theucer put out of his regne.  
And thus the marches they assaile,  
But Theucer yaf to hem bataile,  
They foughten on both sides faste,  
But so it hapneth ate laste  
This worthy Greke this Achilles  
The king amonge all other ches,  
2655 As he that was cruel and felle,  
With swerd in honde on him he felle,  
And smote him with a dethes wounde,  
That he unhorsed fell to grounde.  
Achilles upon him alight  
2660 And wolde anone, as he wel might,  
Have slain him fulliche in the place,  
But Thelaphus his faders grace  
For him befought and for pite  
Praith, that he wolde let him be,  
2665 And cast his shield betwene hem two.  
Achilles axeth him why so.  
And Thelaphus his cause tolde  
And faith, that he is mochel holde,

Version of a classical story. See Boccaccio's *Decamerone*, 10th day, 1st story. Thelaphus, the adopted child of Heracles, was sent by his father to Mysia, where his husband Thetis was adopted him. Thetis succeeded him in opposing the Greeks to Troy, was wounded by Achilles, but healed by her physician uncle, and inflicted the wound. (See Hesiod, *Myth.*)  
Line 2643 is



For whilom Theucer in a stede  
2670 Great grace and socour to him dede,  
And faith, that he him wolde acquite  
And praith his fader to respite.  
Achilles tho withdrough his honde,  
But all the power of the londe  
2675 Whan that they figh her king thus take  
They fled and han the feld forsake.  
The Grekes unto the chace falle  
And for the moste part of alle  
Of that contre the lordes great  
2680 They toke and wonne a great beyete.  
And anone after this victoire  
The king, whiche hadde memoire,  
Upon the grete mercy thought,  
Which Thelaphus toward him wrought,  
2685 And in presence of all the londe  
He toke him faire by the honde  
And in this wise he gan to say :  
My sone, I mot by double way  
Love and desire thin encrees,  
2690 First for thy fader Achilles  
Whilom full many a day er this,  
Whan that I shulde have fare amis,  
Rescouffe did in my quarele  
And kept all min estate in hele,  
2695 How so there falle now distaunce  
Amonges us, yet remembraunce  
I have of mercy, whiche he dede  
As than, and thou nowe in this stede

Of gentileſſe and of fraunchiſe

2700 Haſt do mercy the ſame wiſe,  
So woll I nought, that any time  
Be loſt of that thou haſt do byme,  
For how ſo this fortune falle  
Yet ſtant my truſte aboven alle

2705 For the mercy whiche I now finde,  
That thou wolt after this be kinde,  
And for that ſuche is min eſpeir  
And for my ſone and for min heire  
I the receive and all my londe

2710 I yive and ſeſe into thin honde.  
And in this wiſe they accorde,  
The cauſe was miſericorde,  
The lordes do her obeifaunce  
To Thelaphus, and purveaunce  
2715 Was made, ſo that he was coroned  
And thus was mercy reguerdoned,  
Whiche he to Theucer did to-fore.

Confellor. Lo, this enſample is made therfore,  
That thou might take remembraunce,  
2720 My ſone, and whan thou ſeeſt a chaunce  
Of other mennes paſſion  
Take pite and compaſſion  
And let nothing to the be leſ,  
Which to another man is gref.  
2725 And after this if thou deſire  
To ſtonde ayein the vice of ire,  
Counſeile the with pacience  
And take into thy conſcience

Mercy to be thy governour,  
 2730 So shalt thou fele no rancour,  
 Wherof thin herte shall debate  
 With homicide ne with hate  
 For cheste or for malencolie.  
 Thou shalt be softe in compaignie  
 2735 Withoute kontek or foolhafte,  
 For elles might thou longe waste  
 Thy time, er that thou have thy wille  
 Of love, for the weder stille  
 Men preise and blame the tempestes.

2740 My fader, I woll do your hestes,  
 And of this point ye have me taught  
 Toward my self the better faught  
 I thenke be, while that I live.

Amans.

But for als mochel as I am thrive  
 2745 Of wrath and all his circumstaunce,  
 Yef what ye list to my penaunce  
 And axeth further of my life,  
 If other wise I be giltif  
 Of any thing, that toucheth finne.

2750 My sone, er we depart a twinne,  
 I shall behinde no thing leve.

Confessor.

My gode fader, by your leve  
 Than axeth forth what so ye liste,  
 For I have in you such a triste

Amans.

2755 As ye that be my foule hele,  
 That ye fro me nothing wol hele,  
 For I shall telle you the trouthe.

My sone, art thou coulpatible of slouthe

Confessor.

In any point, which to him longeth?

Amans. My fader, of tho points me longeth  
To wite plainly, what they mene,  
So that I may me thrive clene.

Confessor. Now herken, I shal tho points devise,  
And understond well min apprise.

2765 For shrifte stant of no value  
To him, that woll him nought vertue  
To leve of vice the folie,  
For worde is wind, but the maistrie  
Is, that a man him self defende  
2770 Of thing, whiche is nought to commende,  
Wherof ben fewe now a day.  
And netheles so as I may  
Make unto thy memorie knowe  
2774 The points of slouth, thou shalt knowe.

*Explicit liber tercius.*

END OF VOL. I.

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